Nov. 7, 1977

THE NEW YORKER

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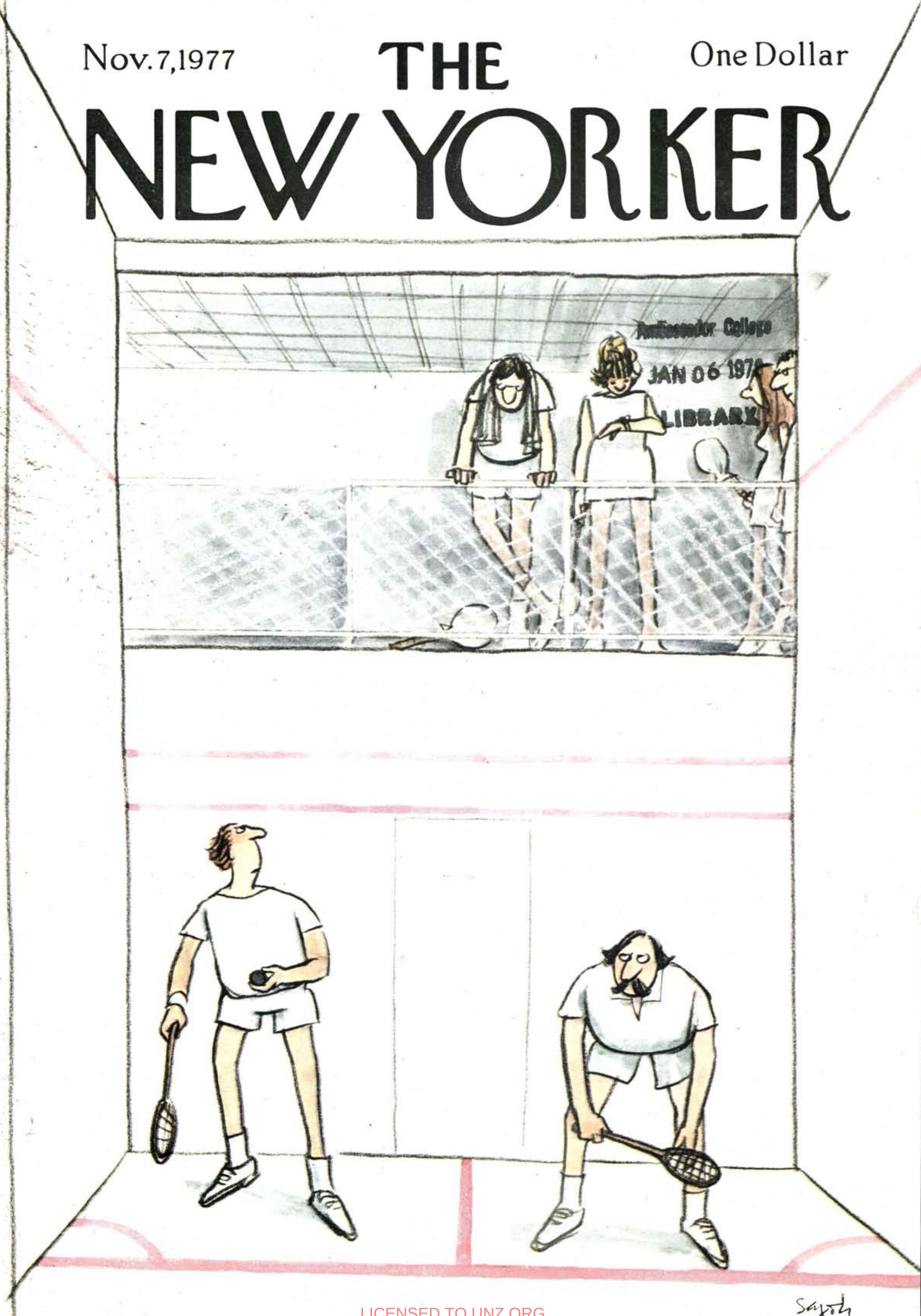

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—Liza Minnelli in a vehicle that, though designed to accommodate her youthful talents, creaks like a one-hoss shay. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

An Almost Perfect Person—Colleen Dewhurst, George Hearn, and Rex Robbins in a likable little comedy by Judith Ross, vigorously directed by Zoe Caldwell. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Annie—An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bully—James Whitmore in a limited engagement of his one-man show about Teddy Roosevelt. Written by Jerome Alden, directed by Peter H. Hunt. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chez Nous—A comedy by Peter Nichols. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Comedy with Music—Victor Borge is one of the funniest and most intelligent performers alive. A joyful evening. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dracula—Frank Langella and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Bob Merrill's musical CARNIVAL, with a book by Michael Stewart, will be the second in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 2. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 3, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 20. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Feedlot—A play by Patrick Meyers. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 19.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in a new comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hair—. . . is longer than it used to be, though everybody else's hair is getting shorter. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Housewife! Superstar!!—Barry Humphries in a one-man show. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—A rather simpleminded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Landscape of the Body—This oddity by John Guare combines wild, original comedy, gruesome melodrama, theatrical inventiveness, and rather cloudy abstract thought to tell the story of a woman in Greenwich Village who is suspected of having killed her fourteen-year-old son. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is all that this gifted dramatist could wish for. Shirley Knight is very good in the leading role, and she is well supported by F. Murray Abraham, Paul McCrane, Peg Murray, and Richard Bauer, among others. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's most recent wonder is a loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny, and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—A moving revival of one of the most romantic of all musicals. Richard

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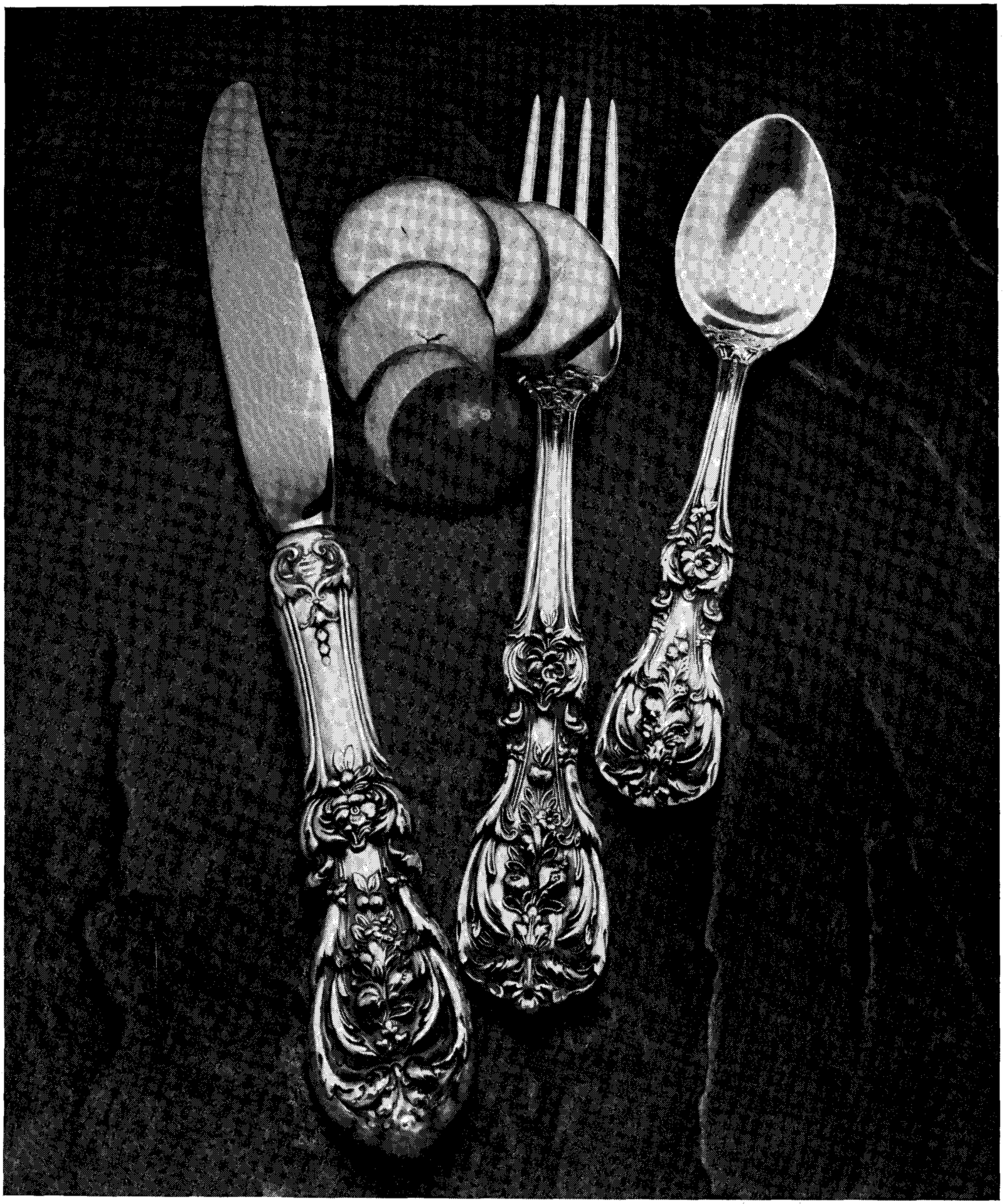

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kiley (Chev Rodgers fills in for him on Wednesday afternoons) is superb as Quixote, and Emily Yancy makes a satisfactory Dulcinea. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons as a passionate, foul-mouthed schoolteacher, whose forte is not education. The author of this peculiar play is a young Brazilian named Roberto Athayde. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Naked—A play by Luigi Pirandello. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Passion of Dracula—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 11; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rum an Coca Cola—Mustapha Matura's distinguished play—humorous, ironic, and tragic—is set in Trinidad and is about an aging calypso writer and singer and his loyal, eager apprentice. The performances of Leon Morenzie and Lou Ferguson are splendid. Donald Howarth directed. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 13.)

The Shadow Box—A play by Michael Cristofer about how people face the imminence of death. With Sloane Shelton, Gwyda Don-Howe, and Josef Sommer. The director is Gordon Davidson. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An excellent display of Sondheim songs, with Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Survival—A stirring import from South Africa that depicts, in words, dances, and songs, the inhumane treatment of the indigenous black population, in prison and out. The words are by the four actors—Fana David Kekana, Themba Ntinga, Selaelo Dan Maredi, and Seth Sibanda—and their director, Mshengu. The music is by Mr. Maredi; Clyde Kuemmerle designed the show and produced it with the Negro Ensemble Company. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3.)

Tartuffe—Molière's villainous sycophant is well embodied by John Wood, and Tammy Grimes proves a match for him. The translation is by Richard Wilbur. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

The Wayside Motor Inn—A play by A. R. Gurney, Jr. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 2. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—**bubbling brown sugar:** Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **the club:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the fantasticks:** 7,293 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **for colored girls who have considered suicide:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **grease:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **same time, next year:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Betsy Palmer and Don Murray are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **sly fox:** Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **vanities:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **the wiz:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **your arms too short to box with god:** Rousing song and dance, inspired by the New Testament and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

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MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 2.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Les Patineurs" (company première), "The Moor's Pavane," "Pas de Deux," and "Trinity."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Touch Me," "Weewis," and "Façade."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," "Cacklin' Hen," and "Jazz Calendar" (première).... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8: "The Dream," "Monotones," and "Les Patineurs." ... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Pas de Deux," "As Time Goes By," and "Jazz Calendar."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 6, at 7:30: "The Dream," "Touch Me," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Trinity."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Deuce Coupe II," "Weewis," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8: A special tribute to Agnes de Mille, with Miss de Mille as narrator, and with soloists from her Heritage Dance Theatre and Orchestra, as well as Gemze de Lappe, James Jamieson, Hortense Kooluris, Mel Tomlinson, and others.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," "Pas de Deux," and "Jazz Calendar."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Touch Me," "The Lesson," and "Jazz Calendar." ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Parade," "Pas des Déesses," "Touch Me," and "Les Patineurs." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810. Closes Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Dance Umbrella—A five-week season by a dozen contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, Nov. 20. **kei takei's moving earth:** Wednesday evening, Nov. 2; Friday evening, Nov. 4; Saturday matinée, Nov. 5; and Sunday evening, Nov. 6.... **pauline koner dance consort:** Thursday evening, Nov. 3; Saturday evening, Nov. 5; and Sunday matinée, Nov. 6.... **ron redlich dance company:** Tuesday evening, Nov. 8; Thursday and Friday evenings, Nov. 10-11; Saturday matinée, Nov. 12; and Sunday evening, Nov. 13.... **harry:** Wednesday evening, Nov. 9; Saturday evening, Nov. 12; and Sunday matinée, Nov. 13. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Lucinda Childs and Company—A program of contemporary dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2.)

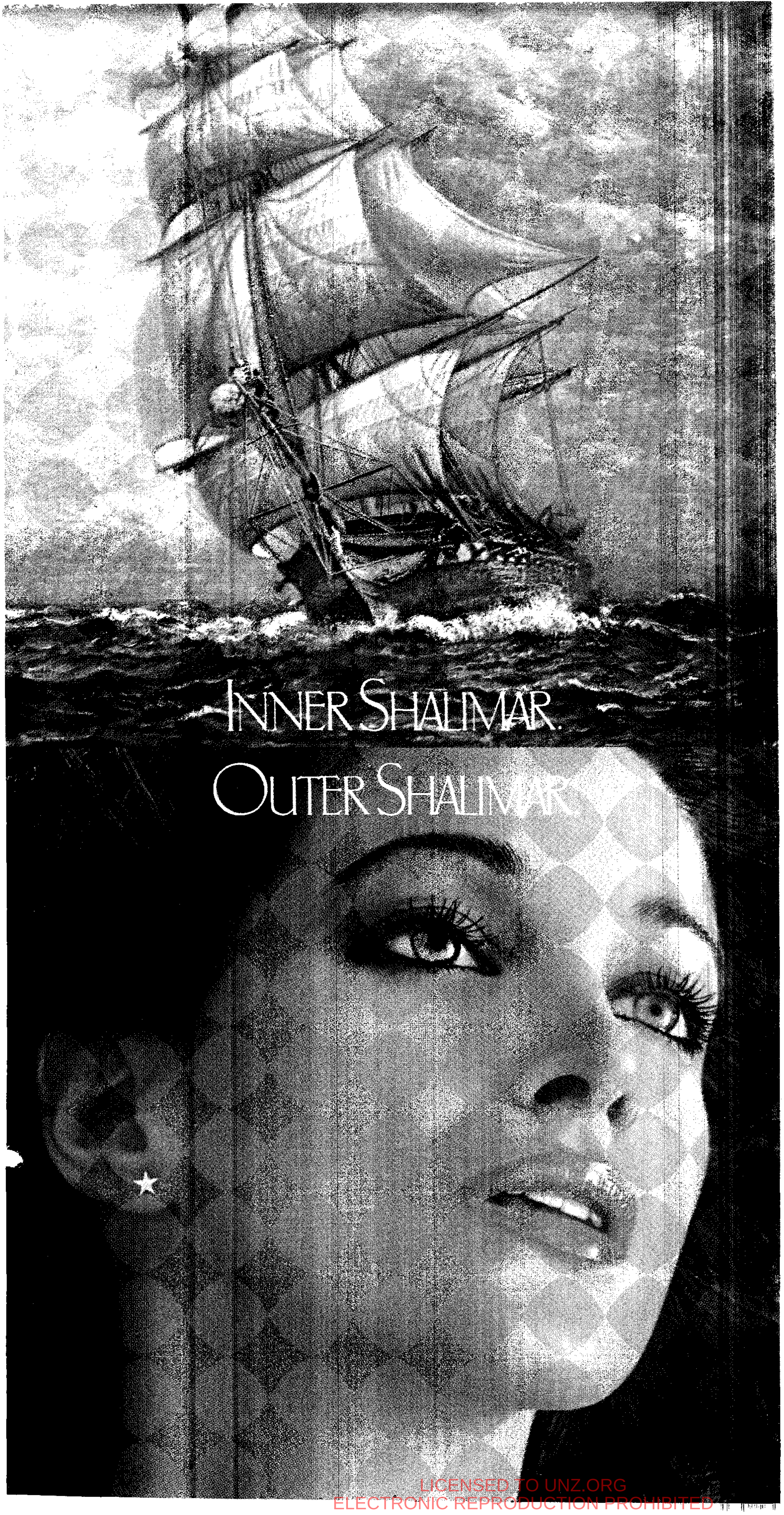
Laura Dean Dancers and Musicians—Performing a new work, "Spiral," in which the dancers also sing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Nov. 11, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 13, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club performers live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

•

Doc Cheatham (Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. 687-1860. Mondays through Fridays



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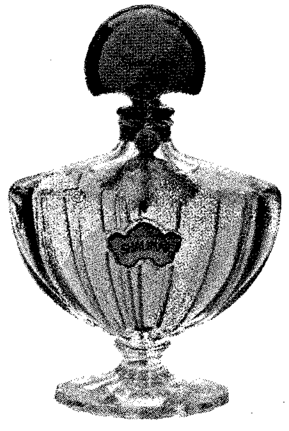

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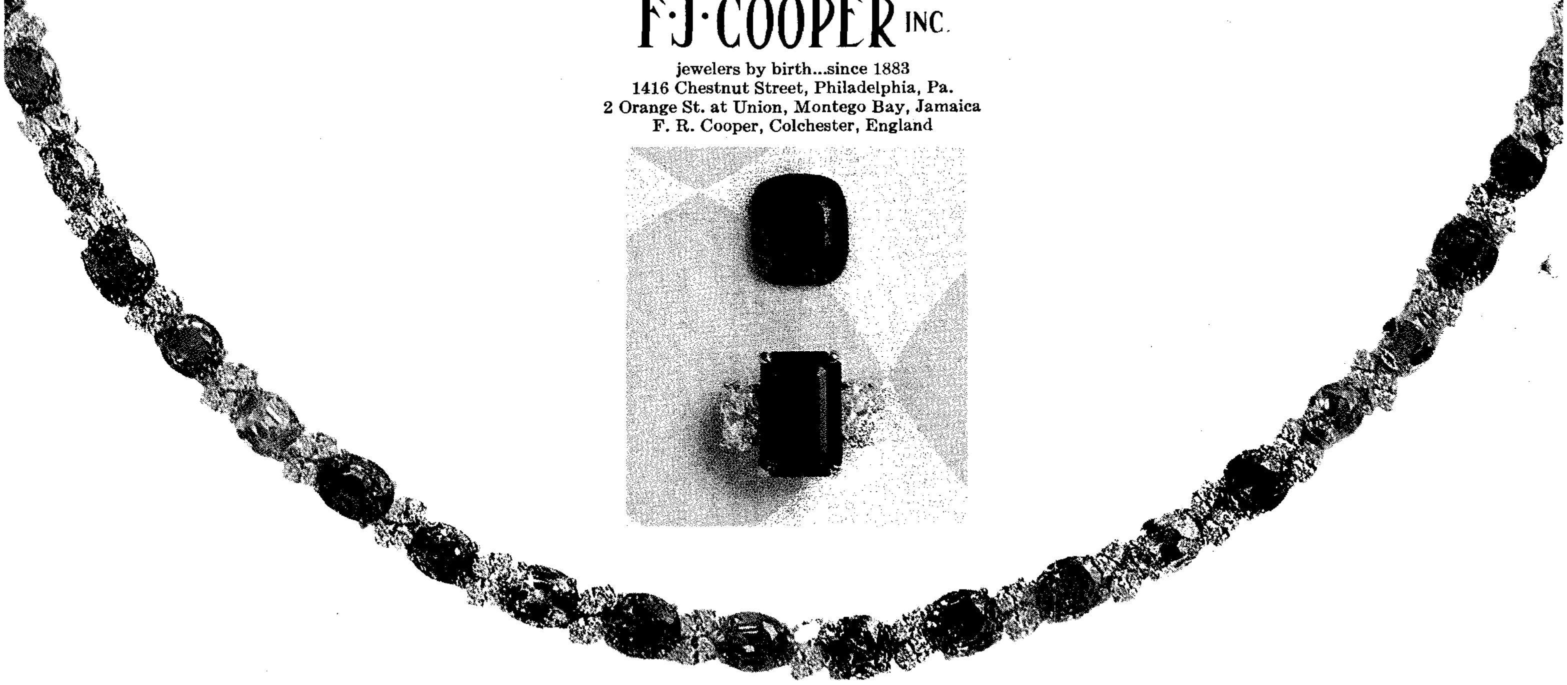

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from six-thirty to eleven-thirty.)—The city is filled with septuagenarian or near-septuagenarian performers (Alberta Hunter, Mabel Mercer, Roy Eldridge, Russell Procope, Dicky Wells), and the most recent arrival is the trumpeter Doc Cheatham. Cheatham is the last of the spare, graceful, witty lyric trumpeters who appeared in Louis Armstrong's wake in the thirties and included Joe Thomas and Emmett Berry and Shorty Baker. A tall, gainly man who points his horn skyward and keeps his arms akimbo, as if he were on the verge of angelic flight, Cheatham came up with Chick Webb and Cab Calloway and Eddie Heywood, and by the fifties had vanished into the trumpet sections of various Latin bands. But he has been increasingly visible in the past five years, and that is a blessing, for he is playing remarkably well. All is in focus—the full tone, the legato phrasing, the choice vibrato, the watercolor timbre and shading. Listening to Cheatham is like looking at Winslow Homer: there is light everywhere. The rhythm section could be bettered. Jackie Williams is a precise, echoing drummer, but Chuck Folds summons up the piano players who proliferated at Nick's and Eddie Condon's—he plays and plays and nothing happens.

David Chesky (Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. 755-1640. Mondays from nine to one.)—A new twenty-year-old phenomenon is with us, and his name is David Chesky. He is a composer, arranger, pianist, bandleader, and personality. He came out of Miami, and has studied at Juilliard and with John Lewis, and he intends nothing less than to make a fresh American music by distilling and combining the best that he hears in rock, jazz, and contemporary formal music. To this end, he has put together a fourteen-piece band (seven brass, two reeds, four rhythm, one vocalist), made up of young musicians who play his compositions and arrangements with precision and shout. He uses rock rhythms, good voicings, humor, a lot of space, and plenty of solos, and he already knows the secret of good arranging—leave room for the ear and the imagination. Chesky looks to be one of those non-stop souls who can do anything. He has a bushful of black hair, a lean, nose-filled face, a constant smile, no appreciable shoulders or hips, and an electric way of moving. Between numbers, he leans on the microphone as if it were a back fence and when things are really going he leaps straight up and down like a pile driver. He has a matching vocalist named **LILLIAS**. She sounds something like Dinah Washington and is designed in a perfectly coördinated series of spheres. She is not much older than Chesky, but she has the aplomb and lift of a seasoned singer. Chesky is at Storyville on Mondays and they're joyous evenings. Dig one.

Rose Murphy (Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. OR 4-4450. Sundays from eight to one.)—For whatever reasons, the singer and pianist Rose Murphy performs within a ring of tricks, which include keeping time with her right foot on a special sounding box placed on the floor, sprinkling her words with scat sounds (chi-chis, brrrrs, bum-te-bums), and singing in a tiny falsetto that wouldn't carry down a mouse hole. But these accoutrements disguise a shrewd, swinging singer and an excellent Earl Hines pianist (listen to her deep, off-beat left-hand chords—the sort that Basie hefts fifteen men with). Best of all is her plaintiveness. She is at once little-girlish and a repository of all the worldly emotions that jazz has been carrying forward from decade to decade.

●

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop and new-jazz musicians are booked into these sympathetic quarters. **ANDREW CYRILLE**, an out-there drummer and a member of the Revolutionary Ensemble, is in charge of his own group, Maono, through Saturday, Nov. 5; on Tuesday, Nov. 8, **JEANNE LEE**, a ground-breaking improvisational singer for years, will perform with her supporting band. On Mondays, trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniels leads Energy, an occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always accessible fourteen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

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Axis in SoHo, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—A weekend new-music coffee-house-gallery-loft. Alto saxophonist **MARION BROWN**, who was a part of last decade's free-jazz movement, will make a rare New York appearance on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5; on the following Friday and Saturday (Nov. 11-12), alto saxophonist **JULIUS HEMPHILL**, cellist **ABDUL WADUD**, and percussionist **CHARLES BOBO SHAW** will collaborate. Music at nine and eleven-thirty.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white Formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. Singer and comedienne Ellen March is appearing here Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in good players and a healthy number of customers. Pianist Nina Sheldon and saxophonist George Coleman co-pilot a quartet through Saturday, Nov. 5; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 9-12, singer Stella Marrs, who is known as Ms. Soft Soul to her followers, will perform with a quartet. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Trumpeter Chuck Mangione and his band play middle-of-the-road jazz for m.-o.-r. audiences on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 2-3; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, are reserved for Chris Hillman, a reliable country-rock singer and guitarist; on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 6-7, Nona Hendryx, a former member of the vocal trio Labelle, will perform on her own; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 8-9, Blood, Sweat, and Tears, the famous decade-old rock band (in name only—the personnel has turned over many times) that was one of the first to add a decorative horn section, will be present; and on Thursday, Nov. 10, saxophonist and flutist **YUSEF LATEEF** will arrive with his mainstream-jazz and R. & B. combo. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An attractive little bar where business *always* seems to be booming. The post-hard-bop pianist **GEORGE CABLES** works with a bassist through Saturday, Nov. 5; on Monday, Nov. 7, **JOHN BUNCH**, another fine keyboard man, will come in for six nights. Music from ten. Dinner.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** is a mellifluous guitarist whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He has put together a brilliant trio, with **TONY MONTE** on piano and **RON NASPO** on bass. **MICHAEL RENZI** will replace Monte on Tuesday, Nov. 8. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—There are two **BOBBY SHORTS** at the piano in the Café Carlyle. One is the famous, exhilarating balladeer, the other is the secret jazz lover. His accompanists—**BEVERLY PEER** on bass and **GENE GAMMAGE** on drums—remain mirror-perfect. Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** is at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Local, primitive rock bands on the bandstand; local, primitive rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of torn T-shirts, dirty sneakers, rear-guard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome plaid Madras shirt or two. Monday is showcase night. The music usually begins after nine-thirty.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** does the vocals, Jimmy Lyon does the accompanying. What more is there to say? Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ROSE MURPHY** (see above) is here on Sundays. **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is here Mondays through Saturdays, began singing in Chicago around 1907, when she was twelve. Her good contralto remains steady and rich, even at slow speeds, and she can swing, particularly when she rolls into one of her own blues. The rest of her act is the pianist **JIMMY ROWLES**, who supports her so beautifully that he quite rightly disappears. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**DOC CHEATHAM** (see above) and his trio are here Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Daly's Daffodil, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—Not to be confused with Daly's Dandelion (also owned by Skitch Henderson). Nice, earthy touches to this East Side hangout: the view of the 59th Street Bridge embankment and concrete floors. But the nicest attribute is **ELLIS LARKINS**, who is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine, along with his bassist, **BILLY POPP**. Dinner.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer-pianist, tosses off tunes by Porter, Coward, and Wonder (Stevie) in the Aquarium Lounge Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. On Tuesday, Nov. 8, soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** will join them. Sundays, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, directs a quintet, beginning at eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and his sparkling bassist, **FRANK LUTHER**, play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to three, and on Sundays from seven to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

three, pianist **AL HAIG** works with **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Weeknights, Gene Roland, Jim Watkins, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from five to ten.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Onetime big-band star Helen Forrest is singing here through Saturday, Nov. 5; on Monday, Nov. 7, the big-band-era mood continues as trombonist and bandleader Warren Covington comes in for six nights with the Pied Pipers. Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by the resident blowers—*pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie* Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. Eldridge is *usually* present, but when he's not **RUBY BRAFF** substitutes. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights *from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays,* Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LARSON'S, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**BROOKS KERR**, the young stride pianist and Ellington admirer, is back in action, along with saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and bassist **AARON BELL**, both genuine Ellington exes. **SHELTON GARY** is their drummer. The quartet performs Thursdays through Saturdays; Kerr and Bell team up on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Nine o'clock is the starting time. Dinner.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—"The Ms. in Music" is an attractive and swinging celebration of women as they have been treated in popular song over the past fifty years. The whole thing—it's a miniature revue, really—has been put together by the cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER**, who has assembled **MICHAEL RENZI** on piano, **MARTY GROSZ** on guitar and banjo, **GEORGE DUVIVIER** on bass, and **FRED STOLL** on drums. The singing is by Grosz, who likes Fats Waller, and by a pair of expert studio hands—**BERNIE KNEE**, who echoes Buddy Clark and Bing Crosby, and **FRANCINE CAROLL**, whose plunging vibrato summons up Judy Garland. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. On Tuesday, Nov. 8, this place—the house of tributes—will present yet another four-week tribute entitled, "Nat King Cole, Sunday, Monday, and Always." **JOHNNY HARTMAN** will be the featured singer. Hartman with his full baritone equipment cannot re-create Nat Cole's light, floating style but it's all right—his work can be deliberate, gentle, and understated. Pianist **TONY MONTE** and guitarist **CARMEN MASTREN** will help out. Music from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side contemporary-music hangout that mostly features rhythm and blues. On Sunday, Nov. 6, Ann Sutton sings with her group; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 7-8, will be given over to a jazz and rhythm-and-blues outfit that features drummer Lenny White. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. The Ellen Shipley band will perform on Monday, Nov. 7; Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 8-10, **DAVE VAN RONK**, a bearlike lumberjack of a folkie, will do raspy-voiced renditions of songs by the Rev. Gary Davis, Mississippi John Hurt, Jelly Roll Morton, and Joni Mitchell; and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 11-12, the Cate Brothers band will alternate with Terence Boylan. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** leads a dance septet that is firmly (except for the Fender bassist) rooted in the thirties—even when it plays the Watusi—and this is entirely appropriate in this spectacular thirties room. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—

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Novella Nelson, whose stylized and ultra-dramatic way with a song has won her many admirers in these quarters, winds up this visit on Sunday, Nov. 6. On Tuesday, Nov. 8, **CISSY HOUSTON** and her loose and agile R. & B. backup musicians will begin a two-week stint. Miss Houston does not have the silken control or blockbuster pipes of an Aretha; she does have, however, a more than adequate voice, warmth, and charm, and she produces the kind of excitement one sees only in performers on the rise. Shows at nine and midnight. On Fridays and Saturdays from five-thirty to seven, harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, guitarist **EDDIE BERG**, and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** take over the checkerboard-tile stage. Dinner.

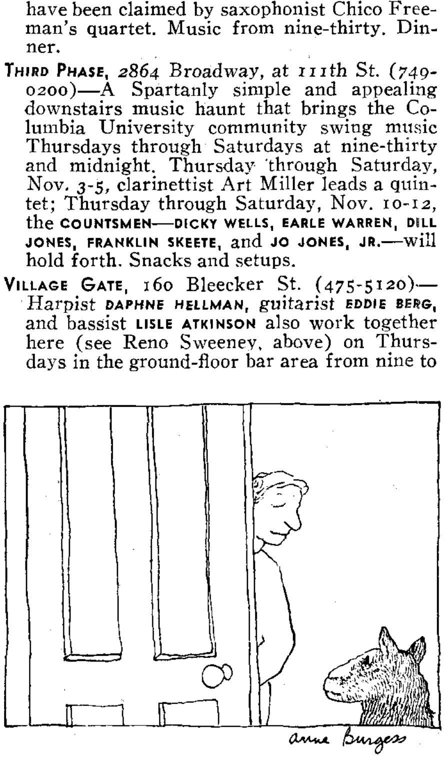
STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A dark but somehow cheerful big, square, sprawling room that, with its heavy, distressed-wood furniture and ceiling beams and youthful audiences, resembles a college dining commons. **DAVID CHESKY** and his band (see above) are here Mondays. Trumpeter, flugelhornist, and humorist **TED CURSON** heads up a fire-breathing quintet through Saturday, Nov. 5. Curson's music is only a couple of steps beyond old-reliable hard bop, but it sounds wonderfully contemporary. Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 8-12, alto saxophonist, flutist, contrabass clarinettist, and new-music hero **ANTHONY BRAXTON** will lead a quintet that features violinist **LEROY JENKINS**. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two-thirty, and Mondays from nine to one. Closed Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays, electric pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** smiles and leads his twelve-piece band through his arrangements; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 3-5, trumpeter and occasional vocalist **CHET BAKER** guides his neo-cool quartet. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Guitarist Ryo Kawasaki and singer Rhada Shothm are on hand through Saturday, Nov. 5; Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 8-12, piccolo bassist **RON CARTER** will work with his pianist, **KENNY BARRON**; his drummer, **BEN RILEY**; and his double bassist, **BUSTER WILLIAMS**. Sundays and Mondays have been claimed by saxophonist Chico Freeman's quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

THIRD PHASE, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—A Spartanly simple and appealing downstairs music haunt that brings the Columbia University community swing music Thursdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and midnight. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 3-5, clarinettist Art Miller leads a quintet; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 10-12, the **COUNTSMEN**—**DICKY WELLS, EARLE WARREN, DILL JONES, FRANKLIN SKEETE**, and **JO JONES, JR.**—will hold forth. Snacks and setups.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, guitarist **EDDIE BERG**, and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** also work together here (see Reno Sweeney, above) on Thursdays in the ground-floor bar area from nine to midnight. Downstairs, on Fridays and Saturdays, classical and jazz guitarist **CHARLIE BYRD** will lead a trio; on Monday, Nov. 7, Turning Point, a jazz-rock ensemble, will perform. Music from ten on Fridays and Saturdays; at eight and ten on Mondays.



VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. Hard-bop drummer **LOUIS HAYES** leads a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 6; on Tuesday, Nov. 8, trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** will bring in his Concert Jazz Ensemble, a septet. Monday night, **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS**-big-band night, should never be taken for granted. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** leads a trio on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The rest of the week is allotted to fledgling and more experienced musicians. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, except Mondays. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—A friendly bar and candlelit back-room restaurant in beautiful downtown SoHo. But don't expect an evening of artist-watching—most of the patrons look strictly from uptown. Two fine pianists work here most of the time: **JUDD WOLDIN**, with bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, Mondays; and **HAROLD DANKO** and his bassist **RUFUS REID**, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine, except Sundays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 5:45: **KELLY GARRETT**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 5:45: **LOUIS FALCO DANCE COMPANY**.

ALAN PRICE and **ANDY PRATT**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8.

CHARLIE DANIELS BAND, MARK FARNER, and **STILLWATER**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

NEWBAND—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8.

PHOEBE SNOW—With Elliott Murphy. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

BILL HARDMAN QUINTETTE—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Saturday, Nov. 5, from 2 to 5.

RAPHAEL—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 7 and 10:30.

GENTLE GIANT and **DR. FEEL GOOD**—Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.

SHAKTI (WITH JOHN MCLAUGHLIN) and **ALICE COLTRANE**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.

TALKING HEADS, MAX ROMEO, and **JAH MALLA**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.

TRIBUTE TO DEXTER GORDON—With Mr. Gordon, Lionel Hampton, Clark Terry, Sonny Stitt, Philly Joe Jones, Woody Shaw, Bobby Hutcherson, Percy Heath, *and a twelve-piece band.* (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

JOAN ARMATRADING—Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.

SOLOS AND DUETS—Ruby Braff and Dick Hyman. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

TED NUGENT and **REX**—Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.

CBS ALL-STARS—Billy Cobham, Alphonso Johnson, Steve Kahn, Tom Scott, and others.

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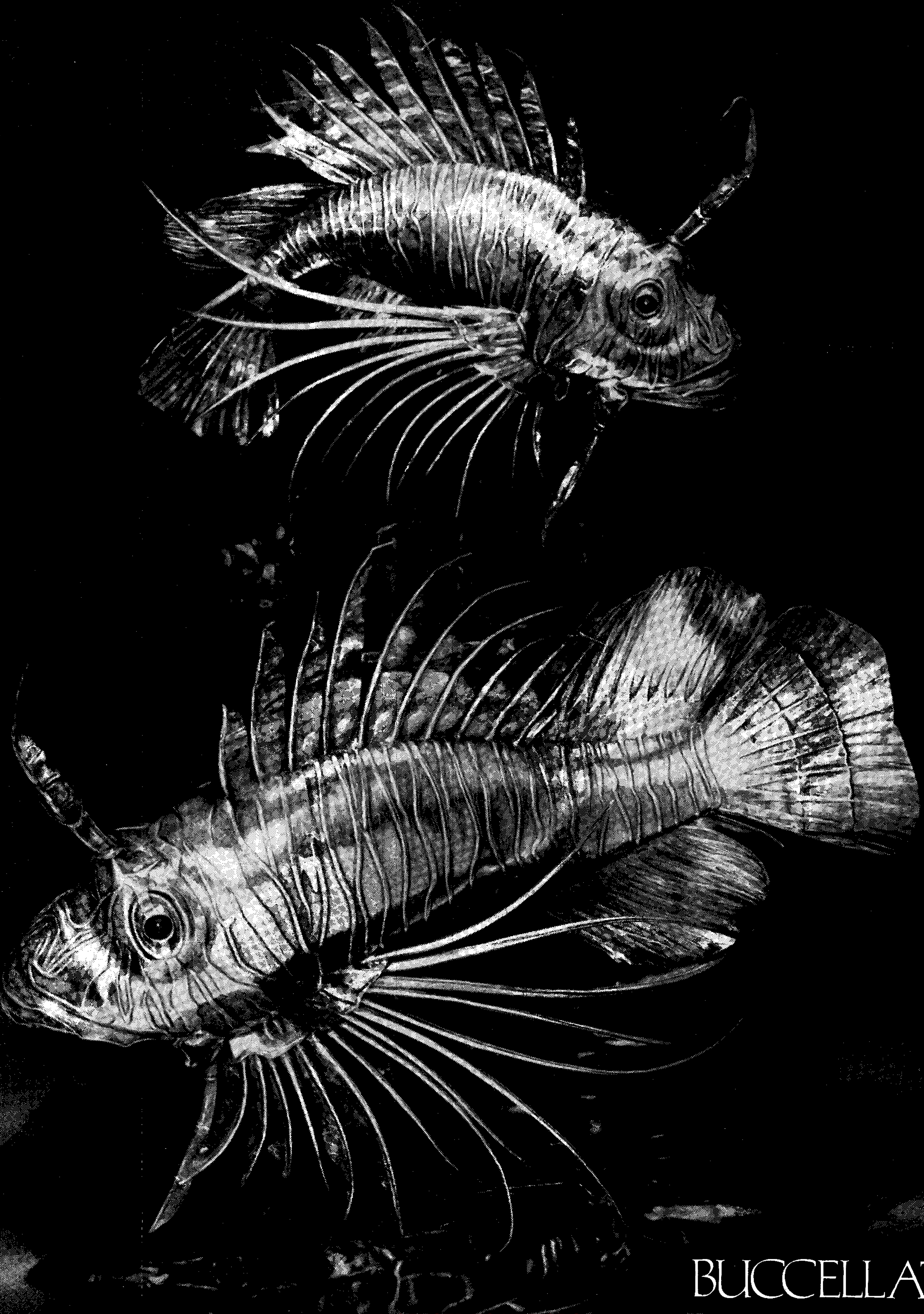

BUCCELLATI

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Rush and **U.F.O.**—With Cheap Trick. (Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Oliver Lake Quartet—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.

Note—Film clips and short features that document the times and styles of various celebrated jazz musicians are being exhibited by the New York Jazz Museum on a weekly schedule. On Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 7:30, the offering will be "One More Time"—Count Basie and his band; and "Hooray for Hollywood"—Benny Goodman. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—Acrylic brush drawings on rice paper, some of them eight feet wide, are among the works prepared for this exhibit by a founding member of the Cobra group. Through Dec. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Peter Arno (1904-68)—Cartoons spanning a thirty-year period and tracing the artist's development from the rather hesitant line and cluttered composition of his earlier work to the powerful draftsmanship and frill-less simplicity of his later drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947)—Large, formal studio paintings of nudes, still-lifes, and landscapes, plus quick pencil or pen-and-ink sketches. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Thirty-odd examples of his mysteriously captivating boxes, many of which were gifts to relatives and some of which are lined with his characteristic charts for celestial navigation. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

George Deem / Chris Van Allsburg—More of this artist's edited Vermeers—rearranged and recolored. / Sculptures. Through Nov. 26. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Willem de Kooning—A dozen fresh, big new oils. Through Nov. 19. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Frank Faulkner—Richly textured wall hangings. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Joellen Hall—Drawings of sprawling newly hatched barn owls and other, older birds observed at close range at the Felix Neck Wild Life Sanctuary, on Martha's Vineyard. Also sculptures of chickens and roosters. Through Nov. 19. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

John Hartell—Architectural interiors and Greek ruins are sources for a new group of semi-abstract oils—arched doorways, deep window casements, long halls, and so on. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Hans Hokanson—Large carved-wood sculptures, some abstract, others of recognizable, though greatly enlarged, objects (a boot that stands five feet). Through Nov. 23. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Lester Johnson—Paintings of crowded full-size figures in a new series the artist calls "The City." Through Dec. 10. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Jordan—Mesas, canyons, and wide stretches of the colorful New Mexican desert, rendered in oils and pastels. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St.)

Landès Lewitin (1892-1966)—Mythical and religious figures drawn or painted on paper and simplified almost to the level of symbols. Through Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Leo Lionni—Carved-wood, ivory, and metal representations of fantastical botanical wonders. Also drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Howard Newman—Smoothly finished cast-bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

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Lee Savage—Idiosyncratic and more or less realist paintings, one of which is a haunting depiction of a celebrating couple driving down the middle of a highway (they're seen from the back seat) toward something fateful. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert Tallon—Droll and sometimes surreal fantasies, translated onto composition boards in acrylics by this artist who has done numerous covers for *The New Yorker*. Through Nov. 19. (Flanagan, 22 E. 72nd St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

William Wilkins—Nudes and French landscapes painted in a striking neo-Pointillist style by an English artist new to this country. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Albert York / Gwen John (1876-1939)—Small-scale paintings—almost miniatures—of simple landscapes, cows, dogs, cats, and people. / Winsome little watercolors and pencil drawings by the talented sister of Augustus John. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Group Shows—At the **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "Warp-Patterned Weaves of the Andes," an exhibit of modern and ancient textiles. Through Nov. 13. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Two paintings by Sam Francis, and a single painting each by Kline, Louis, Pollock, Reinhardt, Still, and Rothko. Through Nov. 17.... **hirschl & adler**, in a new location at 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings by Americans and Europeans which span two centuries, including works by Benjamin West, Thomas Sully, Charles Demuth, and Picasso. Through Nov. 19.... **lerner-heller**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings dating from 1910 to the present by Avery, Burchfield, O'Keeffe, and Wallace Putnam. Through Nov. 30.... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Forty paintings and sculptures by some of the artists (eighteen Europeans, three Americans—Calder, Chagall, Léger, Modigliani, Picasso among them) who have dominated the twentieth century. Through Nov. 26.... **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French works of art from American collections, and works by several American artists who studied in France during the same period. A benefit loan show marking the gallery's centenary. Starts Thursday, Nov. 3.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jane B. Armstrong—Tabletop-size stone carvings of aquatic life shown in headlong, undulating motion—leaping dolphins, a school of salmon, turtles crawling over one another, a slither of alligators—plus horses, foxes, birds, and other wild life. Through Friday, Nov. 4. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Enrico Baj / Jeff Hoare—Comic assemblages, usually taking the form of overdecorated noblemen. They are done in a wide range of materials, including metal, ceramic, and fabric. / Abstract seascapes involving swirls of deep reds and blues. Through Friday, Nov. 4. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Early watercolors and pencil sketches that already bespeak this artist's highly individual relationship with nature and his curious communion with old houses. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Lovis Corinth (1858-1925)—Late works, including portraits (and the crayon sketches for them), landscapes, and a stunning watercolor still-life of a pitcher, some fruit, and some flowers. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Susan Crowder / Bilgé Friedlaender—This artist carves sugar sacks, pillows, mats, and so on in marble, somehow conveying to each a sense of weight commensurate with the subject (the sugar sacks really *sag* in the middle). Through Nov. 19. / Stylish drawings, mostly white on white, involving a beeswax surface applied to muslin and then given a gesso coating. Through Nov. 17. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Olga de Amaral—Horsehair, hand-carded wool, linen, and gesso go into this Colombian artist's wall hangings, which look as durable as tugboat bumpers but are a good deal handsomer. Through Nov. 18. (Duhl, 31 W. 54th St. Opens at noon.)

Alan Gussow—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

David Hockney—Five large paintings (one of them a new portrait of Henry Geldzahler, and another a portrait of his parents), plus a number of the characteristically delicate freehand drawings by this English artist. Through Nov. 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ian Hornak—It would seem difficult to glamorize a sunset, but this artist manages it, silhouetting palm trees and lush vegetation against the heavenly fires in large (five and three-quarters feet by eight) acrylic paintings. Through Thursday, Nov. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ed Kerns—Low-keyed acrylics plastered onto heavy cardboard along with patches of fabric. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joyce Kozloff—Paintings and collages in which patterns found in Islamic ornamentation are juxtaposed. Through Nov. 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Tadaaki Kuwayama—Large panels and groups of panels, all covered with a uniform silvery tone by this Japanese-born Minimalist. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Ibram Lassaw—Complicated constructions of vertical and horizontal metal rods welded together. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Loew—Squares and rectangles by a color abstractionist. Through Dec. 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Dennis Masback—A new set of abstract canvases whose surfaces owe their sheen to the many layers of paint that have been applied and scraped off. Through Nov. 17. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

George McNeil—Abstract Expressionist paintings with clearly recognizable figurative elements. Through Tuesday, Nov. 8. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Henry Pearson—This artist rivets our attention on worthy but otherwise forgettable Old Master reproductions by violating them, painting a jet-black rectangle in the focal center of the picture plane. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Waldo Peirce (1884-1970)—Late works, these of family, friends, and interiors, plus a few of circuses, by this American Impressionist. Through Nov. 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Howardena Pindell—Paper works built up of hundreds of confetti-like discs punched out of previous drawings by the artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (JAM, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sydell Pollack—Large oil paintings of people who are ostensibly living it up in cabarets or at carnivals but who seem individually to be wrapped up in themselves, oblivious of the surrounding merriment. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ad Reinhardt (1913-67) / **Red Grooms**—A comprehensive show, beginning with lighthearted abstractions of the early forties and proceeding, step by step, toward the bleak finality of the big black ones a quarter of a century later. / In almost total contrast to the Reinhardts are these rip-roaring circus-colored collages and watercolors, reflecting the ebullience of the artist. Through Friday, Nov. 11. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Larry Rivers—A selection of major new works, including a reworking of Rembrandt's "Polish Rider" and several variations of the artist's recollection of a long-ago Parisian friend named Tamara de Lempicka. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and collages from the fifties and sixties. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Théo Stavropoulos—Small abstract paintings and pencil drawings. Through Nov. 23. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Janet Stayton—Large mixed-medium works

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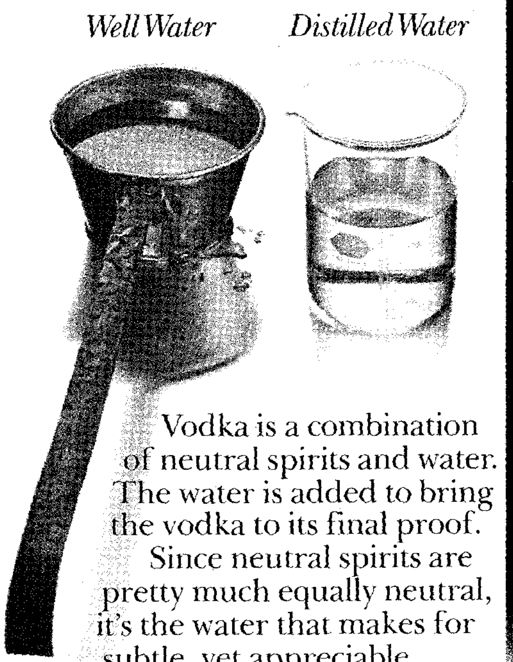

Vodka is a combination of neutral spirits and water. The water is added to bring the vodka to its final proof.

Since neutral spirits are pretty much equally neutral, it's the water that makes for subtle, yet appreciable, differences. And the water that goes into Finlandia Vodka is very different from the water in most other vodkas.

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Finlandia's water is 100% natural. It comes from a deep well that lies under a 10,000 year old glacial moraine formation in Rajamäki, Finland.

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That's why people who know their vodka are loathe to mix Finlandia with tomato juice, orange juice and such. They enjoy Finlandia to its fullest: in an exceptionally dry martini, on the rocks, or icy-cold straight from the freezer. The way fine vodka is meant to be served.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

that serve as samplers of the artist's commendable skills. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Riduan Tomkins—Small symbols—a stylized figure on a diving board, two or three water birds, a rectangle of contrasting color—are posted at unexpected stations on a rich color field of one predominant shade. The artist is English. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Mario Toral—Large and beautifully rendered depictions of writhing forms—androgynous and highly sensual—fill the canvases by this Chilean-born artist. Through Friday, Nov. 4. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Torreano—Large color fields sprinkled with glass jewels and usually traversed by a diagonal spray of a contrasting color; some of these works evoke intergalactic space and some candy wrappers. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Susan Weil—Mixed inks applied with a brush to multiple sheets of crushed paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—Works on paper and a few paintings by a Greek immigrant who learned of his great classical heritage after his arrival in this country as a boy, and who, inspired, went on to become one of our pioneer nonobjective artists. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ball, Bat, and Glove—A celebration of the national pastime in painting, sculpture, photographs, and prints, by a group of artists including Lichtenstein, Steinberg, Oldenburg. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Samples from the classrooms of the Art Students League achieved between 1879 and 1927, including an O'Keeffe still-life done in William Merritt Chase's class, a Speicher portrait of O'Keeffe, and so on. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9:30; Saturdays, 10 to 4:30.)

Sculpture—The fortieth annual exhibit of the Sculptors Guild consists of sixty pieces by as many artists. Through Nov. 17. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Nicholas Africano / George Schneeman—A series called "Daddy's Old," in which, to chronicle an old man's illness, one or two tiny figures molded of wax and painted with oil are fixed to relatively vast, solid-color backgrounds. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. / Startlingly clear-cut portraits and painstaking studies of sports shirts, done in fresco on cinderblock. Through Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

William Allan—Acrylic paintings of clouds, which are mostly shown in feathery formations at sunset. Through Thursday, Nov. 10. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

John Altoon (1925-69)—Abstract paintings and drawings on paper from the sixties. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Braunstein-Quay, 139 Spring St.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Spectacular murals made up of foot-square steel plates with a baked-on white-enamel finish, on which the artist silkscreens a quarter-inch grid before adding her designs in everyday enamel; some are abstract, and some have a strange representational cast. Through Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Kenneth Capps—Two massive cubes of steel beams, around nine feet high, embracing heavy wooden beams. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Anthony DeBlasi / Steven Linden—Large abstract paintings in which varicolored squirts of molding paste, straight out of the tube, are laid on a slate-gray background, sometimes at random and sometimes in a pattern. / Collages consisting of strips of linoleum and its metal edging are arranged on paper. Through Wednesday, Nov. 9. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Walter De Maria—Two hundred and twenty thousand pounds of earth, tastefully and evenly distributed by this pioneer earth artist over thirty-six hundred square feet of exhibition space. It is visible only through a foyer door. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.) . . . ¶ Thirteen stainless-steel circles, all over six feet in diameter, and thirteen stainless-steel squares, all over six feet across, laid out on the floor in pairs. Through Jan. 31. (Friedrich, 19 Waverly Pl., east of Washington Sq. Opens at noon.)

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Ed Lazansky—Oils and watercolors of city scenes, plus landscapes done in Maine and Woodstock. Through Nov. 17. (Prince Street Gallery, 106 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Dalia Ramanauskas / Arie Galles—Incredibly detailed pencil and colored-ink drawings of vegetable crates (peppers, in this instance), frayed lengths of rope, and mattress ticking, done with a style that transcends the subject matter. / Triangular sculptural pieces made of vertical wooden slats. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Show—Peter Tkacheff is showing solid-color canvases painted a sort of battleship gray; Timothy Woodman is showing wall constructions of a nautical bent cut from found pieces of sheet metal and scraps of plywood; and Joe Neill, whose major pieces are out on the gallery's roof, is showing a wonderfully carpentered framework, about a third life-size, for a bus, plus trestlework in polished aluminum. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Freidus, a new gallery at 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St. Wednesdays, 6 P.M. to 9 P.M.; Thursdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Sculpture—At **sculpture now**, 142 Greene St.: Three works each by Mark di Suvero, Tom Doyle, Peter Forakis, and Charles Ginnever. Through Dec. 3. . . . **weber**, 420 West Broadway: No sculptures here but, rather, drawings for actual and proposed outdoor pieces by a number of major sculptors, among them Jackie Ferrara, George Segal, and Dan Flavin. Through Nov. 23.

OTHER GALLERIES

Robert Moskowitz—Centered images (a piano, a cane, a house) on a color field. Through Nov. 16. (Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Tony Rosenthal—Eight thousand pounds of steel tubing are used in a sculpture that viewers can walk in and around. Through Jan 27. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Marguerite Stix (1907-75)—A retrospective exhibition of welded-steel and bronze sculptures, plus paintings and drawings, by this Vienna-born artist who was well known in her last years as a designer of jewelry made with rare seashells. Through Dec. 30. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

George Alpert—Portraits of women, some of them nudes. Through Nov. 29. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Herbert Bayer / Garry Winogrand—The Museum of Modern Art has on view works by Mr. Bayer, an Austrian-born graphic artist and one-time member of the Bauhaus, who is showing photomontages and other works from the twenties and thirties, and by Mr. Winogrand, who is showing pictures he took between 1969 and 1973, mostly at peace rallies, press conferences, and big-city parties. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ The Light gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., has a show of Winogrand prints, these, in contrast to the above group, are of rodeos and other Western subjects. Through Nov. 26.

Pierre Cordier / Margo Davis—Each work by this artist consists of a mounted series of small sequential pictures developed chemically on photographic paper without the use of a camera, a darkroom, or an enlarger. / Photographs of fountain sculptures, pediments, and decorative interiors, all of them taken in Rome. Through Saturday, Nov. 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

David Octavius Hill (1802-70) **and Robert Adamson** (1821-48)—Forty sepia-toned calotype portraits made during the five-year collaboration (1843-48) between the Scottish painter and his photographic technician. Through Nov. 19. (Wolf, a new gallery at 30 W. 57th St.)

Arnold Newman—Larry Rivers, Diana Vreeland, Brassaï, and Alice Tully are some of the personalities included in fifty new portraits. Through Nov. 26. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jacob Riis (1849-1914)—Documentary photographs (printed by Alexander Alland) of New York City slums at the turn of the century. Through Nov. 26. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—A photographic retrospective. Also memorabilia. Through Dec. 3. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Doris Ulmann (1884-1934)—Soft-focus prints of Appalachian craftsmen and Southern blacks, plus early still-lifes and portraits. Through Dec. 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

James Van DerZee—A documentation of black American life that covers the years from 1907 to 1945. Starts Thursday, Nov. 3. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—A retrospective of more than a hundred vintage prints. Through Sunday, Nov. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.)

Group Shows—At the **city university graduate center**, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: "42nd Street: Theatre and the City" comprises more than eighty photographic enlargements of theatre interiors and façades (many constructed in Italian Renaissance and Georgian styles) as they looked in all their opulence in the late twenties and as they appear today. Through Nov. 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays, Election Day, and Friday, Nov. 11.) . . . **visual arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Works by William Wegman, Jared Bark, Jan Groover, John Baldessari, Jan Dibbets, and Bernd and Hilla Becher. Through Friday, Nov. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.) . . . **witkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Forty-five photographers are represented in a show drawn from the Julien Levy Collection. Through Saturday, Nov. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of Irish art dating from the Bronze Age to 1500 A.D. includes early-Christian metalwork (the Ardagh chalice, the Tara brooch, the Cross of Cong) and illuminated manuscripts (the Book of Kells, the Book of Durrow). Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by Paul Signac, all taken from the museum's collections. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings and oil sketches by a teacher of Signac, Georges Seurat, several of them studies for "La Grande Jatte." Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, Election Day, and Friday, Nov. 11, from 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An awesomely rich exhibit of Cézanne oils and watercolors, all of them from his last decade. Through Jan. 3. . . . **photography:** Garry

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Winogrand. Through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Herbert Bayer. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Lucio Fontana (1899-1968), which are distinctive for their perforated and built-up surfaces. Through Dec. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Jasper Johns retrospective, filling two floors of the museum, reviews his singular targets, alphabets, flags, numbers, assemblages, and deified everyday objects like toothbrushes and beer cans. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of small-scale works (paintings, sculptures, collages, boxes) by a number of contemporary artists, including Joe Brainard, Donald Evans, Betye Saar, and Joel Shapiro. Through Dec. 7. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Women Artists: 1550 to 1950," an exhibition of paintings, mostly, by major American and European artists. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Gouaches, drawings, and prints by Anni Albers. Through Thursday, Nov. 10. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays, except Friday, Nov. 11. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Albers show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Peru's Golden Treasures," an exhibit of gold objects (masks, beakers, figurines, jewelry) that surveys nearly two thousand years of the pre-Columbian goldworking tradition. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, Election Day, and Friday, Nov. 11, from 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—More than sixty Japanese art objects, dating from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth, decorated with scenes that reflect the Japanese absorption with nature. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of objects from China's I-Hsing potteries (known chiefly for a widely imitated rust-colored unglazed teapot) dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and autograph letters by nineteenth-century luminaries, among them Washington Irving, Thoreau, Emily Dickinson, and Henry James. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Musical manuscripts that trace notation from the eighth century through the sixteenth. Through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, most of them landscapes and portraits. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Andy Warhol's folk-art collection, which includes ceramics, painted furniture, weathervanes, and a cigar-store Indian. Through Nov. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of handcrafted objects, by craftsmen under thirty, in four mediums: fibre, wood, leather, and plastic. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixty-fourth annual exhibit of paintings and sculptures by members of the Allied Artists of America, as well as by nonmembers. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A new permanent installation that examines methods of transportation (canoe to subway) in New York. It features the society's collection of carriages (one purported to have carried President Washington), stagecoaches, sleighs, and fire trucks. Paintings, drawings, and photographs round out the exhibit. (Open daily except Mondays and Friday, Nov. 11. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by Adrienne W. Hoard. . . . ¶ Paintings of Ghanaian scenes by Andrews Ofori Danso. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Sunday, Nov. 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Nov. 2: "La Bohème," with Mary Costa, Giacomo Aragall, William Walker, Paul Plishka, Robert Goodloe, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; conducted by James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 3: "Eugene Onegin," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Isola Jones, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Gedda, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4: "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and Vern Shinall; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 5: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Florence Quivar, Veriano Luchetti, Mario Sereni, and James Atherton; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "La Bohème," with Mary Costa, Nicolai Gedda, William Walker, Paul Plishka, Allan Monk, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 7: "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and John Cheek; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Florence Quivar, Veriano Luchetti, Mario Sereni, and James Atherton; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 9: "La Traviata," with Elena Mauti Nunziata, Giacomo Aragall, and Louis Quilico; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 10: "La Bohème," with Mary Costa, Nicolai Gedda, William Walker, Paul Plishka, and Allan Monk; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 11: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Florence Quivar, Veriano Luchetti, Mario Sereni, and James Atherton; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 12: "La Traviata," with Elena Mauti Nunziata, Giacomo Aragall, and Louis Quilico; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 12: "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and John Cheek; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8: "La Bohème," with Elisabeth Carron, Sharon Daniels, Lando Bartolini, David Holloway, Samuel Ramey, and William Ledbetter; conducted by Jorge Mester. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with RoseMarie Freni, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Charles Long; and "Pagliacci," with Sherry Zannoth, Herman Malamood, Richard Fredricks, and Thomas Jamerson. Both conducted by David Effron. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Ashmedai" (in English), with Eileen Schauler, Patricia Craig, Gianna Rolandi, John Lankston, Paul Ukena, and David Griffith; Gary Bertini. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Susan Davenny Wyner, Frances Bible, Charles Roe, David Holloway, and Will Roy; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Francine Arrauzau, Glenys Fowles, Jacque Trussel, Richard Fredricks, and Placido Domingo; Lloyd Walser. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 6, at 1: "The Pirates of Penzance," with Elizabeth Haley, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Henry Price, Richard McKee, James Billings, and Mark Munkittrick; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 6, at 7: "Ashmedai" (in English), with Eileen Schauler, Patricia Craig, Gianna Rolandi, John Lankston, Paul Ukena, and David Griffith; Gary Bertini. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Maralin Niska, Ermanno Mauro, and Charles Long; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Glenys Fowles, Diane Curry, Jane Shaulis, Howard Hensel, David Holloway, and Will Roy; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Trilogy," consisting of three short operas in English—"The Impresario," with Patricia Brooks, Paula Seibel, Nico Castel, David Rae Smith, and James Billings; "La Voix Humaine," with Maralin Niska; and "L'Heure Espagnole," with Sharon Daniels, Melvin Lowery, Richard Fredricks, Nico Castel, and Richard McKee. Imre Pallo conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 11, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Karan Armstrong, Herman Malamood, and Charles Long; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Elisabeth Carron, Diane Curry, Ruben Dominguez, and Seymour Schwartman; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Craig, Lando Bartolini, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. A benefit performance; for tickets, call 790-0355. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Lorin Maazel conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursdays and Saturdays at 8:30; Fridays at 2; and Tuesdays at 7:30.)

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Georg Solti conducting the last two in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8, with Lucia Popp, soprano; and Friday, Nov. 4, at 8, no soloists.)

PHILHARMONIA HUNGARICA—Reinhard Peters conducting, with Balint Vazsonyi, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

SLOVENIAN PHILHARMONIC OF YUGOSLAVIA—Anton Nanut conducting, with Ciril Skerjanec, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with Lorin Hollander, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3.)

CLARION CONCERTS ORCHESTRA—Newell Jenkins conducting a performance of Steffani's opera "Niobe, Regina di Tebe" in concert form, with Joy Zornig and Susan Belling, sopranos; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Raymond Murcell, baritone; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

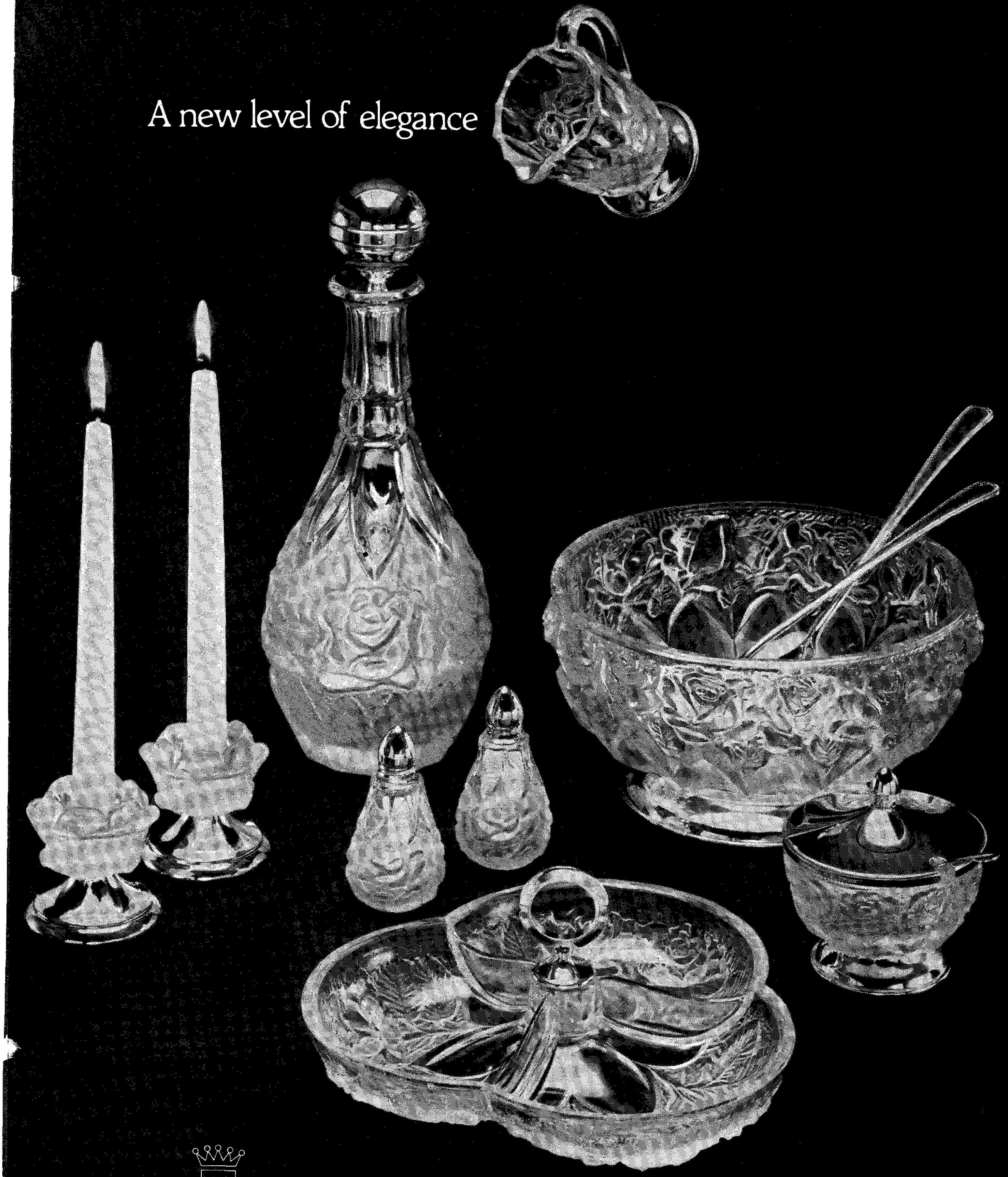
BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting the first in this season's "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one entitled "Homage to Brooklyn," with Lorin Hollander, piano, and John Ferrante, countertenor. Composers Leon Kirchner and Peter Schickele will be present and participate in a discussion at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

MANNES ORCHESTRA—Semyon Bychkov conducting. (High School of Art and Design, Second Ave. at 57th St. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MANHATTAN WIND SYMPHONY—David Simon and George Manahan conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ALL-BEETHOVEN CONCERT—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra, with Ruth Laredo, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-



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5512. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting an all-Haydn program, with the Nicolo Marionettes and Robert Wolinsky, harpsichord. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Judith Blegen, soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Our Bach Concert—Twenty-five musicians, including Henry Schuman, oboe, and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord, who perform without a conductor. With Justino Diaz, bass. The second of two concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at midnight.)

Bach Aria Group—Robert Shaw directing, with Benita Valente, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a chorus of five hundred in a performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony, with Jennifer Barron, Lynn Owen, and Patricia Brooks, sopranos; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; Muriel Costa-Greenspon, alto; John Carpenter, tenor; Richard Anderson, baritone; Raymond Michalski, bass; and an orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Evenings for New Music—The first in a series of three programs, this one devoted to the music of John Cage, Morton Feldman, Lejaren Hiller, and Giancinto Scelsi. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Oxana—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Shirley Verrett—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Eugen Prokop—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Claude Savard—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Theodore Baskin, oboe; David Singer, clarinet; Alexander Heller, bassoon; Robert Routch, horn; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The first in this season's series of seven programs, this one performed by Dwight Peltzer, piano; Stanley Waldman, clarinet; and the New Music Ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Leo Smit—Playing the Aaron Copland cycle of piano works. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2.)

Mary Freeman Blankstein—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 5:45.)

Esther Fuerte-Wajman—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Suk Soon Kim—Soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Ivan Rebroff—Bass, with a balalaika ensemble. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Earl Wild—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Music from Aston Magna—Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Fortunato Arico, cello; Carole Bogard, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Aaron and Ian Shapinsky—Cello and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2:30.)

Deller Consort—Mostly vocal music of Renaissance England. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Seymour Bernstein—Pianist-composer, with Owen Lewis reading his own poetry to a work by Mr. Bernstein. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 5:30.)

Marisa Galvany, Harry Theyard, and Samuel Ramey—Soprano, tenor, and bass, in a program of arias. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Bernadette Zirkuli—Bassoon, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Evgenya Baumel and Isser Bushkin—Soprano and bass, in a program of arias and Russian art songs. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Steven De Groote—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Sandra Darling—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Bennett Lerner—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Robert de Gaetano—Piano, in a benefit recital. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 929-2390.)

Steven Lubin—Piano and fortepiano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Sharon Robinson—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the first in a series of five concerts presenting Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Contemporary Music From Japan—A program of premières, performed by Keiko Abe, marimba; Barbara Martin, soprano; Nexus, percussion ensemble from Toronto; and members of the New York New Music Ensemble, conducted by Naoyuki Miura and Daniel Shulman. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With John Graham, viola, in the second in a series of five all-Mozart concerts presenting the ten 'great' quartets and the cycle of quintets. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 3.)

Lili Kraus—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Janos Starker—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

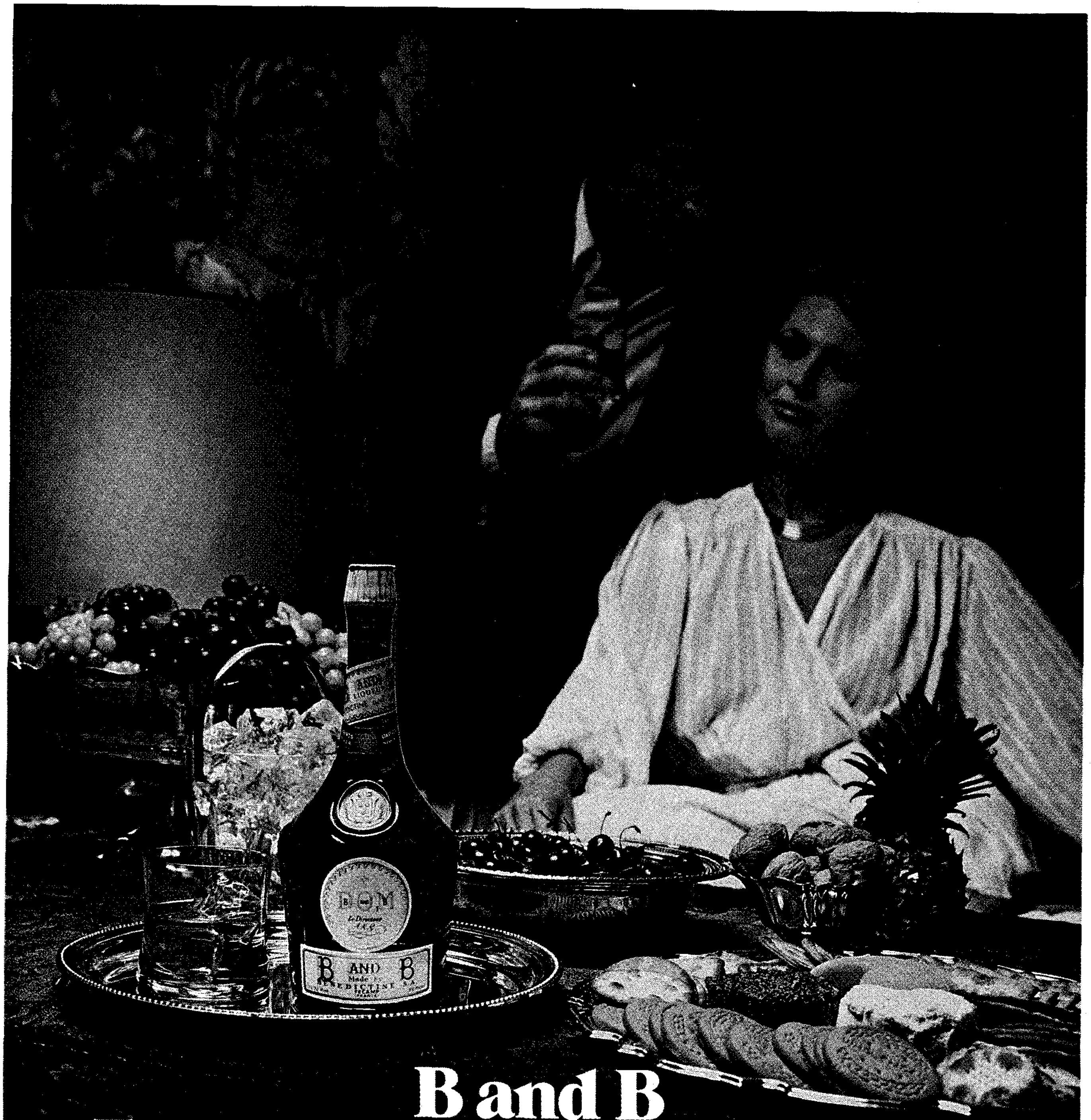
Alexander Calder Memorial Tribute—Joel Thome conducting the Philadelphia Composers' Forum Orchestra of Our Time in a double bill, with Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano: Satie's symphonic drama "Socrate" (English text by Virgil Thomson), with a moving set designed by Calder; and Mr. Thomson's oratorio version of his (and Gertrude Stein's) opera "Four Saints in Three Acts." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. San Antonio, Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Nov. 12, at 8. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER**, Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Friday, Nov. 11. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 5** (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 12** (all games at 1:30): Army vs. Pittsburgh, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Wagner, at Fordham. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadel-



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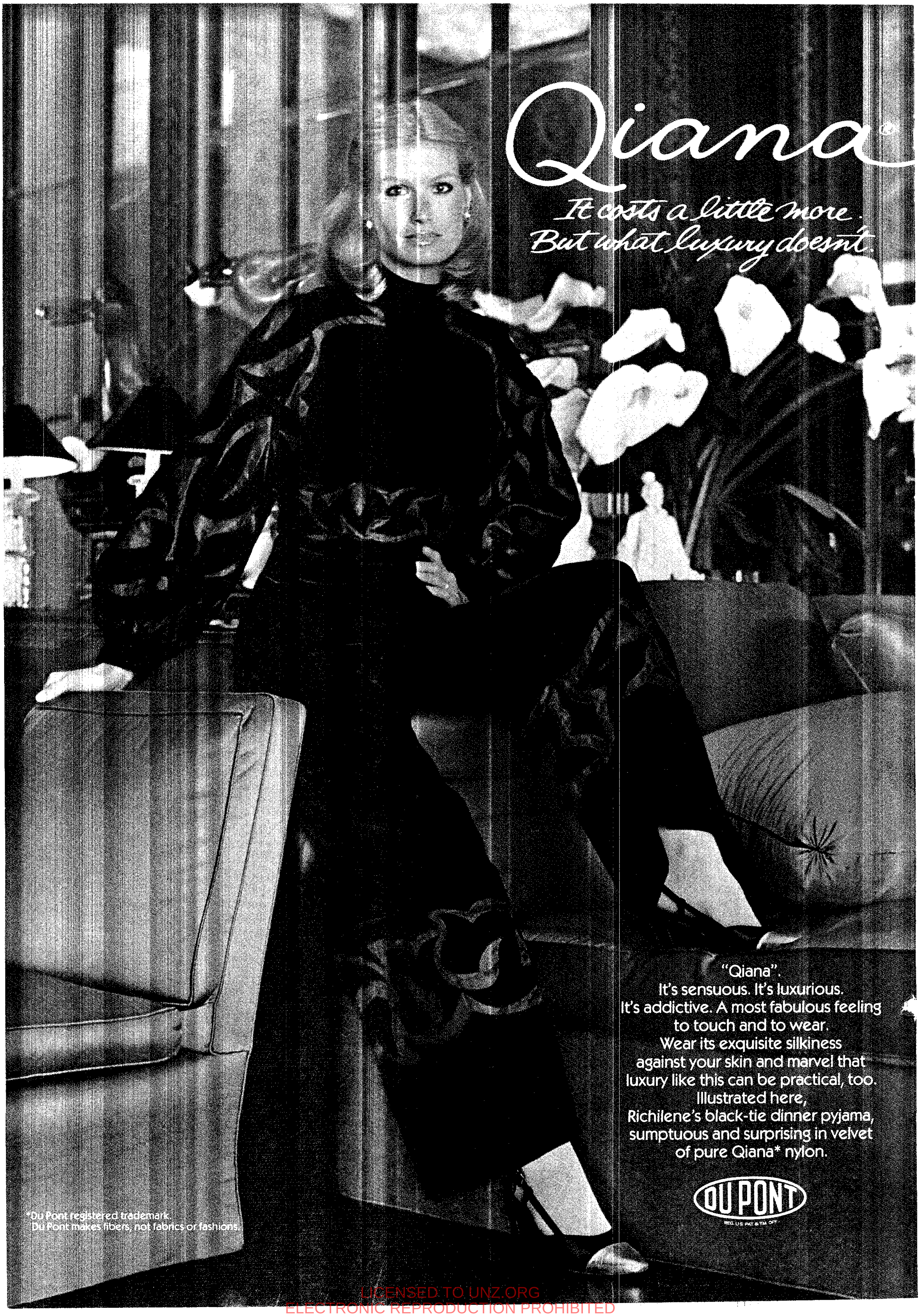
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phia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Tulane, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Boston College, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 6: Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium, at 1.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Nov. 12. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Sunday, Nov. 6. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 23. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 5; the Knickerbocker Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 8; the Sport Page Handicap, Friday, Nov. 11; and the Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 12. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Young America, Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 5.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Nov. 7, through Saturday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 8; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Poetry Readings—Frederick Morgan reading from his own works. (Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Auctions—At the **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER**, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Sunday, Nov. 6, at 5: A benefit auction of thirty-five theatre posters. Written bids (only) will be accepted between 11 and 4. Admission by contribution. . . . **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 10:15 and 2: Scientific and other books, from the Franklin Institute. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 3, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Nov. 4, at 10:15: Japanese works of art including early Buddhist and Shinto paintings and sculptures; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, from the Seattle Art Museum and other sources. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, 502s Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 10:30 and 2: American, English, and Continental silver and *objets de vertu;* from the estate of Elinor Dorrance Ingersoll and from other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 3, at 10:30, and Friday, Nov. 4, at 10:30 and 2: Chinese Export porcelains and jades, Oriental ivories, Japanese lacquers and screens, and other works of art; the property of Mrs. Barbara Rockefeller and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2: Eastern rugs, from various owners. . . . **HOTEL ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Park South. Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 10: Prints by Felix Buhot, together with a group of print reference books; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 8, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 9, at 10 and 2: Photographs, including works by Frederick H. Evans, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, and Eugène Atget; from many sources. (Exhibition hours: Sunday and Monday, Nov. 6-7, from 10 to 8.)

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Nov. 15 (New Orleans), Nov. 19 (Indiana), Nov. 22 (Buffalo), Nov. 26 (Golden State), Nov. 28 (Houston), Dec. 3 (Milwaukee), Dec. 6 (Boston), and Dec. 10 (Portland). . . . ¶ The Nets at **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER**, Piscataway, N.J.: Nov. 16 (Milwaukee), Nov. 18 (Indiana), Nov. 20 (Denver), Dec. 7 (San Antonio), and Dec. 9 (Kansas City).

College Football—Saturday, Nov. 26: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, and Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester.

Professional Football—**SUNDAY, NOV. 13:** Jets vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at Tampa. . . . **SUNDAY, NOV. 20:** Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore. . . . **SUNDAY, NOV. 27:** Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Cincinnati Bengals, at Cincinnati. . . . **SATURDAY, DEC. 4:** Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. New Orleans Saints, at New Orleans.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers games on Nov. 13, 16, 20, and 23, and Dec. 4 and 7. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders games on Nov. 15, 19, and 22, and Dec. 6 and 10.

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (580-9830): The season continues through April 15. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through April 29. . . . ¶ Leonid Kogan, violin, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ National Chorale, Nov. 30. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Symphony of the New World, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Joseph Fuchs, violin, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra, Nov. 22-23. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Magda Olivero, soprano, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Ileana Cotrubas, soprano, Dec. 7. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Nathaniel Rosen, cello, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 20 and 22 and Dec. 2 and 4. . . . ¶ Gregg Smith Singers, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ The Romeros, classical and flamenco guitarists, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Patricia Brooks, soprano, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 7. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Donald Gramm, bass-baritone, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 6. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Erick Friedman, violin, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Dickran Atamian, piano, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ New York Vocal Arts Ensemble, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Carlos Barbosa-Lima, classical guitarist, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Zara Nelsova, cello, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Sine Nomine Singers, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Joseph Kalichstein, piano, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Michael Lorimer, classical guitarist, Dec. 10. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Nov. 17 and Dec. 1 and 8. . . . ¶ Jorge Bolet, piano, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Henryk Szeryng, violin, Dec. 9.

Dance—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 15-Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Dancers and Musicians of Bali, at Carnegie Hall, Nov. 16-18. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, at the City Center, Nov. 30-Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Soviet Georgian Dancers, at Carnegie Hall, Nov. 30-Dec. 4.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Golda," a play by William Gibson, with Anne Bancroft in the title role. . . . ¶ A play by Arnold Wesker, "The Merchant," based on three pre-Shakespearean stories: "The Elopement of Jessica," "The Three Caskets," and "The Pound of Flesh." The cast is headed by John Clements, Roberta Maxwell, and Joseph Leon. . . . ¶ Herschel Bernardi in "The Confirmation," a play by Howard Ashman. . . . ¶ The new Neil Simon comedy, "Chapter Two," with Judd Hirsch, Anita Gillette, Ann Wedgeworth, and Cliff Gorman.

Other Dates—National Postage Stamp Show, at the Coliseum, Nov. 16-20. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Christmas Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Dec. 9-10.

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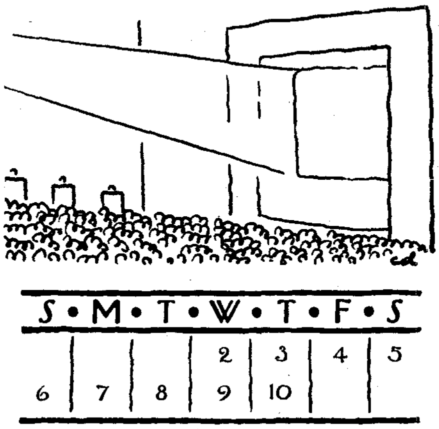
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Black and White in Color."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 8: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" and "Putney Swope."
From Nov. 9: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 7: "Pardon Mon Affaire."
From Nov. 8: "The Spy Who Loved Me."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Nov. 3: "Valentino."
From Nov. 4: "Bobby Deerfield."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 3: "A Piece of the Action."
From Nov. 4: "Heroes."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Short Eyes."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Equus."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Lacemaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Nov. 3: "Bobby Deerfield."
From Nov. 4: "First Love."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bobby Deerfield."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Nov. 2: "Desperate Living."
From Nov. 3: "Voyage to Grand Tartarie."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Julia."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous!"

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Roseland."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Nov. 3: "Valentino."
From Nov. 4: "A Piece of the Action."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Special Day."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 5: "Let Joy Reign Supreme."
From Nov. 6: "Mr. Klein."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 7: To be announced.
From Nov. 8: "The Spy Who Loved Me."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"New York, New York."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 3: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."
From Nov. 4: "Oh, God!"

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Nov. 3: "Oh, God!"
From Nov. 4: "Which Way Is Up?"

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 3: "A Piece of the Action."
From Nov. 4: "Heroes."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Barbarella" and "Fantastic Planet."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Damnation Alley."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Oh, God!"

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Alicia."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Nov. 7: To be announced.
From Nov. 8: "The Spy Who Loved Me."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 7: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
From Nov. 8: "Valentino."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 5: "Grand Hotel" and "Adam's Rib." Nov. 6-8: "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Cabin in the Sky." From Nov. 9: "In the Realm of the Senses."
Theatre 2: Nov. 2: "Desperate Living" and "Pink Flamingos" (X-rated). From Nov. 3: "Voyage to Grand Tartarie."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 3: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden." From Nov. 4: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" and "The Story of Adèle H."
Theatre 4: "The American Friend."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 3: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."
From Nov. 4: "Oh, God!"

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Nov. 2: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 3: "Pete's Dragon."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tommy." (No evening performances on Sunday, Nov. 6.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Nov. 3: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom."
From Nov. 4: "1900."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 8: "The Kentucky Fried Movie."
From Nov. 9: "Annie Hall."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Nov. 3: "Handle with Care."
From Nov. 4: "First Love."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Julia."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Short Eyes."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Children of Paradise."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 3: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."
From Nov. 4: "Voyage to Grand Tartarie."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 7: "The Spy Who Loved Me." From Nov. 8: "Valentino."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: "Damnation Alley." From Nov. 4: "Nasty Habits."
Theatre 3: "Oh, God!"

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 7: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" and "Harold and Maude."
From Nov. 8: "The Spy Who Loved Me."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2561)
Through Nov. 3: Three new French films by Jean-Marie Straub and D. Huillet, René Allio, and Jean-Luc Godard, shown on an evening-and-matinée schedule. Our best advice is to phone the theatre for exact dates, times, and film titles.
Nov. 4-5: "Lonesome Cowboys" (1969), directed by Andy Warhol, with Viva, Joe Dallesandro, and Taylor Mead; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970), directed by Russ Meyer.
Nov. 6-7: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Enforcer." (†)
Nov. 8: "Man Without a Star" (1955), directed by King Vidor, with Kirk Douglas, Jeanne Crain, Claire Trevor, William Campbell, and Richard Boone.
Nov. 9: "The Woman in the Window" (†) and "Scarlet Street." (†)
Nov. 10: "Il Grido" (†) and "La Notte." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 2: "The Road of Life" (1931), in Russian, directed by Nikolai Ekk; and "When Leaves Fall" (1968), in Russian, directed by Otar Yosseliana.
Nov. 3: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Two for the Road" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.
Nov. 4: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson.
Nov. 5: "The Misfits" (1961), directed by John Huston, with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.
Nov. 6: "Othello." (†)
Nov. 7: "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (†) and "The Thief of Paris." (†)
Nov. 8: "Patriots" (1933), in Russian, directed by Boris Barnet; and "The Invocation" (1968), in Russian, directed by Tenghiz Abuladze.
Nov. 9: "The Clear Sky" (1961), in Russian, directed by Grigori Chukhrai; and "The Bonus" (1975), in Russian, directed by Sergei Mikaelian.
Nov. 10: "Les Parents Terribles" (†) and "Les Enfants Terribles." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 3: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976), in French, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "Le Sex Shop" (1973), in French, directed by, and with, Claude Berri.
Nov. 4-5: "Journey Through the Past" (1974), a documentary directed by, and about, Neil Young; and "Sympathy for the Devil." (†)
Nov. 6-7: "The Island of Dr. Moreau" (1977), directed by Don Taylor, with Burt Lancaster and Michael York; and "Island of Lost Souls" (1932), directed by Erle C. Kenton, with Charles Laughton, Kathleen Burke, and Bela Lugosi.
Nov. 8: "Sunday Woman" (†) and "Salut l'Artiste." (†)
Nov. 9-10: "Daisy Miller" (†) and "At Long Last Love." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 5: "Humoresque" (1946), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Joan Crawford, John Garfield, Oscar Levant, and J. Carrol Naish; and "The Great Lie" (1941), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Mary Astor.
Nov. 6-8: "Rain" (1932), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, and William Gargan; and "Susan and God." (†)
From Nov. 9: "The Letter" (1940), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall; and "A Stolen Life" (1946), directed by Curtis Bernhardt, with Bette Davis, Glenn Ford, Dane Clark, and Walter Brennan.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Nov. 3: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), directed by Leo McCarey, with Charles Laughton, Roland Young, Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, and ZaSu Pitts; and "Island of Lost Souls" (1932), directed by Erle C. Kenton, with Charles

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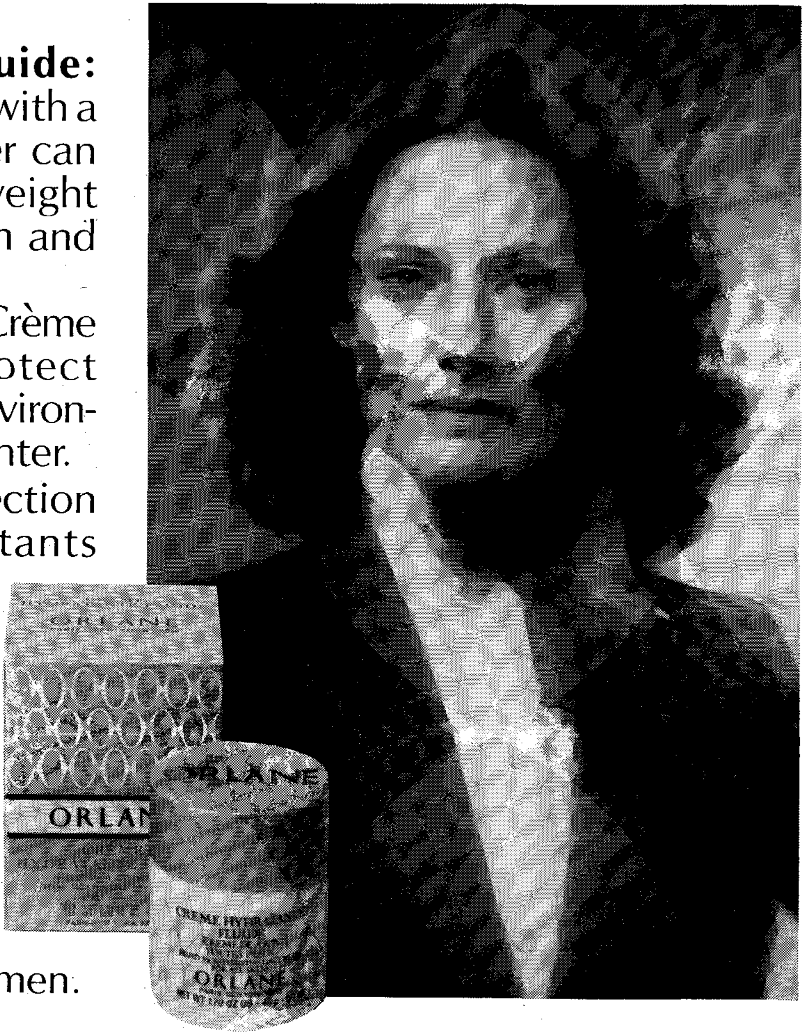

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Laughton, Kathleen Burke, and Bela Lugosi.

Nov. 4-5: "Shanghai Express" (1932), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, and Anna May Wong; and "Morocco." (†)

Nov. 6-8: "Cleopatra" (†) and "The Sign of the Cross." (†)

Nov. 9-10: "Double Indemnity" (†) and "Ministry of Fear." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 2: "The Exile" (1947), directed by Max Ophuls, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Maria Montez, Paule Croset, and Henry Daniell; and "If I Were King" (1938), directed by Frank Lloyd, with Ronald Colman, Frances Dee, Ellen Drew, and Basil Rathbone.

Nov. 3: "True to the Navy" (1930), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Clara Bow, Fredric March, Harry Green, and Rex Bell; and "Love Among the Millionaires" (1930), directed by Frank Tuttle, with Clara Bow, Stanley Smith, Skeets Gallagher, and Stuart Erwin.

Nov. 4: "Show of Shows" (1929), directed by John G. Adolfi, with John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, and Myrna Loy; and "On with the Show." (†)

Nov. 5: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

Nov. 6: "Little Miss Marker" (†); and "Now and Forever" (1934), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Gary Cooper, Shirley Temple, and Carole Lombard.

Nov. 7: "The Cheat" (1931), directed by George Abbott, with Tallulah Bankhead and Irving Pichel; and "My Sin" (1931), directed by George Abbott, with Tallulah Bankhead and Fredric March.

Nov. 8: "The Big Broadcast" (†); and "Big Broadcast of 1937" (1936), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Burns and Allen, Bing Crosby, and Kate Smith.

Nov. 9: "Wings in the Dark" (1935), directed by James Flood, with Myrna Loy and Cary Grant; and "Young Eagles" (1930), directed by William Wellman, with Buddy Rogers, Jean Arthur, Paul Lukas, and Stuart Erwin.

Nov. 10: "The Man Who Laughs" (†); and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), directed by Robert Wiene, with Conrad Veidt.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 3 at 2:30: "Walk the Proud Land" (1956), directed by Jesse Hibbs, with Audie Murphy and Anne Bancroft.... ¶ Nov. 3 at 6: "Horizons West" (1952), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Robert Ryan, Julia Adams, and Rock Hudson.... ¶ Nov. 3 at 8:30: "The Naked Dawn" (1956), directed by Edgar Ulmer, with Arthur Kennedy.... ¶ Nov. 4 at 2:30: "Ivy" (1947), directed by Sam Wood, with Joan Fontaine, Patric Knowles, and Herbert Marshall.... ¶ Nov. 4 at 6: "Shooting Stars" (1928), directed by A. V. Bramble and Anthony Asquith, with Annette Benson and Brian Aherne.... ¶ Nov. 5 at noon: "Bend of the River" (1952), directed by Anthony Mann, with James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, Julia Adams, and Rock Hudson.... ¶ Nov. 5 at 2:30: "The Man from the Alamo" (1953), directed by Budd Boetticher, with Glenn Ford and Julia Adams.... ¶ Nov. 5 at 5: "Bright Victory" (1951), directed by Mark Robson, with Arthur Kennedy, Peggy Dow, and James Edwards.... ¶ Nov. 6 at noon: "Sherlock Holmes and the Spider Woman" (1944), directed by Roy William Neill, with Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, and Gale Sondergaard.... ¶ Nov. 6 at 2:30: "The Glenn Miller Story" (1954), directed by Anthony Mann, with James Stewart and June Allyson.... ¶ Nov. 6 at 5: "Der Golem" (1920), a German silent film, directed by Paul Wegener, English inter-titles; and "The Invisible Man" (1933), directed by James Whale, with Claude Rains.... ¶ Nov. 7 at noon: A program of three short films.... ¶ Nov. 7 at 2:30: "The Naked City" (1948), directed by Jules Dassin, with Barry Fitzgerald and Howard Duff.... ¶ Nov. 7 at 6: "Brute Force" (1947), directed by Jules Dassin, with Burt Lancaster and Hume Cronyn.... ¶ Nov. 8 at noon: A program of three short films.... ¶ Nov. 8 at 2:30: "Cry of the City" (1948), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Victor Mature, Richard Conte, and Shelley Winters.... ¶ Nov. 10 at 2:30: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" (1976), directed by Herbert Ross, with Alan Arkin, Vanessa Redgrave, Robert Duvall, Nicol Williamson, and Laurence Olivier.... ¶ Nov. 10 at 6: "The Woman in Green" (1945), directed by Roy William Neill, with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce.... ¶ Nov. 10 at 8:30: "The Scarlet Claw" (1944), directed by Roy William Neill, with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce; and "Sherlock Holmes and the Spider Woman." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 6: A video, film, and light installation by Bart Robbett. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45.... ¶ Starting Nov. 8: "The Ona People: Life and Death in Tierra del Fuego," directed by Anne Chapman and Ana Montes de Gonzalez. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Keaton, Cornell, Kubelka, Wegman, Landow, Mekas, Menken, Méliès, and others. Showings Nov. 2-4 at 7 and 9; Nov. 5 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Nov. 6 at 8; Nov. 8 at 7; and Nov. 9-10 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Nov. 3-6: "Rapid Eye Movements: Sci-Fi & Fantasy Animation," a program of fourteen short films.... ¶ Starting Nov. 10: "The Last Resort" (1977), directed by Dan Keller; and "More Nuclear Power Stations" (1975), a Danish film, directed by Per Mannstaedt, in English. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Adam's Rib (1949)—George Cukor directed this ingenious, often witty battle-of-the-sexes comedy in which Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy are married lawyers pitted against each other in the trial of Judy Holliday, who is accused of shooting her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell. Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and maddeningly sane. The script (by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin) stoops to a few easy laughs, but it's lively, and it provides some sensational supporting roles. David Wayne almost walks off with the picture. Jean Hagen is around, too, and Polly Moran, and Hope Emerson. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 5.)

Alicia—A documentary on the Cuban ballerina Alicia Alonso, directed by Victor Casaus. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema.)

The American Friend—The young German director Wim Wenders is attracted to the idea of telling a story, but he can't quite keep his mind on it; he overdoses on mood—poetic urban masochism—in this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game." Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant—inverted Wagnerianism. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero; with more than a half-dozen directors (including Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, Gérard Blain, and Samuel Fuller) playing crooks. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/17/77.) (Quad Cinema.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (4/25/77) (Playboy; starting Nov. 9.)

At Long Last Love (1975)—Peter Bogdanovich's stillborn musical comedy—a relentlessly vapid pastiche of thirties Art Deco romantic-mixup movies. With Burt Reynolds as a bored millionaire playboy, Cybill Shepherd as a spoiled heiress, Eileen Brennan as a comic Irish maid, John Hillerman as an unflappable valet, Duilio Del Prete as a debonair gambler, and sixteen Cole Porter songs. Performed as they are here, they sound smug, though Madeline Kahn, as a Broadway songstress nudging her thighs together while she sings "Find Me a Primitive Man," is fairly funny. (Cinema Village; Nov. 9-10.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Big Broadcast (1932)—With Bing Crosby, the Mills Brothers, and many others, directed by Frank Tuttle. A dud radio station owned by George Burns is salvaged by an all-star program-within-the-film. Bing sings "Please" and "Here Lies Love." The picture has its bizarre pleasures. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 8.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1958)—The Italian title for Mario Monicelli's gentle, casually underplayed comedy about a group of petty thieves eager to commit a jewel robbery, is "I Soliti Ignoti," which is the police term for "the usual unidentified persons." The thieves are good-natured and hopeful, but they are easily distracted; when they should be concentrating on plans, they become hungry or fall in love or quarrel or fuss over a sleepless baby. With Marcello Mastroianni (as a simpleton), Vittorio Gassman, Renato Salvatori, Claudia Cardinale, and as the leading safecracker in Italy, whom the thieves hire to show them how to pull off their big job, the superb clown Totò. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 7.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Art.)

Bobby Deerfield—A rich-meets-rich picture, and worse than one imagines. Al Pacino gives a torpid performance as a spiritually depleted Grand Prix racing-car driver who falls in love with a well-heeled free spirit (Marthe Keller), a metaphysical kook. Though she's dying, she asks him such meaningful questions that he is restored to life. The director is Sydney Pollack. (10/3/77) (Coronet.... ¶ Baronet; through Nov. 3.... ¶ 34th St. East; starting Nov. 4.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 6-8.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Cinema Studio.)

Cleopatra (1934)—The dialogue sounds like gossip over back-yard clotheslines, with occasional Shakespearean overtones—flattened, of course. ("Her infinite variety" becomes "She's always new.") In this De Mille version, the actors' diction provides such dividends as Caesar (Warren William) saying

"Nope" to the senators, and Antony (stalwart Henry Wilcoxon) mumbling "I'm dying, Egypt, dying" in the inflection of "I gotta pain." The extravaganza is moderate, with too much Rome and too little Egypt and the usual Roman holidays, processions, and atrium orgies, and with Cleopatra (Claudette Colbert) wiggling her slim hips and wondering if her dress is becoming. It is, and the big bash aboard her barge has its own dreamy chic. A netful of beautiful adagio dancers are hauled out of the sea, which certainly beats popping out of a giant cake. Like the later, longer Elizabeth Taylor version, it's terrible and yet compulsively watchable. With Gertrude Michael, Joseph Schildkraut, Ian Keith, Irving Pichel, little Ferdinand Gottschalk, and John Carradine. (Thalia; Nov. 6-8.)

Daisy Miller (1974)—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct (exactly reported here) is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels; she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (Cinema Village; Nov. 9-10.)

Damnation Alley—With Jan-Michael Vincent, George Peppard, Dominique Sanda, Paul Winfield, and Jackie Earle Haley; directed by Jack Smight. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.... ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through Nov. 3.)

Desperate Living—With Edith Massey, Mink Stole, and Mary Vivian Pearce; directed by John Waters. (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema; Nov. 2.)

Double Indemnity (1944)—Billy Wilder's cold, gripping, clever film from James Cain's story, with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray and Edward G. Robinson. We are in the chill of a world of life insurance and of greedy people living lives of sophisticated violence in smart little eggbox apartments. Barbara Stanwyck is pure ice, perfectly cast. A freezing picture, very efficient. (Thalia; Nov. 9-10.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elisabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 10.)

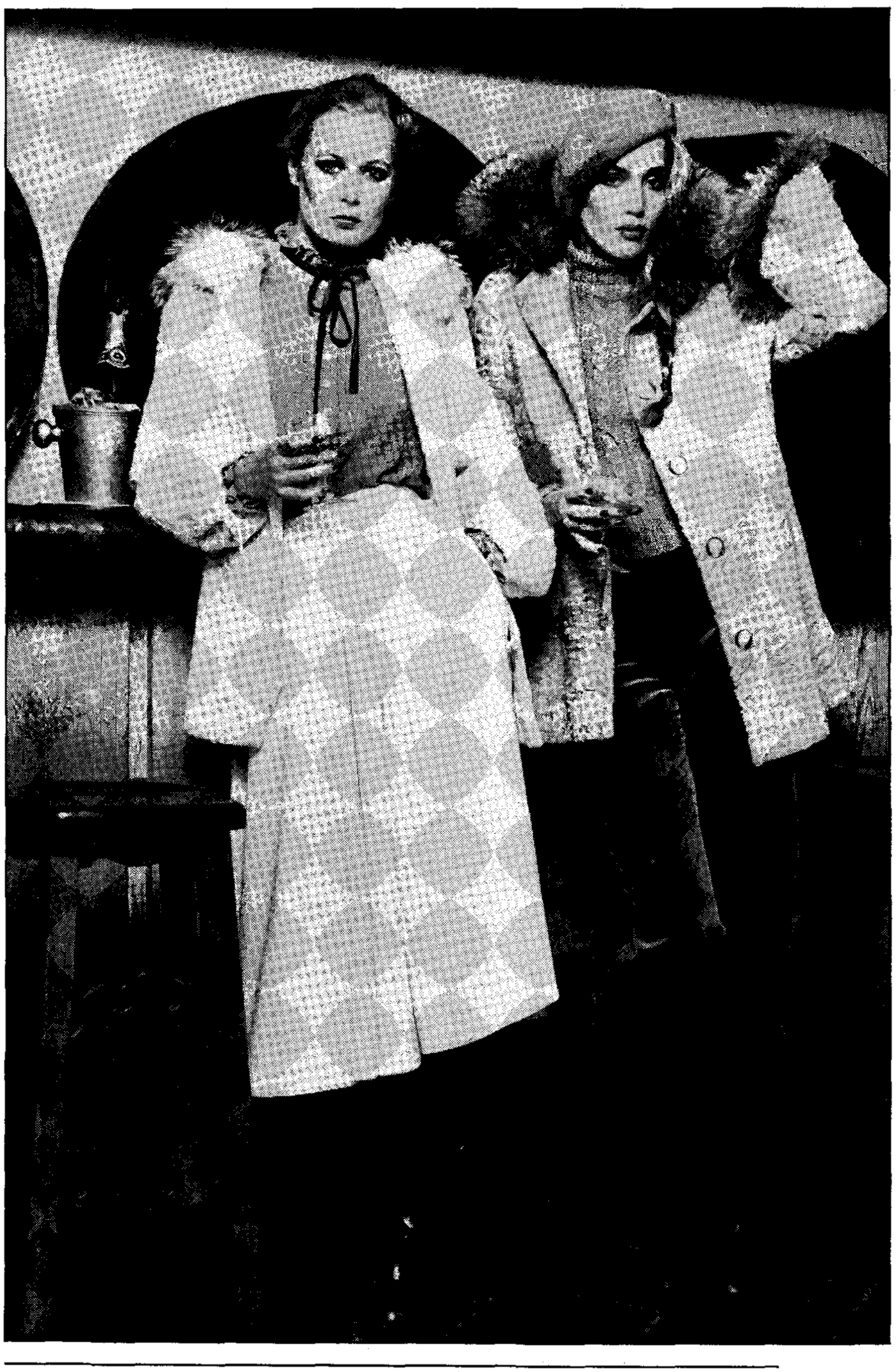
The Enforcer—Clint Eastwood once again as Dirty Harry, the San Francisco police inspector who is a law unto himself; by now Eastwood appears to be taking Harry's saintliness so seriously that he hisses his lines angrily, his mouth pulled thin by righteousness. Directed by James Fargo, this third in the series doesn't have the savvy to be as sadistic as its predecessors; it's just limp. The film's only distinction is Tyne Daly's warm performance as the policewoman assigned to work with Harry; deliberately unglamorous, she manages to show some believably human expressions of confusion and discomfort. (1/24/77) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 6-7.)

Equus—Based on the Peter Shaffer play, with Richard Burton and Peter Firth. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East.)

Fantastic Planet (1973)—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In English. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

First Love—With William Katt and Susan Dey, directed by Joan Darling. (Baronet, and Little Carnegie; starting Nov. 4.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned ballerina briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and the despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the later, mask-faced Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed; the cast includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 5.)

Il Grido (1957)—Just before his international breakthrough with "L'Avventura," Antonioni made this flawed yet affecting, mournful, wintery film about the neurotic apathy of a working-class man, set in the muddy Po Valley. It is poetic without being believable. The American actor Steve Cochran plays Aldo, the central character, a skilled worker in a sugar refinery; when the woman he has been living with (Alida Valli) no longer wants him, he falls into a numb despair, and wanders around with his small daughter. He meets other women, but they don't make enough impression on him for him to get a grip on life. Without the moneyed decadence of the characters in Antonioni's later films, the atmospheric gloom seems less chic, more purely depressive. With Betsy Blair, Dorian Gray, and Lyn Shaw. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 10.)

Handle with Care—Underadvertised, this high-spirited small picture has the fully rounded script (by Paul Brickman) and the consistent vision of a classic American comedy. It's about a group of people in a Southwestern town whose CB radios allow them to release their inhibitions; the story deals with the collision of their free-floating ids. As the Samaritan hero—a small-town Boy Scout who never grew up—Paul Le Mat has some of the James Dean-Beau Bridges sensitivity. As a trucker's wife who's as tough as they come, Marcia Rodd has timing comparable to Lily Tomlin's in "The Late Show;" her scenes with Ann Wedgeworth, as a bedraggled passionflower who, it turns out, is married to the same trucker, are the best comic teamwork in recent movies. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—it's a little mild, maybe, but very pleasant. Released in some areas under the title "Citizens Band." (10/24/77) (Little Carnegie; through Nov. 3.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Olympia; through Nov. 7.)

Heroes—With Henry Winkler, Sally Field, and Harrison Ford; directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East; starting Nov. 4.)

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden—Anthony Page treats the topic of a pretty, schizophrenic girl (Kathleen Quinlan) with charity and distress. Bibi Andersson plays—marvellously—the therapist who works with the girl in the frightened margins of her life, which is hedged with demons. (8/8/77) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ U.A. East, Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 3.)

In the Realm of the Senses—With Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji, directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 9.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character (10/10/77) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Olympia; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; through Nov. 8.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Let Joy Reign Supreme—Bertrand Tavernier's sage reconstruction of the year 1719 in France, when the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Noiret) was running the land as regent for the sickly little boy who was to survive—to everyone's surprise, and in the face of many hopes—to become Louis XV. Tavernier shows us the luxe, the muddle, the cruelty of the time, with many scenes full of wit. In French. (9/19/77) (68th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 5.)

Little Miss Marker (1934)—You've never seen anything like it; that doesn't mean you need to. Tiny tot Shirley Temple is left as a "marker" with a bunch of gambler-racketeers, who talk in the coy Broadway low-life argot invented by Damon Runyon, on whose story the film is based. Adolphe Menjou is the head hoodlum; he and the others bedeck themselves as King Arthur's knights in order to please wee Shirley, and at her instigation he also recites "Now I lay me." No one can deny that the infant Shirley Temple was a trouper; she delivers her lines with a killer instinct, and she sings, natch. Alexander Hall directed this exceedingly popular whimsey. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 6.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. He's lost the erotic, pulpy morbidity that made the novel a compulsive read; the film is splintered, moralistic, tedious. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (Loews Tower East.)

The Man Who Laughs (1928)—No one who saw this silent movie as a child is likely to have forgotten it. The Victor Hugo story is of fairly conventional seventeenth-century English court intrigues, except for one detail about the hero, Gwynplaine (Conrad Veidt). The heir to an earldom, he was kidnapped as a child and, at the orders of the king, a political enemy of his father, he was mutilated—his face carved into a perpetual grin. He has no choice but to become a clown. Produced by Universal on a lavish scale, the film is by no means a cheap horror story. The German-born director, Paul Leni, had a true gift for macabre décor, and the film's ambitious mixture of morbidity and historical melodrama is very effective, even with its heavy sentimentality. With the physically elegant Veidt as the hero, the picture has a romantic center that it would not have had with Lon Chaney. (John Barrymore played Gwynplaine on the stage.) Mary Philbin is beautiful, though sticky, as a blind girl who loves the clown; Olga Baclanova is a rowdy, loose duchess who is drawn to him. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 10.)

The Man Who Loved Women—With Charles Denner and Brigitte Fossey, directed by François Truffaut. In French. (Paris.)

Ministry of Fear (1945)—Very little of Graham Greene's mystery novel survives in this unmemorable Paramount picture, directed by Fritz Lang. As melodramas of the period go, however, this one is better made than most. Ray Milland has just been released from an insane asylum, where he was confined for murdering his wife, when he is drawn into a plot by a gang of German spies who are after defense plans. The heroine is the unimposing Marjorie Reynolds; the villain is that falsetto cutthroat Dan Duryea. (Thalia; Nov. 9-10.)

Mr. Klein—With Alain Delon and Jeanne Moreau, directed by Joseph Losey. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 6.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich in her dinner jacket at the peak of her naughty perfection. She sings "What Am I Bid?," and Foreign Legionnaire Gary Cooper knows just what to offer. This adorably silly, consummately entertaining romance was directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Thalia; Nov. 4-5.)

Nasty Habits—At its best, high wit and inspired silliness—it's a dream of a satire, reminiscent of Bea Lillie's brand of madness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlich-man, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. In her first real crack at screen farce, Dennis turns tactlessness and blurting into woozy slapstick; it's a blissful performance—she's such a drip she's creepy. As Kissinger, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Nov. 4.)

New York, New York—It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (7/4/77) (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

1900—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. Next to it, all the other new movies are like something you hold up at the end of a toothpick. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Festival; starting Nov. 4.)

La Notte (1962)—In Antonioni's earlier "L'Avventura," which was also about the moral and spiritual poverty of the rich, his architectural sense was integral to the theme and characters; here, the abstract elements take over, and the drama becomes glacial. And his conception is distasteful; his characters seem to find glamour in their own desolation and emptiness. They are cardboard intellectuals—a sort of international café society—and their lassitude seems an empty pose. Mastroianni plays a blank-faced famous novelist; as his wife, Jeanne Moreau walks endlessly, with the camera fixated on her rear; and Monica Vitti is a brunette with money up to her ears and nothing to do. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 10.)

Oh, God!—With George Burns and John Denver, directed by Carl Reiner. (Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ U.A. East, and Guild; starting Nov. 4.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't—Directed by Agnès Varda. In French. (Plaza.)

On with the Show (1929)—For anyone who wants to know what the Broadway musical comedy of the twenties was like, this film is indispensable. Made by Warners', it was the first all-color (rather than just sequences-in-color) talking picture. It provides a backstage story about a producer (Sam Hardy) trying to put on a musical while fighting off his creditors; the star is Betty Compson, and her understudy is Sally O'Neil. The same story was later used for "42nd Street." This extravagant version, however, also provides the onstage musical with its own plot. Sally O'Neil is hard to take, but the compensations include Ethel Waters, slender and torchy, singing "Am I Blue?" and "Birmingham Bertha;" Joe E. Brown dancing; and the superb black dancers, the Four Covans. And the onstage musical, with its tall showgirls, is often so lighthearted and parodistic that it exposes the silliness of the point of view of the recent Broadway show "Follies." With Louise Fazenda and Arthur Lake; Alan Crosland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 4.)

Othello (1966)—A filmed record of the theatrical production starring Laurence Olivier; the techniques employed are pitifully inadequate. But there he is: the most physical Othello imaginable—deep voice, with a trace of foreign music in it; happy, thick, self-satisfied laugh; rolling buttocks; grand and barbaric and, yes, a little lewd. As a lord, this Othello is a bit vulgar—too ingratiating, a boaster, an arrogant man. Who can afford to miss this performance? With Frank Finlay as the pale, parched little Iago—a man consumed with sexual jealousy—and Maggie Smith as the quietly strong, willful Desdemona. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 6.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Cinema II.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (Gramercy; through Nov. 7.)

Les Parents Terribles (1949; also known as "The Storm Within")—One of Cocteau's two or three greatest films, and one of the finest examples of group acting ever photographed. He took his play about the disorderly, unpredictable parents (Marcel André and Yvonne de Bray), who cannot accept the fact that their son (Jean Marais) is growing up, and re-created it for the screen with such skill that a true claustrophobic family atmosphere is achieved. In structure, this is a coincidence-ridden boulevard comedy, but Cocteau has lifted it to the realm of tragi-comic Oedipal fable. The mother screams for the police when she learns that her son has a girl; Yvonne de Bray's performance is so magically convincing that Marais's actual mother is said to have developed a jealous hatred of her. Gabrielle Dorziat plays the boy's aunt, and Josette Day his girl. Designed by Christian Bérard; the score is by Georges Auric. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 10.)

Pete's Dragon—From the Disney studios, with Helen Reddy, Jim Dale, and Mickey Rooney. Directed by Don Chaffey. (Music Hall; starting Nov. 3.)

A Piece of the Action—With Sidney Poitier, Bill Cosby, and James Earl Jones; directed by Mr. Poitier. (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Columbia II; starting Nov. 4.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 8.)

Roseland—With Teresa Wright, Lou Jacobi, Geraldine Chaplin, Helen Gallagher, Lilia Skala, and David Thomas; directed by James Ivory. (Columbia I.)

Salò, 120 Days of Sodom—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Festival; through Nov. 3.)

Salut l'Artiste (1976)—The creeping mediocrity of the poetic approach to "ordinary" people makes the film a fairly numbing experience. Marcello Mastroianni plays a wilted, second-rate actor who's also a second-rate person, and there isn't much he can do but look depressed. Françoise Fabian, as his mistress, and Carla Gravina, as his wife, are very low-key. The only spark in the film comes from Jean Rochefort, as an actor who gets fed up, takes a business job, and then, being thought a non-professional, is offered a job in a movie. Yves Robert directed. In French. (Cinema Village; Nov. 8.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

Scarlet Street (1946)—Fritz Lang directed this American version of Renoir's "La Chienne;" in the American setting it's a sordid, low-life melodrama about illicit love, and it never takes root—it's not one of Lang's best American movies. (It was originally banned in New York State—that is, denied a license—as "immoral, indecent, corrupt, and tending to incite crime," a judgment that seemed off the wall even then.) Edward G. Robinson is a frustrated, gray-haired cashier married to a nagging widow (Rosalind Ivan); his only pleasure is in painting on Sundays. He falls for a tart (Joan Bennett) and sets her up in a Greenwich Village apartment, on stolen money. But the tart is in love with a lout (Dan Duryea), who beats her. The script, by Dudley Nichols, is heavy-handed, and Lang's emphatic style pounds the ironies and the murder-plot devices home. (Robinson kills the girl and Duryea is electrocuted for the crime.) Robinson's paintings are actually by John Decker. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 9.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that pris-

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oners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). Parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be. Shot entirely in the Tombs. (9/26/77) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

The Sign of the Cross (1932)—Looking at the plump young actor in an English film, Cecil B. De Mille must have clutched his chest ecstatically and cried out "My Nero!" Charles Laughton fulfilled De Mille's juiciest dreams. Sitting in the royal box at the arena, and using an emerald as a lorgnon, this Nero peers at the Christians and lions at their games. He's a voluptuous connoisseur of agonies, and childishly appreciative of any novelty, such as the frolicsome spiking of a pygmy on a fork by a wild woman from the North. As the wicked Empress Poppaea, Claudette Colbert looks wryly amused to find herself bathing in asses' milk, but her svelte figure in Roman scanties explains the casting; she must have had the best shape on the Paramount lot. Elissa Landi is mush-mouthed and tiresome as the virtuous Christian heroine, and Fredric March (Marcus Superbus!) was always better in pants than in short skirts hovering above his knees, but there are enough howling lines of nonsensical dialogue to compensate for the goody characters. De Mille's bang-them-on-the-head-with-wild-orgies-and-imperilled-virginity style is at its ripest. With Ian Keith, Vivian Tobin, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and Nat Pendleton. (Thalia; Nov. 6-8.)

A Special Day—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. This strenuous exercise in sensitivity was directed by Ettore Scola in a style that might be called genteel shamelessness—the turf so well tended by Noël Coward when he was being "real." In Italian. (10/17/77) (Beekman.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Gramercy, 72nd Street East, 8th St. Playhouse, and Olympia; starting Nov. 8.)

Star Wars—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. In French. (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 4.)

Sunday Woman (1976)—This semi-satirical whodunit set in Turin among the bored, decadent rich is equipped with three star names (Jean-Louis Trintignant, Marcello Mastroianni, Jacqueline Bisset), but the social observations are too small and too archly obvious to have any bite, and it doesn't have suspense—just complication. On Bisset's face even a deadpan looks good; it adds to her high-fashion glaze. But everybody else walks through this blankly, too. It's a bummer. Directed by Luigi Comencini; written by Age and Scarpelli. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Nov. 8.)

Susan and God (1940)—Susan, the upper-crust religious quack of Rachel Crothers' comedy of manners, is not really in Joan Crawford's range. Crawford can't provide the charm that Gertrude Lawrence gave the role on Broadway—when Crawford is being intellectually frivolous, it's merely tiresome. The director, George Cukor, and the scenarist, Anita Loos, must certainly have been aware of the problem, because Loos supplied some new characters, and Cukor lavished affection on the actresses—Marjorie Main and Constance Collier—who played them. As the caretaker, Marjorie Main practically walks off with the picture. Fredric March does all he can in the role of Susan's husband, who has sensibly taken refuge in drink; with Rita Hayworth, Ruth Hussey, Rose Hobart, John Carroll, Gloria De Haven, and Nigel Bruce. It's not a good comedy, but it has a certain fascination, because the theme is such an odd one for Hollywood to have attempted at all. (Regency; Nov. 6-8.)

Sympathy for the Devil (1968)—Godard's first English film. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the fragments of work in progress are interrupted by Godard's particular vision of modern life, full of stammered interviews and push-button incantations about politics and the Pop Art of billboard signs. The film is subtle, meticulous, with the director's typical way of pitting finely calibrated thoughts against crass images. Also called "One Plus One." (Cinema Village; Nov. 4-5.)

The Thief of Paris (1967)—Jean-Paul Belmondo in Louis Malle's slow-paced, romanticized view of the state of mind of a nihilist thief in late-nineteenth-century France. This thief hates the bourgeoisie, yet is so successful he becomes part of it. Malle shows none of the seaminess of thievery; this is a study of compulsion, and though it's well shot by Henri Decae, it lacks substance and is tedious. With Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 7.)

Tommy (1975)—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (Ziegfeld. No evening performances on Sunday, Nov. 6.)

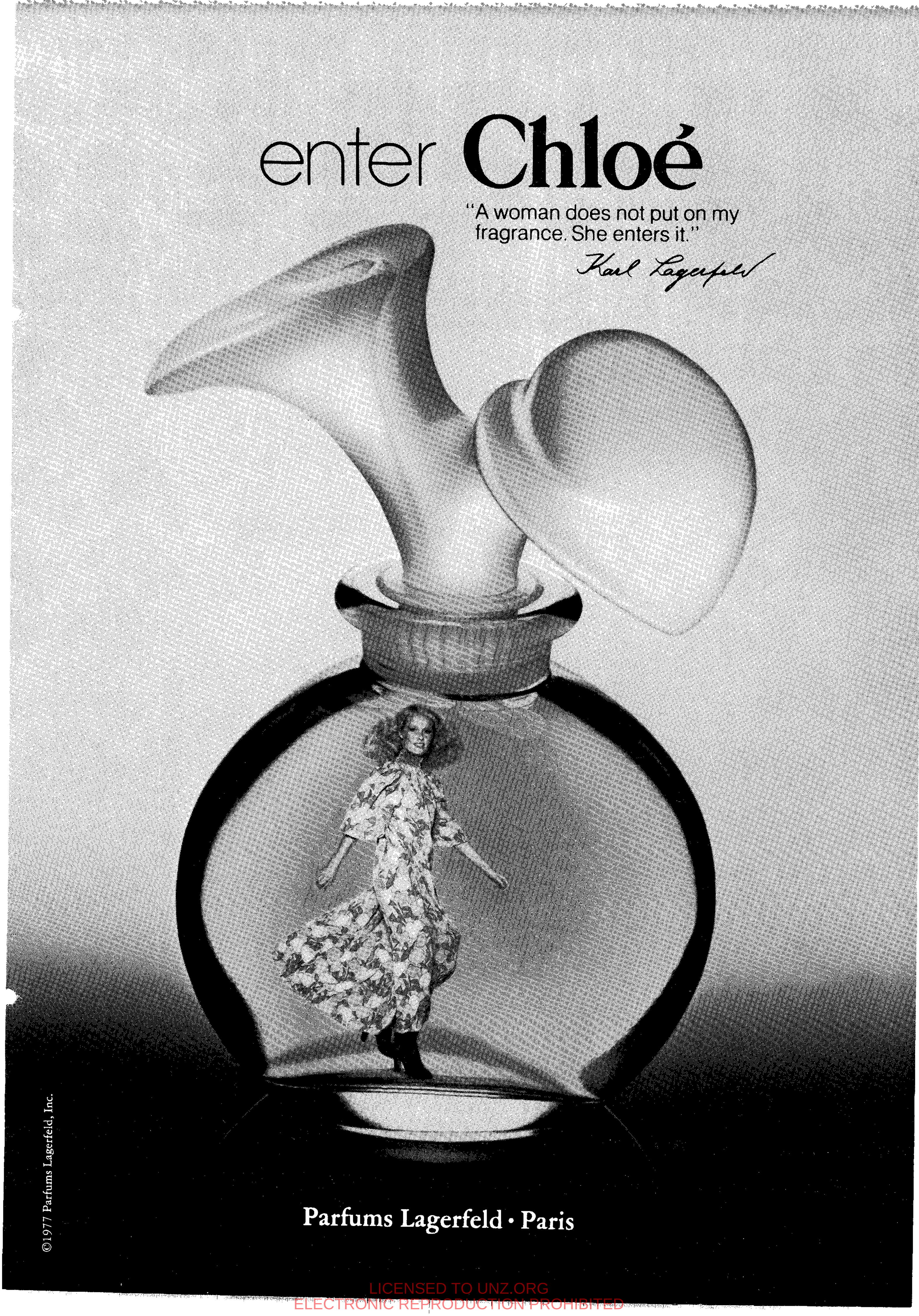
Valentino—With Rudolf Nureyev in the title role, directed by Ken Russell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Columbia II; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Nov. 8.)

Voyage to Grand Tartarie—With Jean-Luc Bideau and Micheline Lanctôt, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 4.)

Which Way Is Up?—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (Loews Ciné; starting Nov. 4.)

The Woman in the Window (1945)—One of the best of Fritz Lang's American movies—a thriller with the logic and plausibility of a nightmare. Edward G. Robinson is the safe, serene associate professor of psychology in a New York City college who is interested in the relation of motive to homicide. The viewer identifies with him and feels caught in a trap when Robinson is unexpectedly forced to go at a blackmailer (Dan Duryea) with a pair of scissors. Joan Bennett is the woman in the case, and Raymond Massey is an assistant district attorney. Nunnally Johnson adapted J. H. Wallis's novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 9.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1946)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this (plotless) M-G-M musical revue that features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" in a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number—"A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, and Keenan Wynn. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 6-8.)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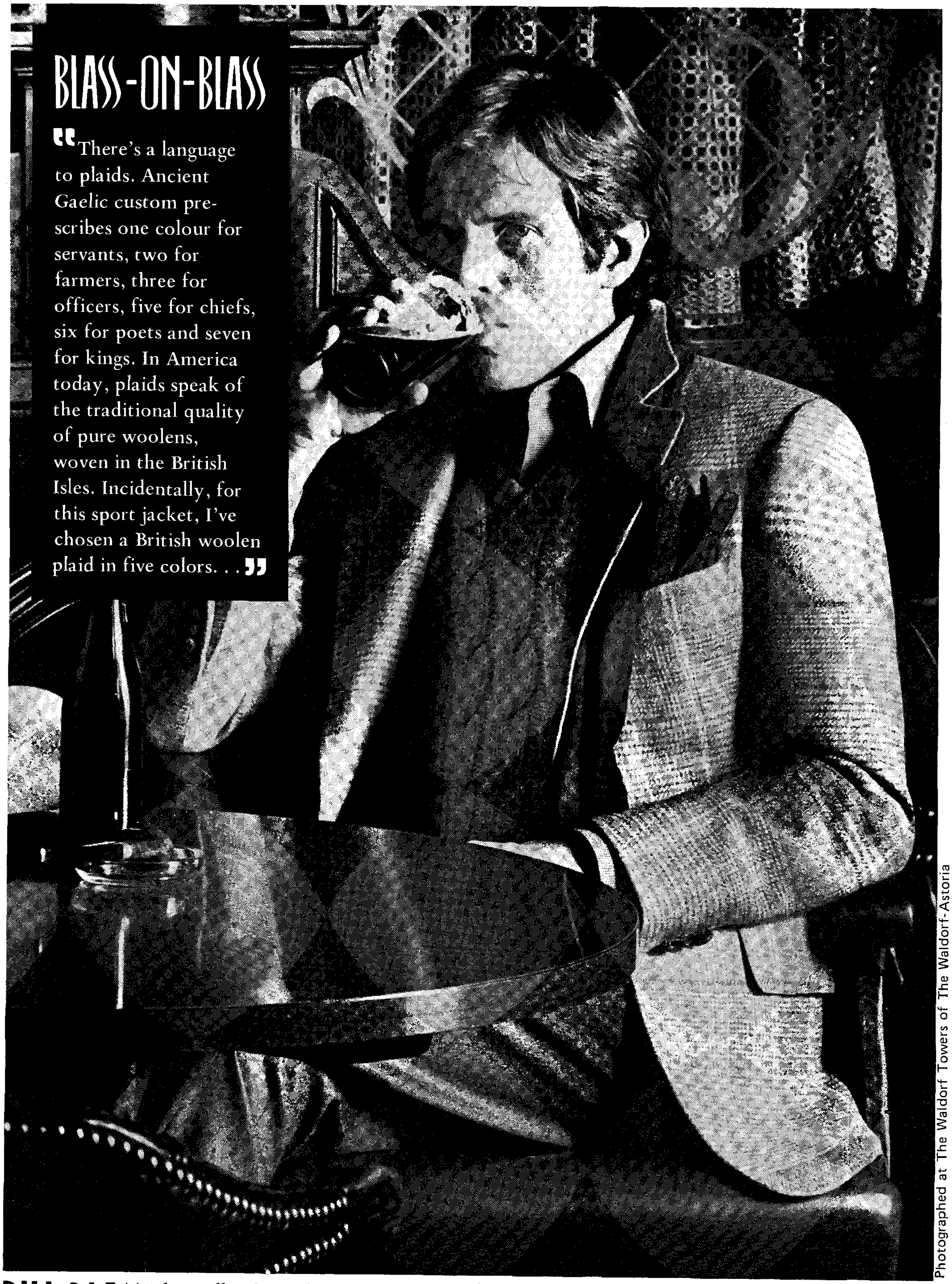
6	1	Denver Symphony Orchestra
11	1	Detroit Symphony Orchestra
3	1	Florida Symphony Orchestra
4	0	Fresno Philharmonic Orchestra
3	1	Hartford Symphony Orchestra
9	0	Houston Symphony
6	0	Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra
9	0	Los Angeles Philharmonic Association
4	0	The Minnesota Orchestra
2	0	Nashville Symphony
6	0	New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra
11	0	New York Philharmonic
2	1	Omaha Symphony Association
4	0	Oregon Symphony Orchestra
7	1	The Philadelphia Orchestra
10	0	Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra
8	1	St. Louis Symphony
4	0	San Antonio Symphony
7	0	San Francisco Symphony Orchestra
3	0	Seattle Symphony Orchestra
1	0	Spokane Symphony Society
3	0	Utah Symphony
5	1	National Symphony Orchestra, Washington, D.C.

(Piano choice of soloists scheduled to perform during the 1977-78 season.)

Steinway & Sons



BLASS-ON-BLASS

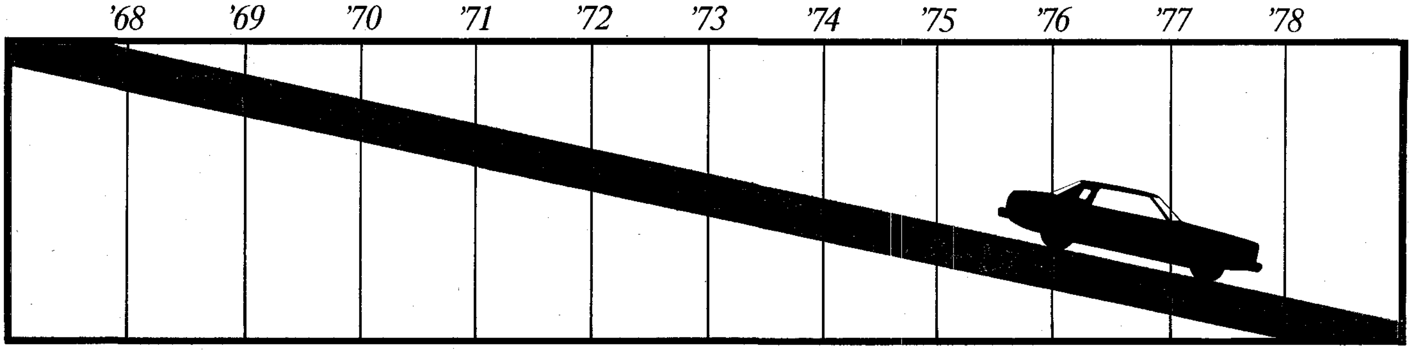
"There's a language to plaids. Ancient Gaelic custom prescribes one colour for servants, two for farmers, three for officers, five for chiefs, six for poets and seven for kings. In America today, plaids speak of the traditional quality of pure woolens, woven in the British Isles. Incidentally, for this sport jacket, I've chosen a British woolen plaid in five colors. . ."

Photographed at The Waldorf Towers of The Waldorf-Astoria

BILL BLASS The Bill Blass plaid sport jacket with leather buttons. Available at fine stores everywhere. Or write Bill Blass, 743 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Bill Blass clothing is produced by PBM, Philadelphia, Pa.

WOVEN IN THE BRITISH ISLES CERTIFICATION TRADE MARK

FOR CAR B
PROMISES TO
YEAR.
OF DISAPP



THE PUBLIC'S OPINION OF NEW CAR QUALITY TEN YEARS AGO VS. TODAY.

"Do you think the quality of new automobiles today is better, the same, or not as good as it was ten years ago?"

When R. H. Bruskin Associates, a well-known market research firm, asked a national sample of Americans that question, 64% answered "not as good."

Yet, in spite of this, Detroit is predicting a record year of new car sales.

Which means this year a record number of Americans will go out and buy new cars expecting to be disappointed.

In the face of this depressing prospect, Volvo offers new hope.

You see, another recent nationwide survey reveals that people who bought new Volvos were happier than people who bought most other makes of new cars.

93.1% reported satisfaction.

That makes Volvo owners

UYERS, 1978
BE A RECORD

OINTMENT.

happier than people who bought new Impalas, LTD's, Sevilles, Cutlasses, Regals, Cordobas, and 42 other cars from G.M., Ford, Chrysler and American Motors.*

So if you're looking for a car that offers intelligent design, advanced safety features, an outstanding level of performance and exceptional comfort, look at a Volvo.

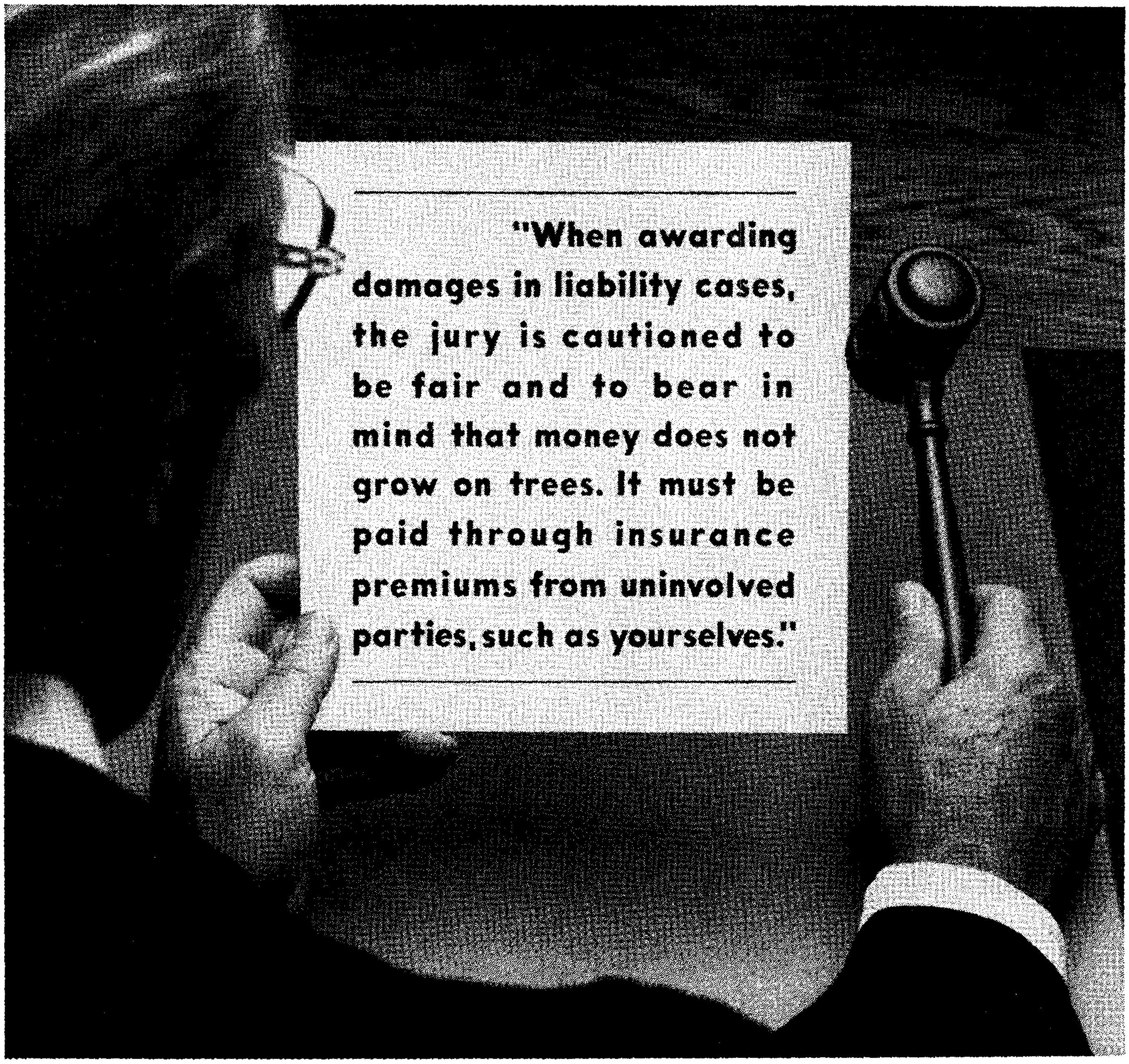
There's no guarantee of happiness in this world.

But with a Volvo, it's 93.1% possible.

**Survey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 1977. For a full list of these other cars, see the Volvo dealer nearest you.*

© 1977 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION. LEASING AVAILABLE.

VOLVO. A CAR YOU CAN BELIEVE IN.



"When awarding damages in liability cases, the jury is cautioned to be fair and to bear in mind that money does not grow on trees. It must be paid through insurance premiums from uninvolved parties, such as yourselves."

Too bad judges can't read this to a jury.

In a small Florida town, a decorative boulder rests on the median of a road. A man with three drinks in him and no sleep for 18 hours smashes his car headlong into it. *A jury orders the town to pay him $4.7 million in damages.*[1]

A truck without brake lights is hit from behind. For "psychic damages" to the driver, because his pride was hurt when his wife had to work, *a jury awards $480,000 above and beyond his medical bills and wage losses.*

Then there's the one...but *you* can probably provide the next example. Most of us know hair-raising stories of windfall awards won in court.[2] Justified claims should be compensated, of course. Ætna's point is that it is time to look hard at what windfall awards are costing.[3]

What can we do? Several things:

We can stop assessing "liability" where there really *was* no fault—and express our sympathy for victims through other means.

We can ask juries to take into account a victim's *own* responsibility for his losses. And we can urge that awards realistically reflect the actual loss suffered—that they be a fair *compensation*, but not a reward.[4]

Insurers, lawyers, judges—each of us shares some blame for this mess. But it is you, the public, who can best begin to clean it up. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

---

[1] This case is being appealed by the town. In addition to the court-awarded damages, two other defendants (the contractor and the county) settled out of court for an additional $1.15 million. This illustrates how extravagant jury-awarded damages set a standard for extravagant *out-of-court* settlements—the real problem, since most liability cases *are* settled out of court.

[2] A by-product of such awards has been a quantum leap in the number of all kinds of suits filed. Products liability cases *alone* have increased from 50,000 a year in the 1960's to almost a million a year now.

[3] Most awards are paid by insurance, and insurance companies spend millions more defending policyholders against lawsuits. The direct result is rising premiums for automobile and other liability coverages. The *indirect* result is higher prices for goods and services—prices which are boosted to cover the skyrocketing insurance premiums of manufacturers, doctors, hospitals, and others who are targets for windfall awards.

[4] For example, it would help if juries were simply required to take into account payments the claimant has already received for medical bills and lost wages. Under the present system, these bills may be paid all over again.

Ætna Life & Casualty,
151 Farmington Avenue,
Hartford, CT 06156

Ætna
LIFE & CASUALTY

Feel at home at lively stores all over the world.

Whether you're an active sportsman or merely a devoted spectator, one thing that's always great to have on your team is the American Express® Card. It will outfit you, equip you, and accessorize you in over a hundred countries. Wherever people share a certain *joie de vivre.*

No matter where your travels take you, take the Card along. Winter, spring, summer or fall, it's your ticket to a warm welcome at fine stores like these all over the world.

Abercrombie & Fitch. New York City, Chicago, San Francisco, Colorado Springs, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour, and Troy, Mich.

Morrie Mages. Chicago.

F.A.O. Schwarz. New York City and other major U.S. cities.

Herman's World of Sports. Throughout the Eastern U.S. and Chicago.

Harrods. London.

L. L. Bean. Freeport, Maine.

Scandinavian Ski Shop. New York.

Paragon Sporting Goods. New York City.

Tunmer. Paris.

Eddie Bauer. San Francisco, Chicago, Denver, Seattle, Minneapolis.

Bicicletas Benotto. Mexico.

Cullum Boren. Dallas, Ft. Worth, San Antonio, Austin, Tulsa, Little Rock.

Sport Muenzinger. Munich.

Sportif. Throughout Denver.

Eastern Mountain Sports. Boston.

Sunset Sports. Utah, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho.

Lillywhites. London.

Ski Market. New York and Massachusetts.

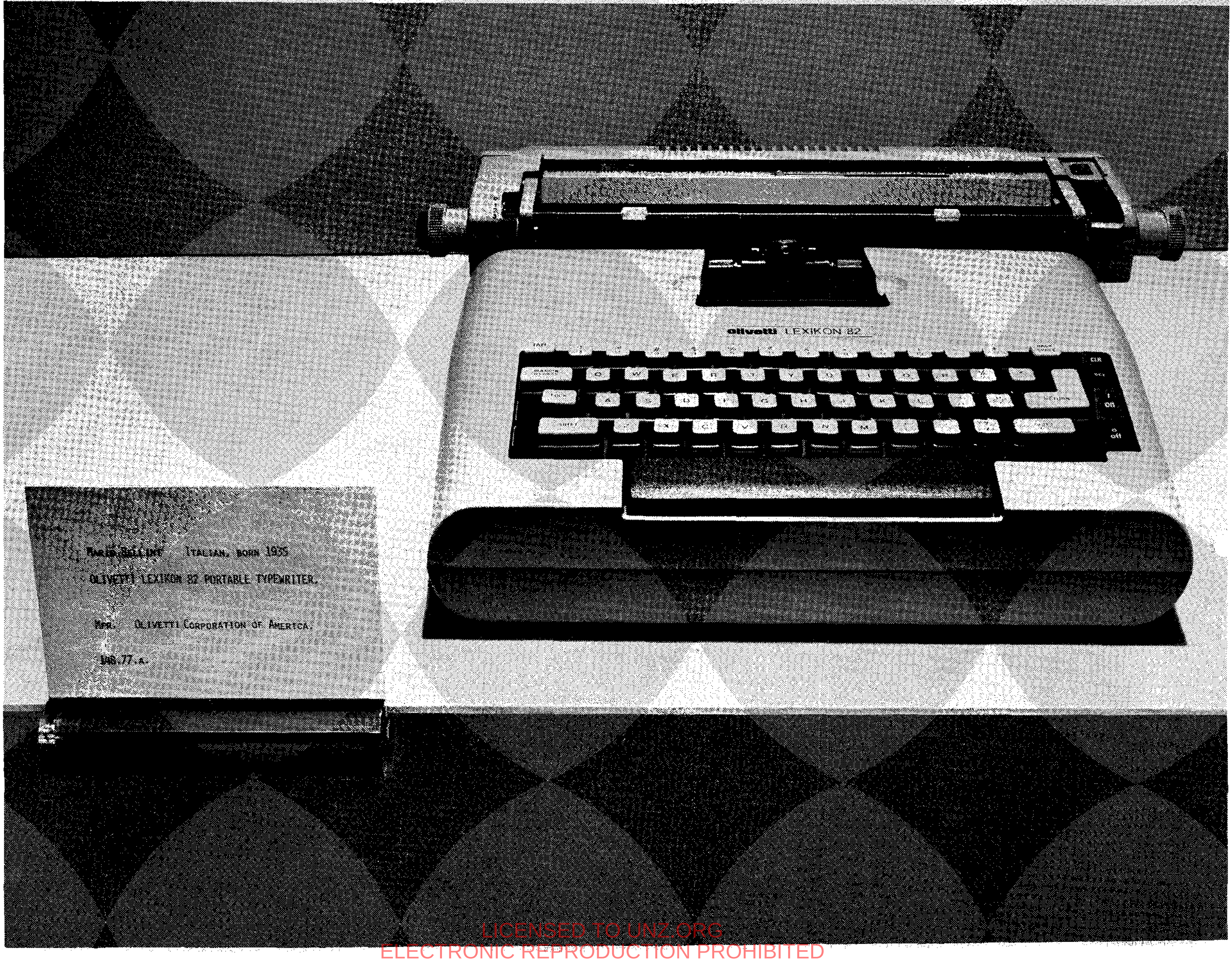
AMERICAN EXPRESS ®

AMERICAN EXPRESS

The American Express® Card. Don't leave home without it.℠

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART RECENTLY ACQUIRED AN OLIVETTI LEXIKON 82 TO PUT ON DISPLAY.

WHAT A PITY.

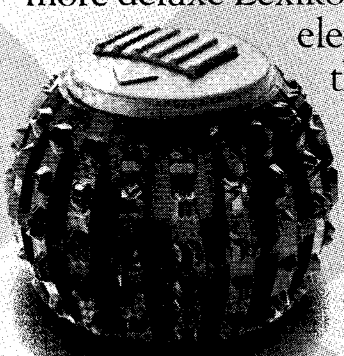


olivetti LEXIKON 82
MARIO BELLINI ITALIAN, BORN 1935
OLIVETTI LEXIKON 82 PORTABLE TYPEWRITER.
MFR. OLIVETTI CORPORATION OF AMERICA.
148.77.A.

While it's certainly an honor to be a part of the Museum of Modern Art's permanent Design Collection, it's also a bit frustrating.

For to appreciate this work of art, you have to do more than look at it, you have to use it.

THE PORTABLE TYPEWRITER WITH MANY FACES.



The Olivetti Lexikon 82 and the more deluxe Lexikon 83 are the only electric portables to use the interchangeable typing ball. A revolutionary advance that actually makes it possible to change type faces in seconds. Simply pop one ball out, and another in, and you can select the type style that most clearly expresses in type what you're trying to express in words.

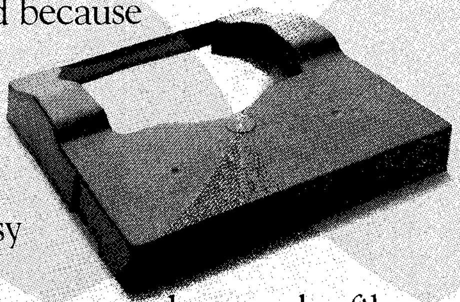
If, for example, you're writing a blunt letter to the phone company--no-nonsense and to-the-point--a straightforward pica face like this may be called for.

On the other hand, if you're writing a letter of eternal love to the young man or woman you met at last week's game, you may desire a type style with a bit more warmth and affection, such as this graceful script.

In fact no matter what you're trying to say, one of our ten different faces will help you say it even better.

THE PORTABLE TYPEWRITER THAT KEEPS YOU CLEAN.

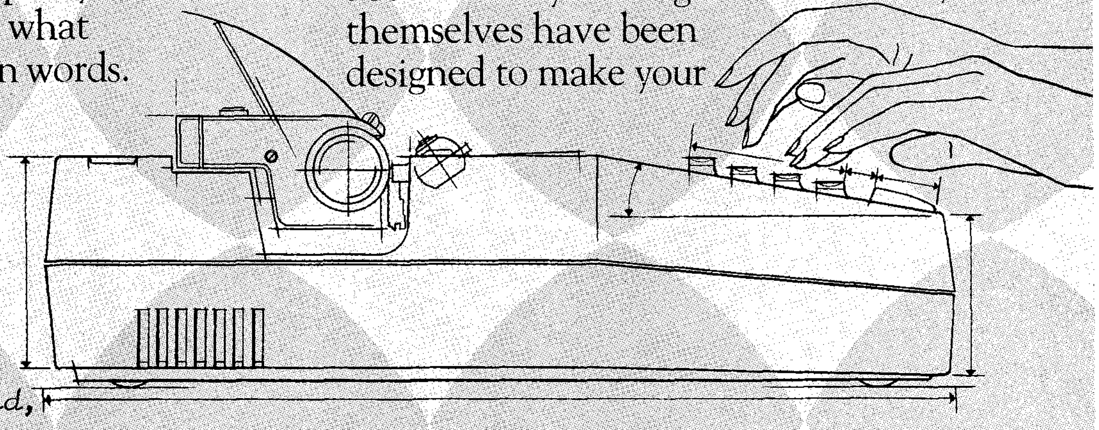
This odd-looking object is one of the Lexikon 82's interchangeable ribbon cartridges. They're available in five different colors. Can be changed in seconds. And because your fingers never touch the ribbon, you're never left with messy hands.



In addition, extra-sharp mylar film ribbon is available for those times when you want to leave a particularly vivid impression.

THE HOME TYPEWRITER THAT MAKES YOUR FINGERS FEEL MORE AT HOME.

As easy as designer Mario Bellini has made the Lexikon 82 on the eyes, it's just as easy on the fingers. The nearly flat slope of the keyboard makes travelling about the keys a delight. And the keys themselves have been designed to make your fingers feel more at home than they have ever felt on a typewriter.



But, of course, the only way you'll be convinced of all this is to visit an Olivetti dealer (he's in the Yellow Pages).

The Lexikon 82 may look like it belongs in a museum, but once you use one you'll know that the place it really belongs is in your home.

olivetti

The Lexikon 82. The world's most advanced electric portable typewriter.

A QUARTZ WATCH YOU CAN TRUST

You've probably heard of quartz watches. They're the newest way to keep time—with a quartz crystal that splits every second into thousands of parts, for incredible accuracy.

In the last few years, some pretty good quartz watches have come out.

But if you've been waiting, congratulations.

Because now there's the Bulova Accutron® Quartz. The first watch that gives you the best of quartz technology—plus the Bulova Accutron name.

The bugs are out. Bulova has engineered this new watch to be virtually maintenance-free. With details like special composition bearings. Shock resistance. And the Bulova Dura-Crystal,® scratch resistant and distortion-free.

Most models are water-resistant, and even our slim dress models have a unique case design to prevent water condensation under the crystal.

In other words, the Bulova Accutron Quartz is designed to take whatever you dish out. It even resists magnetic fields.

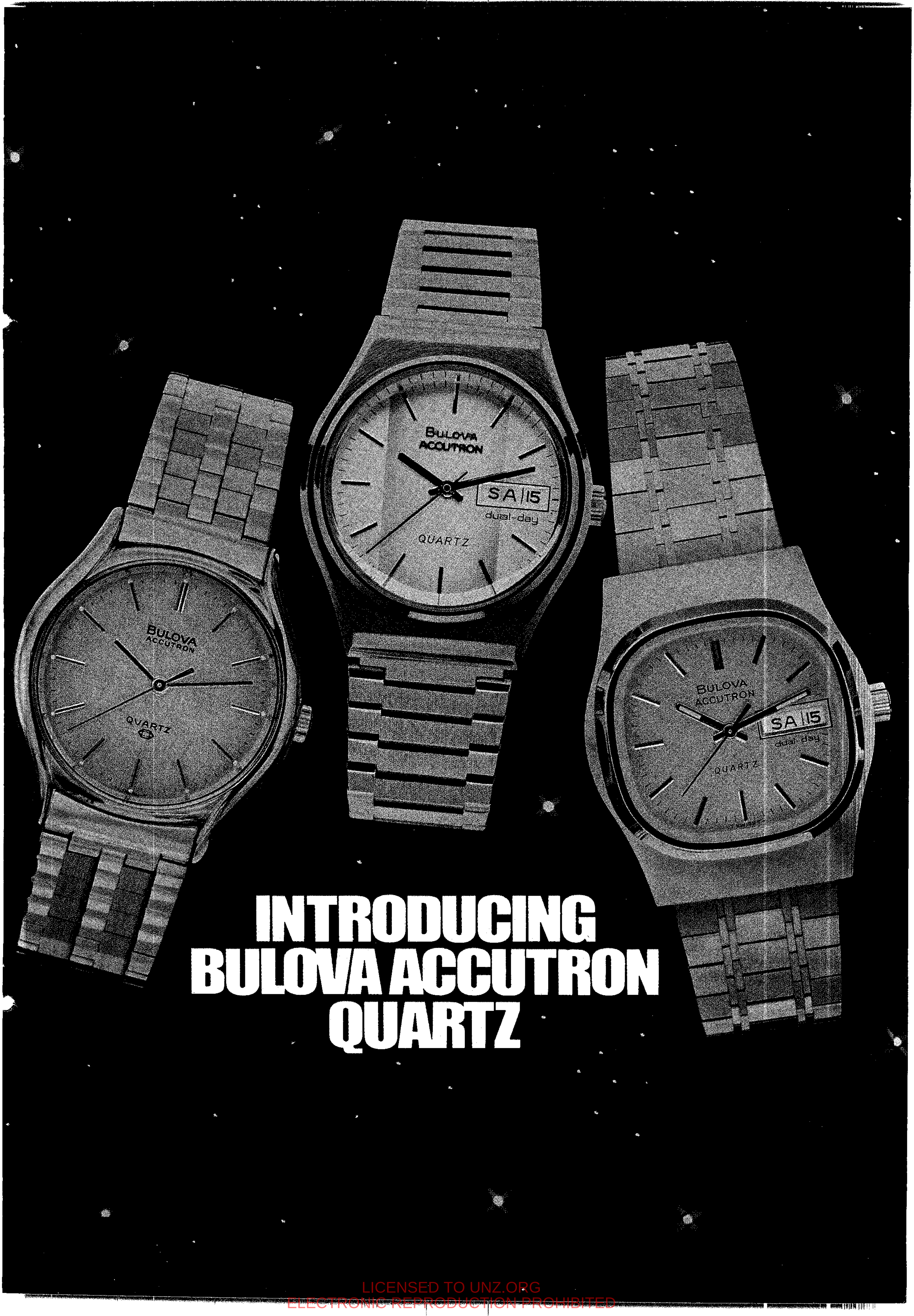
Unsurpassed Accuracy. Bulova Accutron Quartz is factory programmed to give you accuracy within one minute a year.

And then there's our exclusive Accuset®—only Bulova has it. It's a built-in miniature computer, available on most models, that actually lets you synchronize your Bulova Accutron Quartz to the split second, just by pressing a button.

A watch this great should look great. Bulova Accutron Quartz is brand new, but we already know we've got a classic on our hands. So our designers gave it classic good looks.

After all, this great watch is going to be around for a long, long time. *Left to right: 92825—$165, 92807—$175, 92809—$190.*

© Bulova Watch Company, Inc.


BULOVA
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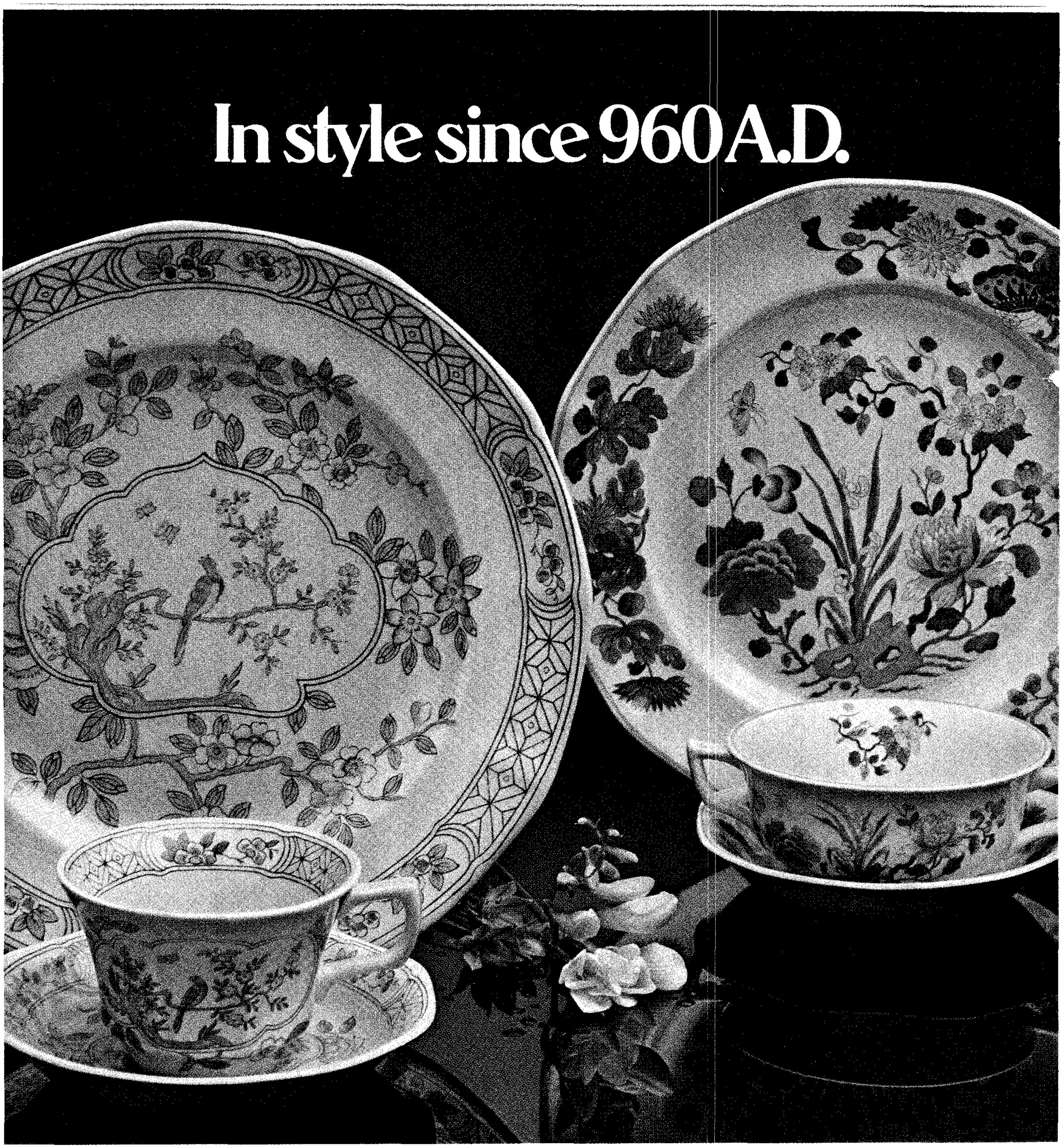
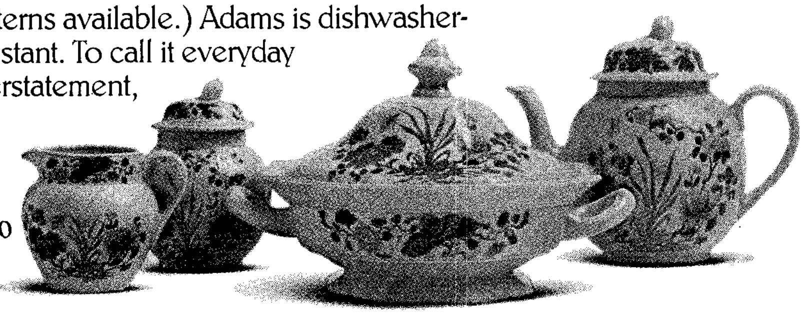


The blue-green glaze of Adams Calyxware recreates the beauty of fine Chinese porcelain from the Sung Dynasty, A.D. 960-1279. Add to that the graceful 18th century patterns of Singapore Bird (left) and Ming Jade, and you have a distinctive look that's remarkably today. No other dinnerware is quite like Adams—for its subtle shadings and its modest price. 3-pc. place settings range from $17.50 to $19.50, serving pieces from $11 to $57. (Other patterns available.) Adams is dishwasher-safe and extremely chip-resistant. To call it everyday dinnerware is quite an understatement, don't you think?

ADAMS

41 Madison Ave., New York 10010
Write for color brochure.



Mink International. Finest mink from Saga, Emba, Blackglama, Canada Majestic. 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 10017

Mink. One of life's great lessons in the fine art of accepting pleasure.

LV lovers dote on this duffle, a big squashy bag with room to spare. It swings from the shoulder on a wide adjustable leather strap, has an outside pocket to keep essentials within reach. In, of course, brown impregnated canvas, with lots of Louis Vuitton initials and fleurons. $230. Louis Vuitton Boutique, 11 East 49th Street.

Saks Fifth Avenue

611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PRESIDENT CARTER is contemplating an overseas trip, which, unless he cancels it because of problems with his energy bill in Congress, will begin on November 22nd and take him to nine countries on four continents in a mere eleven days. His longest stay will be two days in India, where he will hold talks, attend public functions, and do some sightseeing. (He is visiting India for the first time.) From Indian newspaper reports reaching us, it appears that the trip is seen over there as a diversionary tactic to help him consolidate his position after the affair of Bert Lance, and one that will, coincidentally, help his host, Prime Minister Morarji Desai, consolidate his own position, which has been shaken by the recent political resurgence of Indira Gandhi. President Carter will be able to take advantage of his mother's association with India, where she worked as a Peace Corps volunteer from 1966 to 1968, and where he is best known as Miss Lillian's son; and Desai will be able to take advantage of the fact that Carter will be the first American President to visit India without making a complementary visit to Pakistan, America's longtime ally and independent India's oldest enemy. (It is being said by both American and Indian observers that President Carter's mere presence in India will help to dull the memory of the Nixon tilt toward Pakistan; Indians have still not forgotten that in 1971 Henry Kissinger secretly flew from Pakistan to China, India's No. 2 enemy, to prepare the way for Nixon's visit there, or that in the same year Nixon sent the nuclear warship Enterprise rushing toward Bangladesh at the height of the Indo-Pakistani War.) The President and the Prime Minister may discuss some of the substantive issues that have long soured relations between the two countries, such as the American refusal to withdraw from its military base on Diego Garcia, in the Indian Ocean, and the Indian refusal to sign the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, but no one expects them to resolve the issues. The effect of President Carter's visit, therefore, will be largely symbolic: it will show Americans back home that he is an active world leader, and, at the same time, underline the fact that in the eyes of the new Administration India is indeed the dominant power in the region (as it has been all along), Pakistan notwithstanding.

The Carter-Desai encounter, then, is essentially designed to convey the glamour of India rather than the reality; namely, that India is one of the poorest countries the world has ever known. And it happens that the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of India will in time receive unwitting assistance in this effort from unusual sources—from Bloomingdale's and from Air-India. In fact, this assistance—which at the moment is still somewhat distant—may, in the end, do more for the relationship between the two countries than even President Carter's visit. Bloomingdale's, a symbol of American private enterprise, and Air-India, a symbol of Indian Socialist enterprise, are jointly planning a month-long India promotion for the spring of 1978, based on some such theme as "Exciting India" or "India, the Ultimate Fantasy," in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Garden City, Short Hills, Hackensack, Stamford, White Plains, Fresh Meadows, Manhasset—indeed, probably wherever Bloomingdale's has a store. The preparations, which are many, have already begun. Over the next two months, Air-India will fly some fifty or sixty Bloomingdale's buyers, merchandise managers, and fashion coördinators to India, and in the spring the airline may also fly Indian performers, craftsmen, and celebrities of various sorts to the United States. Bloomingdale's will develop an Indian tour in conjunction with American Express; will photograph its spring ready-to-wear catalogue in India (the catalogue to be distributed on Air-India's planes for a month prior to the major campaign, in order to arouse interest in it); will sponsor a bi-national competition open to Indian and American artists for a poster to be used throughout all the stores; and will develop a special shopping bag—perhaps with the same artwork as the poster. For the promotion, Bloomingdale's is planning to shoot a television commercial and run a battery of full-page advertisements in the New York *Times*, the Washington *Post*, the Washington *Star*, the Boston *Globe*, and the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Moreover, Bloomingdale's has scheduled from eight to ten pages of advertising in the May issue of *Vogue* (the magazine will give over that entire issue to India) and is attempting to place India stories in a number of magazines devoted to fashion, food, or travel.

The projected calendar of events for the promotion in New York City alone is as follows: a kickoff press conference; an opening black-tie sit-down dinner dance-cum-fashion show to be held on four floors of the store, under the patronage of the Indian Ambassador to the United States; week-long Indian festivals, including a Festival of Lights, a Festival of Music, a Festival of Kites, a Festival

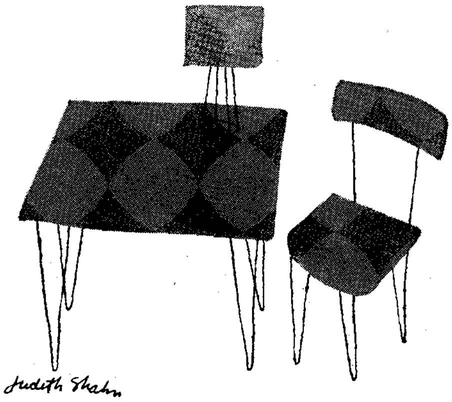
of Food, and a Festival of Spring; an Indian music program at Lincoln Center; an Indian film festival at a neighboring cinema; special, coördinated promotion menus at Akbar, Gaylord, Raga, Mayoor, Tandoor—the chic and near-chic Indian restaurants in the city. Throughout the promotion, Bloomingdale's plans to give major window space to Indian merchandise, decorate its sidewalks with traditional Indian welcome mats, fly the Indian flag. Inside the store, the management plans to have a succession of new Indian shops—a bangle shop, a sari shop, a hand-block-printing shop—and a series of live demonstrations: of *mehndi* (henna painting of the hand), of making enamel and filigree jewelry, of threading flower garlands, of drawing floor designs, of Indian dancing, of yoga, of painting papier-mâché objets d'art, of tie-dyeing, of draping a sari. In residence will be a palmist, an astrologer, a puppeteer, a weaver, each of whom will do his thing and perhaps sell mementos. In the cosmetics department, a salesgirl will spray rose-water, jasmine, musk, and sandalwood scent on customers from an Indian silver perfume spray. In the lingerie department, photographs will conjure up the romantic period of maharajas and rajas. Scattered through the store, there will be Indian instruments, Indian accessories, mannequins in Indian costumes, collections of banners from the former Indian princely states, a one-of-a-kind collection of Moghul jewelry; also, Kenzo, Ralph Lauren, and Calvin Klein collections with Indian motifs; and Indian-style ready-to-wear clothes, Indian fabrics, Indian lamps, Indian mirrors, Indian wood carvings, Indian tapestries, reproductions of Indian antiques. The Bloomingdale's restaurant, Forty Carrots, will do an Indian vegetarian menu; and the store's delicacies shop will do a special promotion of Indian food and spices. Somewhere in Bloomingdale's will sit a storyteller, telling children stories from the Hindu epic Ramayana and from the anthology of Buddhist legends called Panchatantra; he will tell these stories, suggests a publicity memorandum, as if they were Aesop's fables.

While such promotional efforts will no doubt help India earn much-needed foreign exchange and good will, it is indeed a fable that any promotional campaign, however vigorous and well-intentioned, can help the real India, which, after all, is not fashion, yoga, and curry but hundreds of millions of poor people, many of whom are nearly naked, inert, and hungry, and, having known only malnutrition, have suffered permanent brain damage. To think of them at all—let alone picture them flying Air-India or walking into Bloomingdale's—is to jeopardize one's sleep and peace of mind.

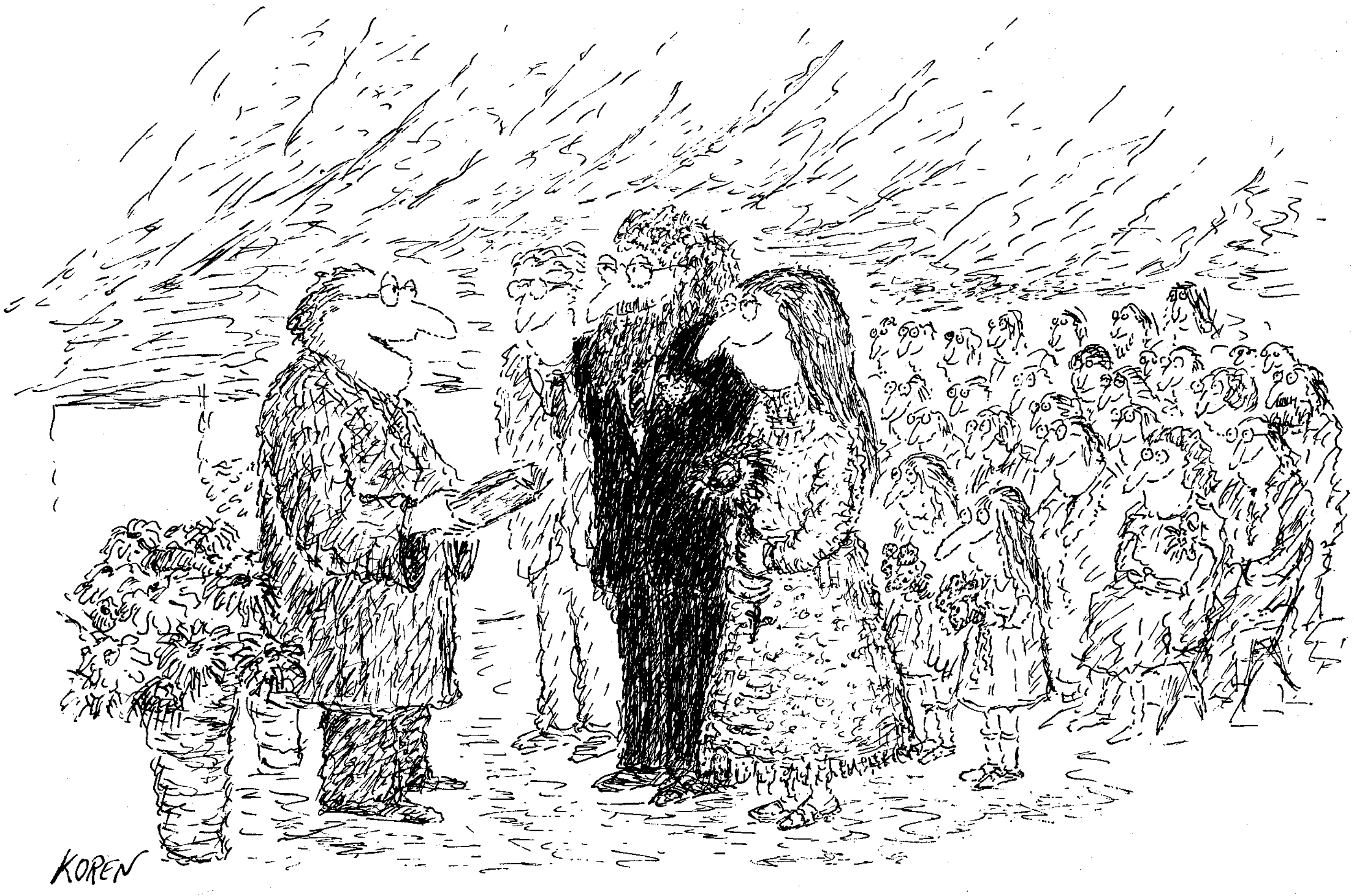
Noise

SEVERAL officials of the United States Environmental Protection Agency came to town one day recently and convened a public hearing to discuss "truck-mounted-solid-waste-compactors-noise-emission regulation." In other words, garbage trucks, horrible assaults upon the senses at ungodly hours, what to do about. From some literature that we picked up at the hearing, which was held at the United Nations Plaza Hotel, we learned that "on May 28, 1975, garbage trucks were identified as a major source of noise"—identified by the E.P.A., that is. Without really wanting to know the answer, we wonder what things were like around the E.P.A. offices the day the agency made that discovery. We tend to think that if the E.P.A. people had simply asked anyone who had spent any time in New York City they could have come up with their dramatic finding at a somewhat earlier date. For instance, we know one woman, an otherwise stoical trial attorney and part-time law professor, who upon being regularly awakened at 3 A.M. by the hydraulic whine of garbage trucks in Greenwich Village has a good cry. An alderman from Chicago testified during the hearing that he began to think seriously about the deleterious effects of garbage-truck noise in his city when he started receiving pre-dawn telephone calls from constituents, who would say something like "Listen to this, buddy," and then stick the phone near an open window to pick up the sound of the busy truck on the street below.

After the E.P.A. identified garbage trucks as a major source of noise—at a later date, presumably, it will get around to snowmobiles, cranky children, and lost sheep—the agency's Office of Noise Abatement and Control set out to learn just how much noise the trucks generate and determine how the noise might be reduced. Along the way, it produced some interesting data, including an estimate that during an average night garbage trucks across the country are responsible for thirty-four million "sleep disturbances." Last August, the E.P.A. published a document (436 pages; two pounds three ounces) whose purpose is to define and justify proposed federal regulations concerning garbage-truck noise. If the government's main proposal goes into effect, beginning in 1979 it will be illegal to manufacture a garbage truck that produces a sound level of more than seventy-eight decibels measured on something called the A-scale. In 1982, this maximum sound level will be reduced to seventy-five decibels. We were able to get an idea of what seventy-five decibels sounds like when Ethan C. Eldon, New York City's Air Resources Commissioner, pointed out during his testimony that recently bought municipal garbage trucks are already required, by city law, to comply with the standards that the federal government doesn't hope to enforce until 1982. At the moment, the Department of Sanitation owns three hundred and eighty seventy-five-decibel trucks, and yet it is still noisy out there. Ironically, if the federal regulations proposed by E.P.A. become law, they will preëmpt all local standards, and this means that garbage-truck manufacturers will then be allowed to sell trucks to the City of New York which are even noisier than the ones now on our streets.



In addition to Commissioner Eldon, thirteen people testified during the hearing. Among them was Robert Alex Baron, who is the founder of Citizens for a Quieter City, Inc., the author of a book called "The Tyranny of Noise," and the developer of a relatively noiseless garbage can. Mr. Baron sternly criticized the Office of Noise Abatement and Control for not doing enough. He was preceded and followed by representatives of several garbage-truck manufacturers, who complained that it wants to do too much. At least, that was the gist of the industry's message as we understood it. The message was not easy to follow. We heard such phrases as "maximum impulse levels," "possible instrumentation error," "compaction cycles," "side-loading compactors," "achievable noise-emission levels," "sound-level-degradation-factor concept," "acoustical-assurance-period data



"Do you, Jane, and you, Jonathan, jointly vow to split the royalties, paperback rights, book-club proceeds, and movie options with each other in the event that the marriage dissolves and results in a work of fiction or nonfiction based on this union?"

• •

base," and "flywheel power takeoff," all of which suggested that the industry might be at work on a plan to drown out garbage-truck noise with the fuzzier noise of truck-mounted-solid-waste-compactor jargon.

Two days after the hearing at the United Nations Plaza Hotel, the E.P.A. held a Far West version of it in Salt Lake City. The E.P.A. plans to cull public comment upon its proposals until November 25th, and anyone with a suggestion is invited to write to:

Henry E. Thomas, Director
Standards and Regulations Division
Office of Noise Abatement and Control
(AW-471)
Attn: Truck-Mounted Solid Waste
Compactor
Docket No.: ONAC 77-1
U.S. Environmental Protection Agency
Washington, D.C. 20460

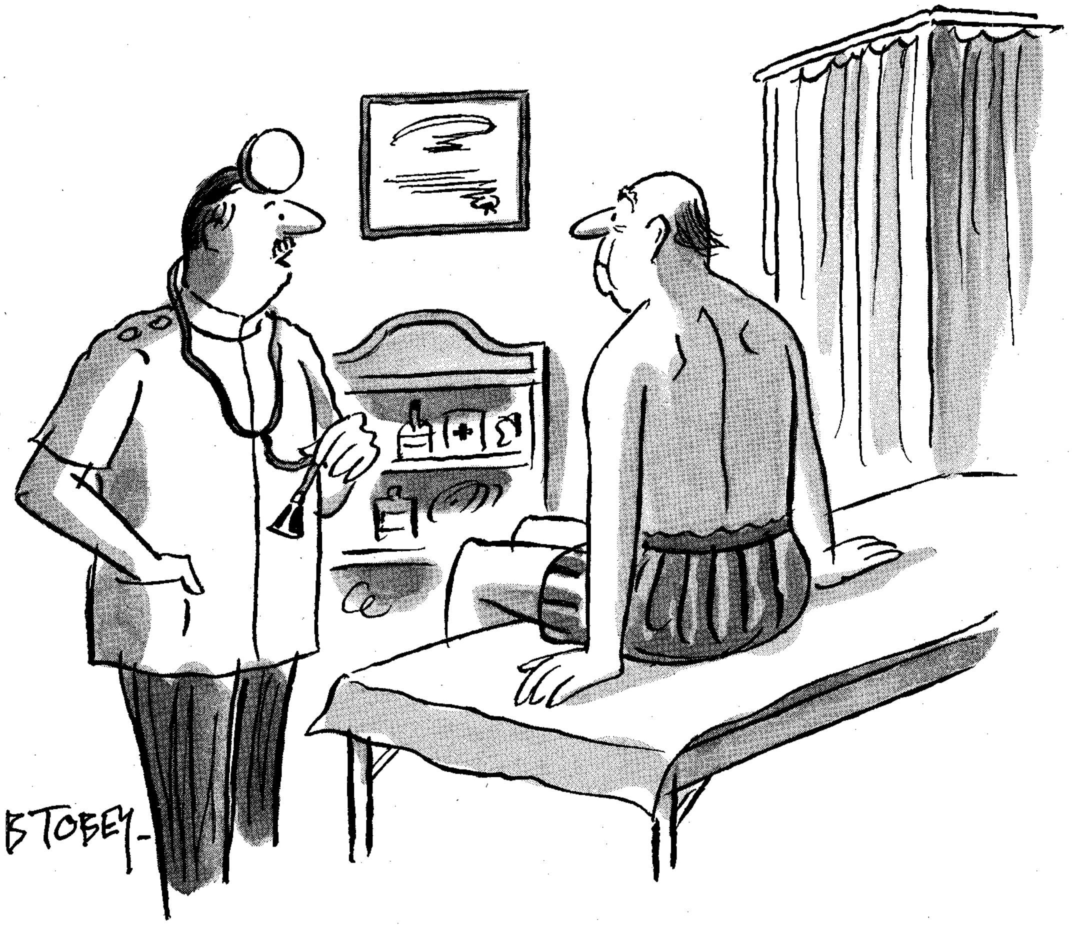
The hearing here lasted all day, from nine to nine. In the afternoon, during a break, we spoke with Henry E. Thomas, and asked him how he thought it was going.

"It's pretty wearying," he said. "Two basic groups of people are bothered by noise. First, there are the city dwellers, who are subjected to so much noise it drives them bananas. Then, there are those people seeking a return to a primitive environment, one so pristine that any noise at all drives them bananas. As far as garbage is concerned, I've recently learned a great deal about it and about garbage trucks. From what I've been told, I'm surprised no one is here from the Mafia. It's supposed to be an interested party. But, to answer your question—really, holding a hearing like this is murder. We get flak from the noise complainers and from the garbage-truck manufacturers. I come away with the feeling that I've just been compacted."

Twenty-six-Point-Two Miles

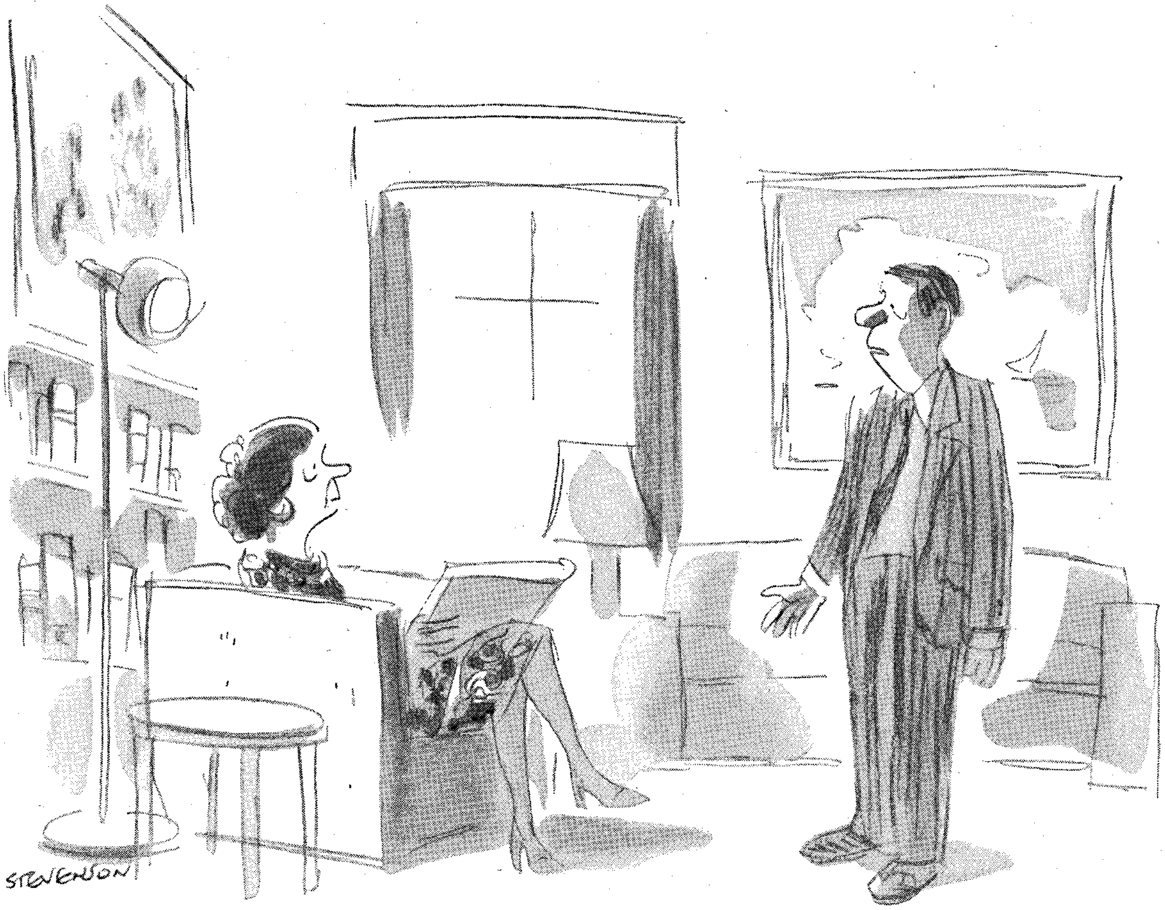
IMPRESSIVE statistics accompanied the eighth annual running of New York's marathon, which was the second to be run in all boroughs, and in which three boroughs—Staten Island, Queens, and the Bronx—made courtesy appearances, thanks to ingenuity that strained the mapmaker's art. The race started at ten-thirty in the morning on Sunday, October 23rd, on the Staten Island toll plaza of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, when Sergeant Gregory Lantier, of the Ceremonial Platoon of Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, showed Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton how to pull the lanyard of a seventy-five-millimetre Pack howitzer, and Sutton yanked. The modest boom of the howitzer sent four thousand eight hundred and twenty-three runners loping toward Brooklyn—or, at least, it released the best of the field (five of the nine swiftest marathoners in history, and two Olympic medallists), who by virtue of having the fastest times in previous races got to start at the front of the pack. The runners in the back shuffled forward like fans after a sellout heading for one of the few escalators in the new Yankee Stadium. The marathoners hailed from forty-four states and twenty-seven foreign countries (including a hundred and seven from Canada and one from El Salvador). The twenty-six-point-two-mile course consisted of one mile in Staten Island (to the midpoint of the Verrazano Bridge), twelve miles in Brooklyn, a couple of miles in Queens (from the midpoint of the Pulaski Bridge to the midpoint of the Queensboro Bridge), three and a half miles up First Avenue in Manhattan and across the Willis Avenue Bridge to say "Hi" to the Bronx, barely a mile in the Bronx (to the midpoint of the Madison Avenue Bridge), and five-point-two miles downtown, through Harlem and Central Park, to the finish line, at the Tavern-on-the-Green. At least eight hundred thousand New Yorkers saw part of the race. Thirty-eight hundred marathoners officially finished the race (they were the most ever to finish any marathon, and this shows how things have grown since the first marathoner, in 490 B.C., who wasn't even racing); by the five-and-a-half-hour mark, when thirty-eight hundred had finished, the race officials monitoring the digital clock at the finish line had already left for Avery Fisher Hall to pass out awards. Thirty-eight hundred free subscriptions to the magazine *New Times*, thirty-eight hundred medals, and thirty-eight hundred certificates went to the official finishers. Follow-up medical questionnaires went to all entrants. *New Times* was one of the underwriters of the event, and the questionnaires were underwritten by Perrier mineral water, another sponsor, which distributed seventy-five hundred bottles of sparkling water with calcium in it, from southern France, at the finish line; one nonmedical question that Perrier wanted an answer to was "Had you heard of Perrier before applying to run in the New York Marathon?" All the highest hills on the run were bridges: the midpoint of the Verrazano is a hundred and sixty-seven feet higher than the Staten Island end of the span, and the midpoint of the Queensboro is a hundred and thirty-three feet above Queens. The Queensboro Hill, which came just after the fifteen-mile mark in the race, polished off a number of runners, including the Olympic gold medallist Frank Shorter, even though it had been surfaced for the occasion with thirteen hundred yards and twenty thousand dollars' worth of carpeting. Two thousand dollars went for blue paint to mark a line six inches wide along the entire course to keep runners from straying; twenty-five thousand dollars went for bœuf bourguignon and trimmings for every entrant to consume post race at Lincoln Center; and three hundred and sixty dollars was spent for plywood planking to cover the expansion joints on the Verrazano Bridge. Race officials mixed up a thousand gallons of Body Punch, a powdered drink mix, crammed with nutrients, that has a slightly sour cidery taste; it was dispensed on the fly along the route to refresh runners. And everyone with an official race-number card was entitled to free rides all day on city buses and subways.

Very few of the runners lining up in the tollgate plaza wore any of the four thousand eight hundred and twenty-three official New York City Marathon T-shirts and running caps handed out to entrants. Instead, they blazoned their own scutcheons, and we saw T-shirts that said "Those Ultracool Death-Defying Air Traffic Controllers," "Last Chance Saloon of Congers, N.Y.," "Polska," "Jim Corea's Gym," "Word of Life," "The Original Yale Women's Track Team," "Ferd's Palace," "U.S.S.R.: Free Shcharansky Now," "Cantina, The Best in Mexican Food," "Wolf Pack of Montreal," "YMHA of Metropolitan New Jersey," and "Hal Higdon, Author." An entrant called Phil Hailer, a twenty-nine-year-old Red Sox fan who takes sports pictures for the Quincy, Massachusetts, *Patriot Ledger*, had on a Yankees T-shirt. "I figure if I give the crowds something to cheer, their cheering will pick me up," he said.



"It's just indigestion, Senator. Stay away from those White House breakfasts for a while."

Marathoning as a pursuit, according to the runners we talked with at the plaza, often starts out as jogging. Some joggers evolve into runners. "If you're a jogger and someone jogs faster than you, he's a runner," Dr. William Esposito, a radiologist from Summit, New Jersey, told us as he warmed up for the race. And some runners evolve into marathoners. Charlie Hayward, the sales director for St. Martin's Press, who trained hard and then had to go up to Massachusetts to a booksellers' convention on the day of the race, puts it this way: "Joggers get started because they hear it's good for their heart and peace of mind. Then they get interested in maybe going a little faster, doing a certain number of miles a day, completing a certain course. When the course gets long enough, pain sets in, and the question is whether you're going to believe in your pain and quit or keep on going. If you keep on going, you realize how subjective the pain is—you learn that sometimes it's telling you to watch out for your body but that at other times it's just complaining. And then you learn how to deal with the complaints—you move your attention away from the pain and keep on running. This isn't just speculation, because the last six miles of a marathon is very largely a matter of discipline—twenty miles at a run seems to be about the point where most human bodies come close to exhausting the sugars that you can quickly convert into energy. Runners call that point 'hitting the wall.' "



"But I did get my act together. This is my act."

• •

We made our own half walk, half run to the summit of Verrazano Hill to interview marathoners in action. The only two we were able to hail were the next-to-last runner and the last runner.

The next-to-last runner, thirty yards in front of the last, was Robert Earl Jones, seventy-two, who is an actor and the father of the actor James Earl Jones.

"What got you into this running business?" we asked him.

"Arthritis," Robert Earl Jones said smoothly. "When I was thirty-three, I was a Golden Gloves heavyweight, had my picture in the *Daily News.* But seven years ago I had arthritis in my knees so bad I could barely climb out of a chair. I started running every day from Christopher Street, near my apartment, down to the Battery and back—five miles, some days six. No more arthritis now. Who said sixty-five's too late to start?"

The last runner was Bert Lenner, a thirty-nine-year-old, six-foot-three, two-hundred-and-forty-pound computer programmer from Queens, who ran in but didn't finish last year's marathon. Lenner's race plan was to run until a bad knee he'd been nursing forced him to drop out. He was admiring the view of the Atlantic when we caught him; it's a view that pedestrians never get to see unless they enter the marathon, because the bridge has no walkway. He was not concerned over the fact that he was trailing the field by thirty yards. "In a long race like this, it doesn't matter how you're doing at the start," he said.

While the runners diverted their attention from pain through Brooklyn, Queens, First Avenue, the Bronx, Harlem, and Central Park, we hitched a ride back to Staten Island, where we'd stashed a little Honda Civic; sped to the ferry slip in St. George; caught a boat and breathed in all we could of the most beautiful Sunday of the fall; drove uptown; and just made it to the finish line before Bill Rodgers did. Rodgers, the winner for the second year in a row, is a twenty-nine-year-old Melrose, Massachusetts, former special-education teacher who is soon to be the proprietor of a running-gear shop; this time, he clocked in at two hours eleven minutes and twenty-eight-point-two seconds—about a minute and a third slower than last year.

We hung around and drank Perrier and ate hot dogs, and an hour or so later Bert Lenner joined us, freshly showered. "Just the way I figured, the knee started acting up on me at Flatbush Avenue," Lenner said. "Discretion being the better part of valor, I went down into the Atlantic Avenue subway stop, removed my number, so nobody would think I was cheating, and took the D train to Columbus Circle, standing up all the way. I made it to the showers for the runners at the Sixty-third Street Y right about the time Bill Rodgers crossed the finish line."

The next one of our acquaintances to check in was Phil Hailer, from Boston, who finished the race in three hours and fifty-six minutes. "The Yankees shirt worked," he said. "It saved me. In Brooklyn, a few people booed, but everywhere else they cheered and chanted 'Reg-gie! Reg-gie!' That energy got me through."

Robert Earl Jones crossed the finish line half an hour later—an official finisher. "How'd I do it?" he asked us, his voice still smooth. "As Willie Randolph said when they asked him the same thing, I just kept praising the Lord. To tell the truth, I didn't want to let on, but when I was running across the bridge with you I was hurting. I had the energy, but I wasn't limbered up yet. But now I feel like running a marathon a month."

A SHORT HISTORY OF DEEDLE

THE culturally obtuse who still cling to the notion that scat—that is, the singing of a musical phrase made up of an idiotic syllable or syllables—was invented by Louis Armstrong or Ella Fitzgerald would do well to approach Munce Peasley's new book, "The Meaningless in Music: Six Centuries, from Fa-la to Ooblie-dot" (Niggling Press, New Haven. Six pages; $18), with extreme caution. Dr. Peasley, curator of rare beineckes at the Beinecke collection at Yale University, has assembled cast-iron proof that the first nonsense syllables were sung not by a man in Chicago with a wide tie and zoot pants but by an unknown fourteenth-century English thresher, whose magnificent contribution altered the course of Western culture, though he himself was trampled to death by kine the following week. Peasley, using blunt scissors and a jar of mucilage, has reconstructed this and other significant events in his field, and we can but stand slack-jawed at the quality of his research, to say nothing of his general appearance. A short précis follows, after which the reader may continue to stare vacantly out the window.

FOLK BEGINNINGS: The earliest known record of primitive scat, or *scutte*, occurs in Weir's "Synggebok" (1345)—a collection of English country airs sung at harvest time to celebrate the continuing failure of all known farming methods. Weir, a London scrivener and curdsmonger, obtained a contemporary version of the Scots ballad "Wha Haue Ye Gae?":

> Oh, wha haue ye gae,
> Ma' billy-dilly glorn?
> Wha haue ye gae, ma' birney?
> Ich bene ta' ye toon,
> Wi' ma' nelkins all a-blorn.
> Synge lack-a-day, witherey-boo,
> lack-a-day, tarn —

Here the fragment ends, probably because of Weir's falling into the mill and being ground into a fine white powder. (The event was celebrated in another popular ballad of the day, "Weir Haue Bene Grynde Intae Whyte Poudre, Ye Stupe" [1346].) However, the evidence is incontrovertible. "Lack-a-day, witherey-boo," dating from this period, was instantly recognized as the most infuriating musical phrase in the language, remaining unchallenged until the introduction, over six hundred years later, of "tootie-fruitie, o-rootie" by Charles Berry.

TRANSITION TO OTHER MODES: The classical school begins with the appearance, in Italy, of Fra Antonio del'Nonentati, a modest seventeenth-century cleric who was the *maestro di concerti* for the Pietà Ospedale during the period when it was entirely under water (1689-90). In an era already celebrated for the hysterical productivity of its artists, he stands out as the preeminent freak. In addition to performing his regular duties at the hospital (he was responsible for the daily taunting of the *incurabili*), he provided for his patron, the Duc M'anti, thousands of masses, cantatas, capriccios, preludes, and fugues, plus hundreds of occasional pieces designed, in the fashion of the time, to aid the aging nobleman in the execution of his daily regimen: a sicilienne to help him sleep, a brisk rondo to wake him up, a tuneful courante to make him eat his peas, a merry allemande to encourage him to pitch face forward into the canal. This creative cataract, dwarfing even the combined œuvre of Haydn, Scarlatti *père*, and Paul (the Tiny Dynamo) Williams, allowed the Duke to dominate the social and cultural life of Italy for over a decade, until the Vatican impounded his Rolodex.

It is no secret that Nonentati's endless inspiration severely taxed his collaborators, notably the castrato Calamari (Fruggio Spedini, nicknamed the Squid because he was fat and rubbery and darted about the stage in an obnoxious manner). The relationship, though unproductive, was not entirely cordial, judging from this entry in the monk's journal:

> July 29. A long hot summer. In two weeks it will be July 43. How slowly the time goes! Up at 3 A.M. for matins and some light composition. Completed a commission from the Grand Magistrate to devise a new tuning for his mandolin; viz.:
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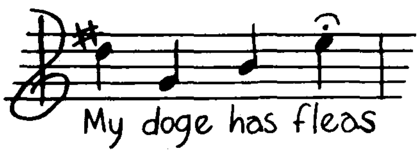
> 
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> He was quite enchanted with it and sent along a scroll entitling me to have my nose twisted any time I am at the palace. Finished today's opera, but the bewigged ponce is again late with the text. What to do? Without words, I cannot rehearse the singers. Without singers, you got no opera. Without no opera, you got nothing.[1]

The story is taken up here by Langoustino, another *soprano naturale*, about whom Handel said, "... his singing can make the birds come down from the sky and walk around for a while. If that is what you want." From Langoustino's famous letter to his horse:

> ... in the absence of any text, Maestro asked me for tonight's performance to sing "anything at all—even something imbecilic, like your name." By the second act, however, the inordinately damp weather had shrunk my costume (a leather jerkin) to one-quarter of its original size, totally constricting my chest and rendering impossible any but the tiniest of breaths. "La—" I sang, over and over, in a series of strangulated mouse-like inhalations. From beyond the footlights came a telltale rustling and shifting as the audience gleefully anticipated a major fiasco. Tartini smirked behind his fan; humiliation seemed inescapable. My embarrassment turned to rage. "La ... la ... la ..." I persisted, forcing each breath, until my field of vision was replaced by a pleasant series of bright pinwheels against a black background. Upon being revived, I learned that the performance, far from a disaster, had thoroughly charmed the Duke (who is a swine), and he awarded me twelve florins and a thaler, though I would have preferred money.

THE BAROQUE MASTERS: Baroque scat had its origins in the work of Johann Joachim Quantz, the German flautist who was clever enough to be called a contemporary of Buxtehude even though they did not both live at the same time. Quantz taught his students to speak the word "did'll" into their flutes to achieve proper articulation. The novelty caught on quickly, as the only other diversion available in eighteenth-century Berlin was the weekly placing of large stones upon an ugly person, or "critic." Quantz died a wealthy man, and, as befitted a person of his stature, was buried upside down to see if he had any loose change in his bib.

THE CLASSICAL SCHOOL: It is probable that the young Mozart was familiar with Quantz's work, most likely through the efforts of the Baron van Swieten, an amateur who also ran the catcall concession at the Munich Spielhaus. Van Swieten was a friend and patron of the young Salzburg genius, and occasionally let him see the works of the Baroque masters. As he was mortally afraid of adulterating the pure musical wellspring of the prodigy, he permitted him to view his copy of Bach's Goldberg Variations only through a telescope while the Baron rode by in a carriage, opening and shutting the book very quickly.

In his memoirs, the Baron himself recalls, "Today I chanced to overhear the lad singing to himself in the act of composing a song. It was a bittersweet, haunting melody":

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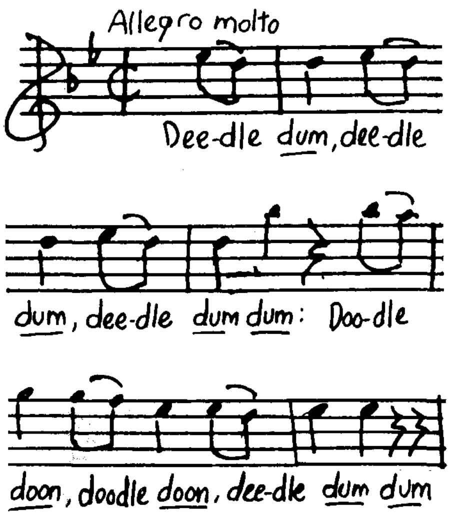
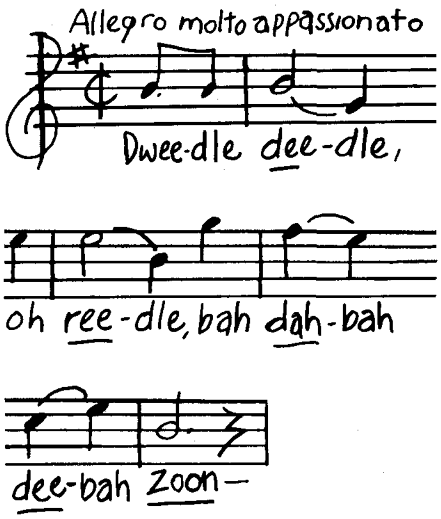
[1] Translation by Fabrizio Linen Supply and Translation Service.


Allegro molto
Dee-dle dum, dee-dle
dum, dee-dle dum dum: Doo-dle
doon, doodle doon, dee-dle dum dum

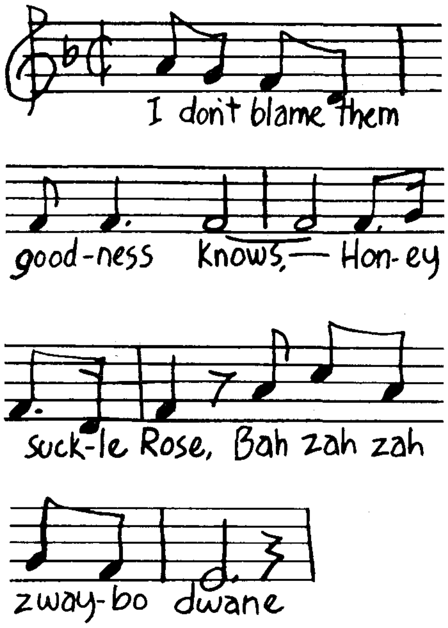
We now know this fragment belonged not to a song at all but to the opening few measures of the "Leipzig" Symphony, or "St. Anne's Jitters," as it is known in England. With typical unself-consciousness, Mozart here takes the antiquated "dee"—a product of the lyrical but unsophisticated Italian school—and combines it with the more intellectual "did'll" of the German Quantz and arrives at the brilliant synthesis "deedle," thus effecting in one masterstroke a blending of the affettuoso with the rubato, and the creation of a style that can be either played at home for friends or worn after dark for an evening of casual elegance. Mozart himself was quite pleased with the phrase, writing to his father, "I'm certain you'll agree it has wonderful potential if used correctly, and should garner hefty ducat in local situations." He went on to say, "It has become a favorite of Prince Leopold, who sponsored an outdoor musicale on my behalf, even joining the orchestra to blow a little flute (called a *piccolo*). When the concert was halted, due to a rain shower, he was kind enough to draw me aside, saying, 'Someday you and your deedles will be more famous than Mozart.' Since I *am* Mozart, I found his remark perverse, until I recalled that he had been repeatedly struck by lightning during the afternoon."

THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY SCHOOL: The early Romantics (Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and the Shapiros—the last not composers, but inseparable) brought scat out from the musty corridors of classicism into the bright sunshine of what Liszt called "the emotive rebobazoid" (the Abbé was over seventy at the time and may have meant something else entirely). In any event, strict adherence to classical syllables was abandoned for a freer, more poetic style. Mendelssohn hummed the opening theme of his Violin Concerto to Ferdinand David thus:

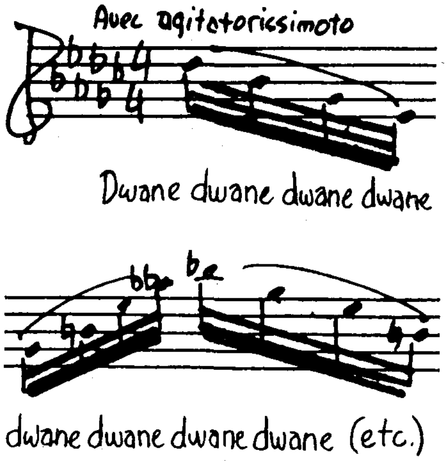


An illuminating anecdote about Brahms illustrates how the artistic personality transcends formalistic limitations, but we do not have this anecdote. Yet it is known that Brahms, at the dress rehearsal of his "Ein Deutsches Requiem," admonished the chorus, saying, "Text, schmext, just keep it peppy. And don't fidget during the solos."

THE MODERNISTS AND BEYOND: If there is one composer who developed a truly contemporary technique, it is either Maurice Ravel or someone who looked just like him and lived in his apartment. Ravel, a great admirer of American jazz, heard an early Louis Armstrong performance of "Honeysuckle Rose" containing the following phrase:



Like all great innovators, Ravel took great risks, often saying, as he twirled his upper lip (he had no mustache), "Now I take these great risks, isn't it?" and, stimulated by Satchmo's brilliant improvisation on the Waller tune, attempted to dictate the cadenza of an unpublished saxophone concerto (two hundred bars, all thirty-second notes) on the syllable "dwane;" viz.:



By the third bar, his jaw had dislocated, and Honegger later reported that he had to sponge foam from the Master's cravat.

Ravel was of course the victim of a rapidly worsening situation—one that Schoenberg characterized as the lack of a simple, universal "zot-sprechen," capable of being understood by anyone, regardless of style or nationality. Toward that end, a worldwide artistic conference was convened in April, 1938, in a nice room at the Europa Hotel, in Vienna, with folding chairs for up to three hundred people and light refreshments promised afterward. The steering committee, co-chaired by Francis Poulenc and Fats Waller, urged the adoption of the simplified, or metric, vout system, a workable compromise in which all previous syllables, from "fa-la" to "vaus-o-zootie," were immediately replaced by a simple "zot," while the irregular hyphenates ("zob-ba-zide," "po-zide," and "re-bop") were to be slowly phased out. In the keynote address, delivered to almost three hundred folding chairs, rooneymaster Slim Gaillard captured the spirit of the evening when he said,

> Yip rock, heh-*ree*-sey,
> Kay biss-ay *knee*, kib-bee *bah*,
> Ah-la-ha mish-a-Mac *voutie*!
> La-ha, la-ha Macrooney-mo.

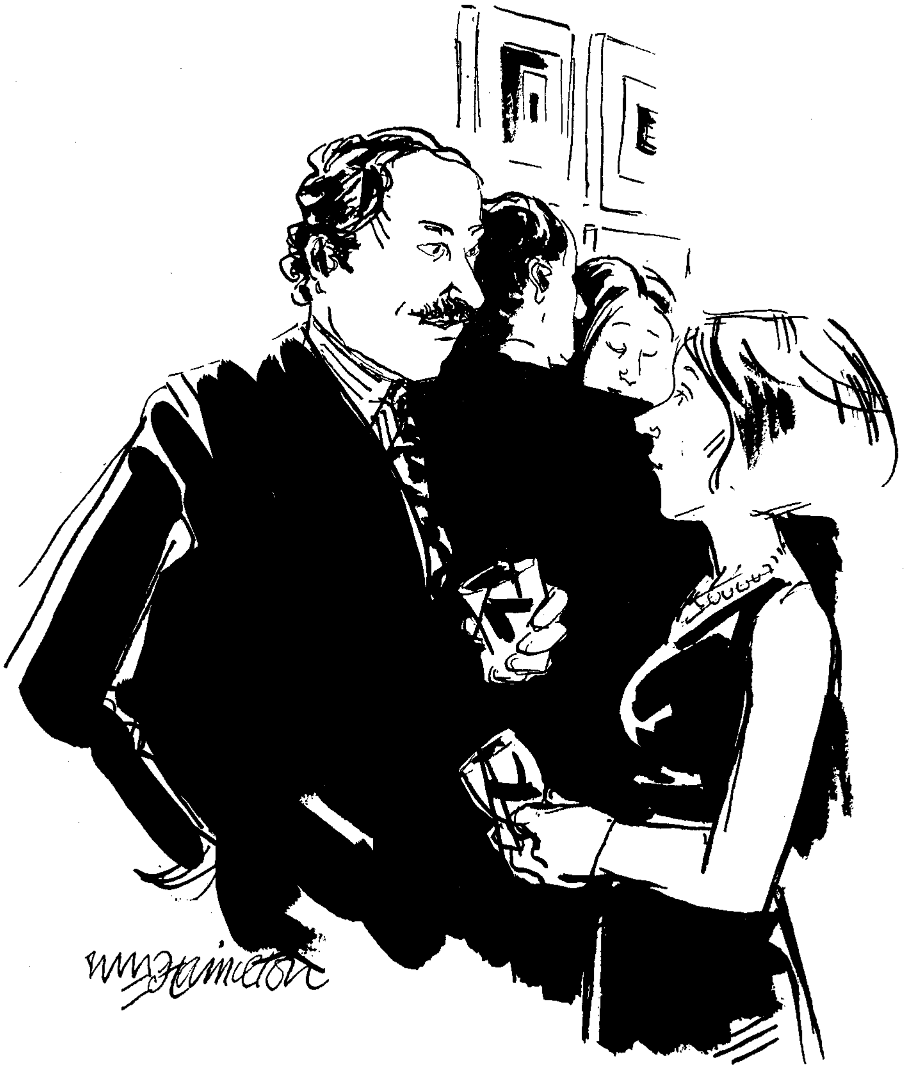
Seven years later, in occupied Austria, Anton von Webern paused to light a cigarette in the doorway of his home and was struck down by a bullet. An old era had ended, and so far nothing has replaced it.

—MARSHALL BRICKMAN

THE LEFT-HANDED WOMAN

SHE was thirty and lived in a terraced bungalow colony on the south slope of a low mountain range in western Germany, just above the fumes of a big city. She had brown hair and gray eyes, which sometimes lit up even when she wasn't looking at anyone, without her face changing in any other way. Late one winter afternoon she was sitting at an electric sewing machine, in the yellow light that shone into the large living room from outside. One entire side of the room consisted of a single pane of glass, looking out on the windowless wall of a neighboring house and on a grass-overgrown terrace with a discarded Christmas tree in the middle of it. Beside the woman sat her eight-year-old son, bent over his copybook, writing a school essay at a walnut table. His fountain pen scratched as he wrote, and his tongue protruded from between his lips. Now and then he stopped, looked out of the window, and went on writing more busily than ever. Or he would glance at his mother, who, though her face was averted, noticed his glance and returned it. The woman was married to the sales manager of the local branch of a porcelain concern well known throughout Europe; a business trip had taken him to Scandinavia for several weeks, and he was expected back that evening. Though not rich, the family was comfortably well off, with no need to think of money. Their bungalow was rented, since the husband could be transferred at any moment.

The child had finished writing and read aloud: " 'My idea of a better life. I would like the weather to be neither hot nor cold. There should always be a balmy breeze and once in a while a storm that makes people huddle on the ground. No more cars. All the houses should be red. The trees and bushes should be gold. I would know everything already, so I would not have to study. Everybody would live on islands. The cars along the street would always be open, so I could get in if I happened to be tired. I would never be tired anymore. They wouldn't belong to anyone. I would always stay up at night and fall asleep wherever I happened to be. It would never rain. I would always have four friends, and all the people I don't know would disappear. Everything I don't know would disappear.' "

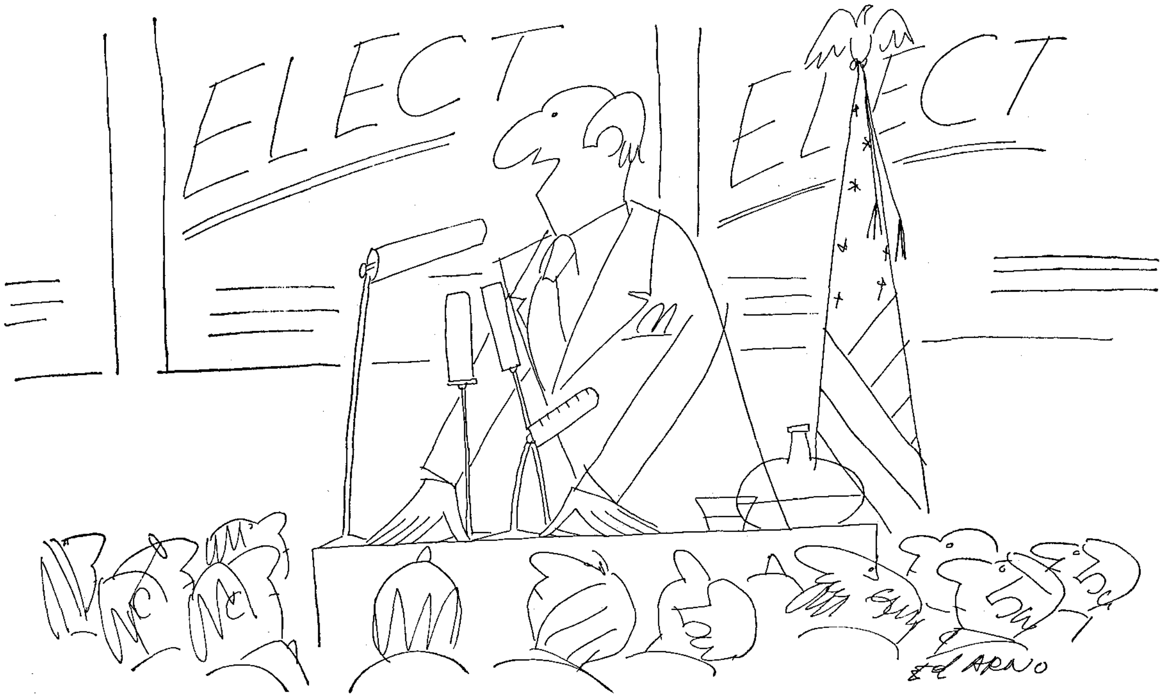


"I do industrial credibility."

The woman stood up and looked out of the smaller side window. In the foreground a line of motionless pine trees. Below the trees several rows of individual garages, all as rectangular and flat-topped as the bungalows. The driveway leading to the garages had a sidewalk, and though it had been cleared of snow a child was pulling a sled along it. Down in the lowland, far behind the trees, lay the outskirts of the city, and from somewhere in the hollow a plane was rising. The woman stood as if in a trance, but instead of going stiff she seemed to bend to her thoughts. The child came and asked her what she was looking at. She didn't hear him, she didn't so much as blink. The child shook her and cried, "Wake up!" The woman shook herself, and put her hand on the child's shoulder. Then he, too, looked out and in turn lost himself, openmouthed, in the view. After a while he shook himself and said, "Now I've been woolgathering like you." They both began to laugh and they couldn't stop; when their laughter died down, one started up again and the other joined in. In the end they hugged each other and laughed so hard that they fell to the floor together.

The child asked if he could turn on the television. The woman answered, "We're going to the airport now to meet Bruno." But he was already turning on the set. The woman bent over him and said, "Your father has been away for weeks. How can I tell him that . . ." The child heard nothing more. The woman made a megaphone with her hands and shouted as if she were calling him in the woods, but the child only stared at the screen. She moved her hand back and forth in front of his eyes, but the child bent his head to one side and went on staring openmouthed.

The woman stood in the space outside the garages in her open fur coat. Puddles of melted snow were freezing over. The sidewalk was strewn with the needles of discarded Christmas trees. While opening the garage door, she looked up at the colony and its tiers of box-shaped bungalows, some of which were already lighted. Behind the colony a mixed forest—mostly oaks, beeches, and pines—rose gently, unbroken by any village, or even a house, to the top of one of the mountains. The



"*Fellow-consumers . . .*"

child appeared at the window of their "housing unit," as her husband called the bungalow, and raised his arm.

At the airport it wasn't quite dark yet; before going into the terminal, the woman saw bright spots in the sky over the flagpoles with their shimmering flags. She stood with the others and waited, her face expectant and relaxed, open and self-possessed. Word came over the loudspeaker that the plane from Helsinki had landed, and soon the passengers emerged from behind the customs barrier, among them Bruno, carrying a suitcase and a plastic bag marked "DUTY-FREE SHOP." He was just a little older than she, and his face was drawn with fatigue. He wore, as always, a double-breasted gray pin-striped suit and an open shirt. His eyes were so brown that it was hard to see his pupils; he could watch people for a long time without their feeling looked at. He had walked in his sleep as a child, and even now he often talked in his dreams.

In front of all the people, he rested his head on the shoulder of his wife's fur coat, as if he had to take a nap that minute. She took his suitcase and plastic bag, and then he was able to throw his arms around her. For a long time they stood embracing; Bruno smelled slightly of liquor.

In the elevator that took them to the underground garage, where she had parked, he looked at her and she observed him. She got into the car first and opened the door from inside. Instead of getting in, he stood looking straight ahead. He beat his forehead with his fist; then he held his nose and tried to blow air out of his ears, as though the long flight had stopped them up.

On the road to the small town on the mountain slope where the bungalow colony was, the woman put her hand on the radio knob and asked, "Would you like some music?" He shook his head. By then it was dark; nearly all the lights were out in the high-rise office buildings along the road, but the housing developments on the hills were bright.

After a while Bruno said, "It was always so dark in Finland—day and night. And I couldn't understand a single word of the language! In every other country a few of the words are similar—but there's nothing international about that language. The one thing I've remembered is the word for beer—'*olut*.' I got drunk fairly often. Early one afternoon, when just a little light had come into the sky, I was sitting in a self-service café. All at once I began to scratch the table in a frenzy. The darkness, the cold in my nostrils, and not being able to speak to anyone. It was almost comforting to hear the wolves howl one night. Or to pee into a toilet bowl with our company's initials on it. There's something I've been wanting to tell you, Marianne. I thought of you often up there, of you and Stefan. For the first time in all the years since we've been together, I had the feeling that we belonged to each other. Suddenly I was afraid of going mad with loneliness, mad in a cruelly painful way that no one had ever experienced before. I've often told you I loved you, but now for the first time I feel that we're bound to each other. Till death do us part. And the strange part of it is that I now feel I could exist without you."

The woman rested her hand on Bruno's knee and asked, "And how did the business go?"

Bruno laughed. "Orders are picking up again," he said. "Those northerners may not eat very well, but at least they eat off our china. The next time, our Finnish customers will have to come down here and see us. The prices have stopped falling; we don't have to give such big discounts as we did during the crisis." He laughed again. "They don't even speak English. We had to talk through an interpreter, a woman with a child and no husband, who studied in Germany—in the south, I think."

The woman: "You think?"

Bruno: "No, of course not. I know. She told me."

After putting the car away they walked past a lighted phone booth with a shadowy form moving about inside, and turned into one of the narrow, deliberately crooked lanes that cut across the colony. He put his arm over her shoulders. While opening the door of their house, the woman looked back at the half-dark lane and the tiers of bungalows, all with their curtains drawn.

Bruno asked, "Do you still like it here?"

The woman: "Sometimes I wish we had a stinking pizza joint outside the door, or a newsstand."

Bruno: "I know I'm always relieved to get back."

The woman smiled to herself.

In the living room the child was sitting in a big, broad armchair, reading by the light of a standing lamp. He looked up for a moment when his parents came in. Bruno stepped close to him, but he didn't stop reading. Finally he smiled almost imperceptibly, stood up, and searched Bruno's pockets for presents.

The woman came from the kitchen,

carrying a silver tray with a glass of vodka on it, but by then there was no one in the living room. She went down the hall and looked into the rooms that branched off it like cells. When she opened the bathroom door, Bruno was sitting motionless on the rim of the tub, watching the child, who was already in his pajamas, brush his teeth. The child had rolled up his sleeves to keep the water from running into them. He carefully licked the toothpaste from the open tube and then, standing on tiptoe, put the tube back on the shelf. Bruno took the glass of vodka from the tray and asked, “Aren’t you drinking anything? Have you made any plans for the evening?”

The woman: “Why? Am I different than usual?”

Bruno: “You’re always different.”

The woman: “What do you mean by that?”

Bruno: “You’re one of the few people I don’t have to be afraid of. What’s more, you don’t make me want to play-act.” He sent the child away with an affectionate pat.

In the living room, as they were picking up the toys the child had been playing with that day, Bruno stood up and said, “My ears are still buzzing from the plane. Let’s go to the hotel in town for a festive dinner. It’s too private here for my taste right now. Too—haunted. I would like you to wear your low-cut dress.”

The woman was still squatting on the floor, picking up toys. “What will you wear?” she asked.

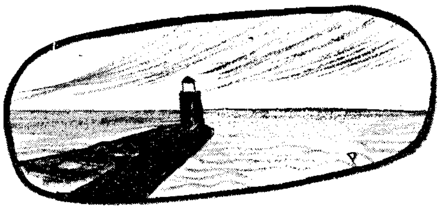
Bruno: “I’ll go just as I am. I always do. I’ll borrow a tie at the reception desk. I feel like walking. All right?”

The hotel restaurant, whose lofty ceiling gave it a palatial look, was half empty. Bruno was still adjusting his tie as they walked into the dining room, guided by a bowlegged waiter. The headwaiter pulled out chairs for them, and they had only to let themselves sink down. They unfolded their white napkins in unison and laughed.

Bruno not only ate everything on his plate but wiped the plate clean with a piece of bread. Afterward, holding up and gazing into a glass of Calvados, which took on a reddish glow in the light of the chandeliers, he said, “Tonight I felt the need of being served like this! How sheltered one feels! A taste of eternity!” The headwaiter stood in the background as Bruno continued. “I read an English novel on the plane. There’s a passage about a butler who combines dignity with eagerness to serve. The hero watches him and meditates on the mature beauty of the feudal master-servant relationship. To be waited on in this proud, respectful way, if only for a brief moment at tea, reconciles him not only with himself but also, in some strange way, with the whole human race.” The woman turned away; Bruno spoke to her, and she turned back but did not look at him.

Bruno said, “We’ll spend the night here. Stefan knows where we are. I left the telephone number on his bedside table.” The woman lowered her eyes and Bruno motioned to the waiter, who bent over him. “I need a room for the night,” he said. “You see, my wife and I want to sleep together right away.”

The waiter smiled. There was nothing conspiratorial, only sympathy in the way he looked at them. “There’s a trade fair on at the moment, but I’ll inquire,” he said. At the door he turned around and added, “I’ll be back in a moment.”



The two were alone in the dining room. Candles were still burning on all the tables, and around them needles were falling almost soundlessly from sprays of evergreen. Shadows moved over the tapestries of hunting scenes on the walls. The woman gave Bruno a long look. Though she was very grave, her face lit up almost imperceptibly.

The waiter came back and said in a voice that sounded as if he had been hurrying, “Here is the key to the tower room. Statesmen have slept there, but I’m sure you see no harm in that.” Bruno dismissed the waiter’s remark with a wave of the hand, and without seeming offensive the waiter added, “I wish you a very good night. I hope the tower clock doesn’t disturb you; you see, the big hand purrs every minute.”

As Bruno opened the door to the room, he said very calmly, “Tonight I feel as if everything I’d ever wished for had come true. As though I could move by magic from one place of happiness to another, without transition. I

THE WORLD’S FATTEST DANCER

She stands in the lake of her fat,
Lean as the center pole in the main tent.
And then she is off, pirouetting sharply,
Pleating the air with the needle of
Her toe. She has completed almost
Three hundred pliés before the first
Wave appears on the placid lake.

Nureyev will try almost anything, but found
Lifting her more than trying.
They are not sure if his spine will ever
Snap back, won’t know till
He gets out of traction. She visits him,
Bringing consolations of
Chocolates and larded guinea hens.

Whoever dances with her, she is
The biggest attraction:
Spangles bright as egret eyes,
Colors oily as peacock-feather eyes:
All eyes are upon her.
When she performs “The Dying Swan,” they
Borrow from the Guinness book and
Bring on a piano case as her coffin—
That is the scale on which she founders.

It is difficult to understand
Her words because her mouth is very
Small, a spidery water stick on
The glistening lake.
And though her public adores and
Adorns her with flowers or, sometimes,
Emeralds and tourmalines,
No one can nibble a kiss.

—Cynthia Macdonald

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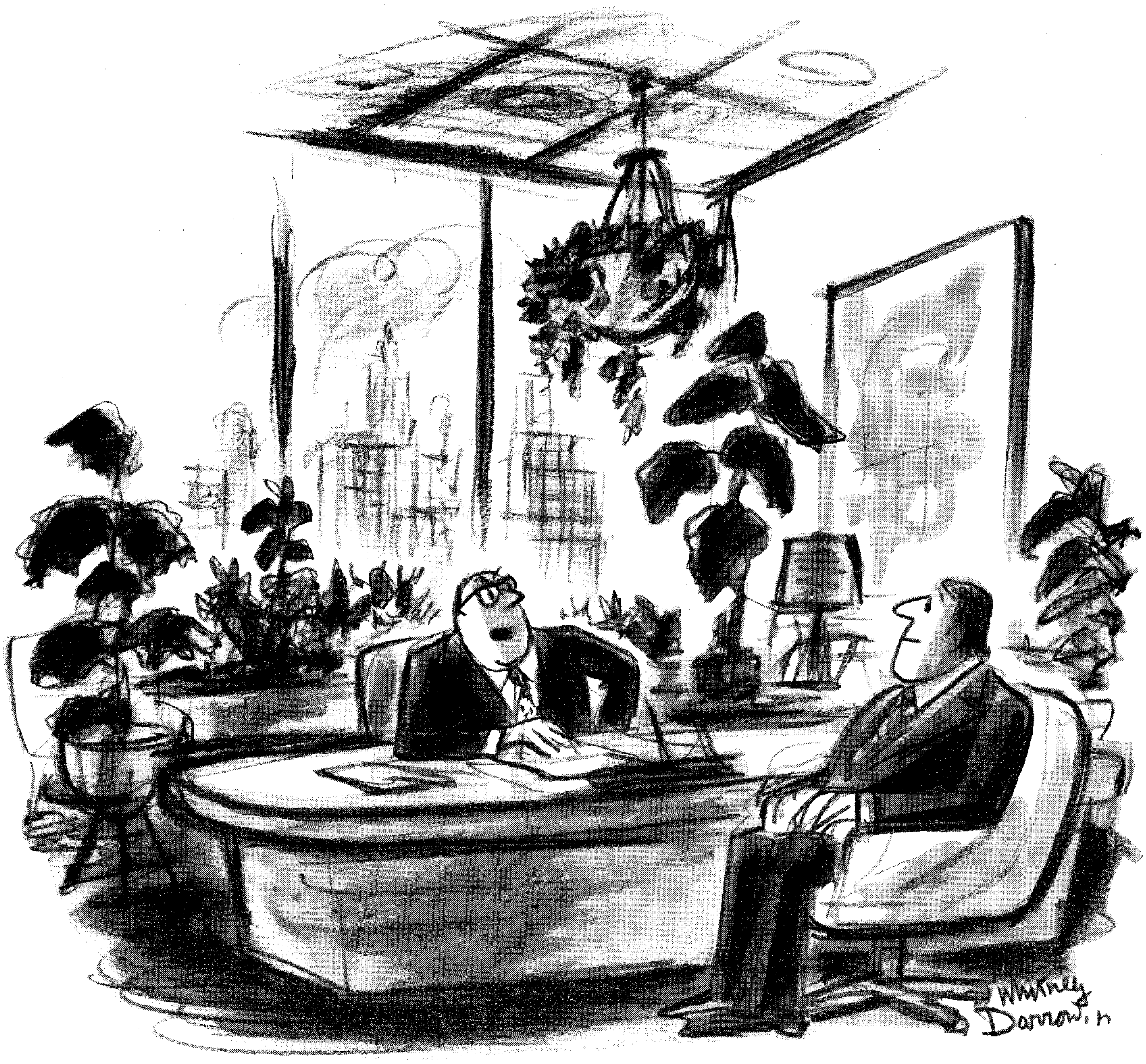


"One more thing—do you know anything about house plants?"

• •

feel a magic power, Marianne. And I need you. And I'm happy. Everything inside me is buzzing with happiness." He smiled at her, and there was surprise in his smile. They went in and switched on all the lights—in the vestibule and bathroom as well as the bedroom.

In the first gray of dawn the woman was awake. She looked toward the window, which was partly open; the curtains were parted, and the winter fog was blowing in. The minute hand purred softly. She said to Bruno, who was sleeping beside her, "I want to go home."

He understood her instantly, in his sleep.

THEY walked slowly down the path leading out of the park. Bruno had his arm around her. After a while he ran ahead and turned a somersault on the hard-frozen sod.

The woman stopped walking and shook her head. Bruno, who had gone on a little way, looked back questioningly. She said, "Nothing, nothing at all," and again shook her head. She stood looking at Bruno, as though looking at him helped her to think. Then he came back to her. Turning away from him, she looked at the frost-covered trees and bushes, which were briefly shaken by the morning breeze.

The woman said, "I've had a strange idea. Well, not really an idea, more like an—illumination. But I don't want to talk about it. Let's go home now, Bruno. Quickly. I have to drive Stefan to school."

Bruno stopped her. "Woe if you don't tell me."

The woman: "Woe to you if I do tell you."

Even as she spoke, she couldn't help laughing at the strange word they had used. The long look they exchanged was mocking at first, then nervous and frightened, and finally resigned.

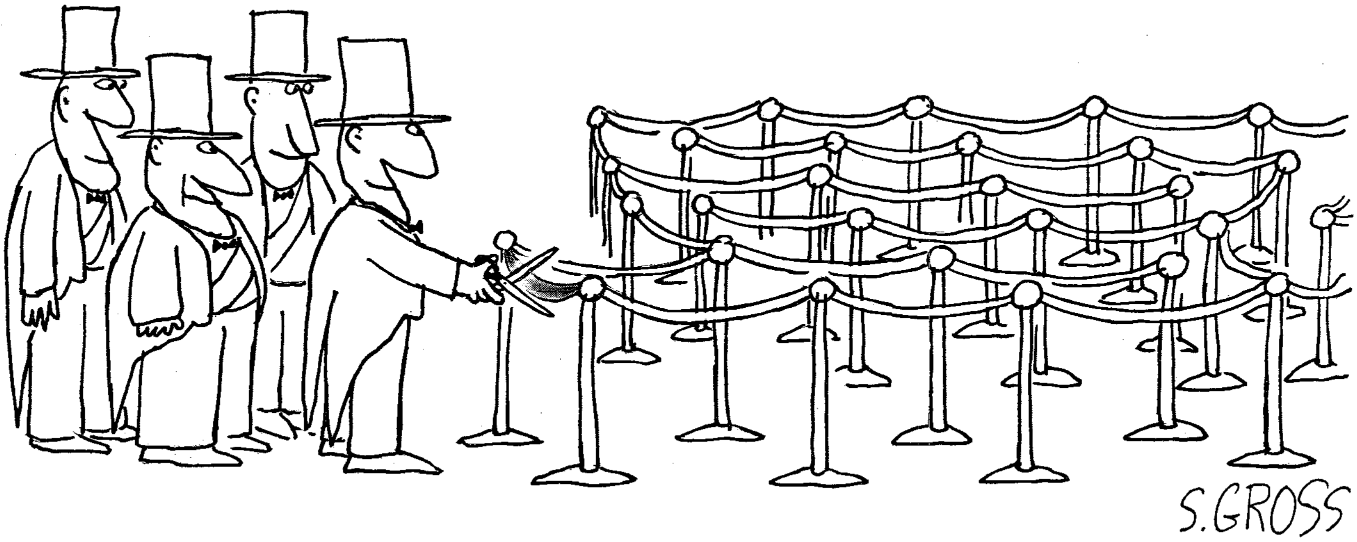
Bruno: "All right. Out with it."

The woman: "I suddenly had an illumination"—another word she had to laugh at—"that you were going away, that you were leaving me. Yes, that's it. Go away, Bruno. Leave me."

After a while Bruno nodded slowly, raised his arms in a gesture of helplessness, and asked, "For good?"

The woman: "I don't know. All I know is that you'll go away and leave me." They stood silent.

Bruno smiled and said, "Well, right now I'll go back to the hotel and get



myself a cup of hot coffee. And this afternoon I'll come and take my things."

There was no malice in the woman's answer—only thoughtful concern. "I'm sure you can move in with Franziska for the first few days. Her teacher friend has gone away."

Bruno: "I'll think about it over my coffee." He went back to the hotel.

In the long avenue leading out to the colony she took a hop step and suddenly started to run. At home she opened the curtains, switched on the record-player, and started making dance movements even before the music began. The child appeared in his pajamas and asked, "What are you doing?"

The woman: "I think I'm depressed." And then, "Dress yourself, Stefan. It's time for school. I'll be making your toast in the meantime." She went to the hall mirror and said, "Christ . . . Christ . . . Christ."

IT was a bright winter morning; the mist, which was breaking up, shed an occasional slow snowflake. Outside the school the woman met her friend Franziska, who was also Stefan's teacher, a solidly built woman with short blond hair and a voice that made itself heard in the midst of any gathering, even when she wasn't raising it. She was always expressing opinions, less from conviction than for fear that her conversation might otherwise be thought trivial.

The school bell had just begun to ring. Franziska greeted the child with a slap on the back and said to the woman as he vanished in the doorway, "I know all about it. Bruno phoned me right away. Do you know what I said to him? 'At last your Marianne has woken up.' Is that how you feel? Are you really serious?"

The woman: "I can't talk now, Franziska."

The teacher started into the building and called back, "Meet me at the café after school. I'm so excited."

The woman emerged from the dry cleaner's carrying bundles; stood in line at the butcher's; in the parking lot of the town supermarket stowed heavy plastic shopping bags in the back seat of her Volkswagen. Then, with still a bit of time to kill, she walked around the big, hilly park, past frozen ponds with a few ducks sliding about on them. She wanted to sit down somewhere, but the seats of all the benches had been removed for the winter. And so she stood looking at the cloudy sky. Some elderly people stopped near her, and they, too, looked at the sky.

She met Franziska at the café; the child sat beside her reading a comic book. Franziska pointed at the book and said, "That duck is the only comic-book character I tolerate in my class. I even encourage my pupils to read his sad adventures. They learn more about real life from this eternal victim than they could from anyone else in this homeowner's paradise, where all existence boils down to imitating TV." The woman and the child behind the comic book exchanged glances.

Franziska: "And what will you do now that you're on your own?"

The woman: "Sit home biting my nails."

Franziska: "No, seriously. Is there someone else?"

The woman only shook her head.

Franziska: "What will the two of you live on? Have you thought of that?"

The woman: "No. But I'd like to start translating again. At the publishing house where I used to work, they kept me busy with the foreign contracts. But when I left, the boss said I could do books. He's been making me offers ever since."

Franziska: "Novels. Poems! Good God! I bet they'll pay you twenty marks a page. Maybe three marks an hour."

The woman: "I believe it's fifteen marks a page."

Franziska gazed at her. "I do wish you'd come to our group soon. You'll see. When we get together, every single one of us comes to life. And we don't exchange recipes! You have no idea how blissful women can be together."

The woman: "I'll be glad to come sometime."

Franziska: "Have you ever lived alone?"

When the woman shook her head again, Franziska said, "I have. And I despise it. I despise myself when I'm alone. Oh, by the way. Bruno will stay at my place for the present—unless you take him back this afternoon, which wouldn't surprise me. I still can't believe it all. But I'm delighted all the same, Marianne, and in some strange way I'm proud of you."

She drew the woman to her and embraced her. Then she gave the child, behind the comic book, a tap on the knee and asked, "How does moneybags fleece his poor relation this time?" Immersed in his reading, the child didn't react, and for a time no one spoke. Then the woman said, "Stefan always wants to be the rich one—he says he's the better man."

Franziska raised her empty glass to her lips and went through the motions of drinking. She put the glass down and looked back and forth between woman and child. Little by little, her features softened.

AT home, in the hallway of the bungalow, the wall cupboards were open, and the woman was getting ready to pack Bruno's bags. The suitcases were on the floor in front of her, and when she opened one of them she found the child curled up inside; he jumped up and ran away. From a second suitcase popped one of Stefan's friends, a rather fat little boy named Jürgen, who followed him out onto the terrace. There they pressed their faces against the window and stuck out their tongues. On her knees in the hallway, the woman carefully folded Bruno's shirts. Then she dragged the suitcases into the living room, and left them there, all ready to be called for. When the bell rang, she hurried into the kitchen. Bruno walked in, and looked around like an intruder. He saw the suitcases, called his wife, and, pointing at them, said with a grin, "Have you taken my picture off the bedside table?"

They gave each other their hands. He asked what Stefan was doing, and she motioned toward the big window, behind which the two children were silently making faces.

After a while Bruno said, "Isn't it strange what happened to us this morning? And neither of us was drunk. Now I feel rather silly. Don't you?"

The woman: "Yes, I suppose so. Well, no, not really."

Bruno took the suitcases. "It's a good thing the office opens up again tomorrow. . . . You've never lived alone."

The woman: "So you've come from Franziska?" And then she said, "Don't you want to sit down?"

On his way out Bruno shook his head and said, "You take it so lightly. . . . Do you even remember that there was once a closeness between us that may have been based on the fact of our being man and wife but went far beyond it?"

The woman shut the door behind him and stood there. She heard the car driving off; she went to the coatrack beside the door and thrust her head in among the coats.

As the dusk deepened the woman did not turn on the light but sat looking at the television screen. Their set had a special channel for watching the colony playground. The silent black-and-white image revealed her son balancing himself on a tree trunk, while his fat friend kept falling off; except for the two of them the playground was forsaken. The woman's eyes glistened with tears.

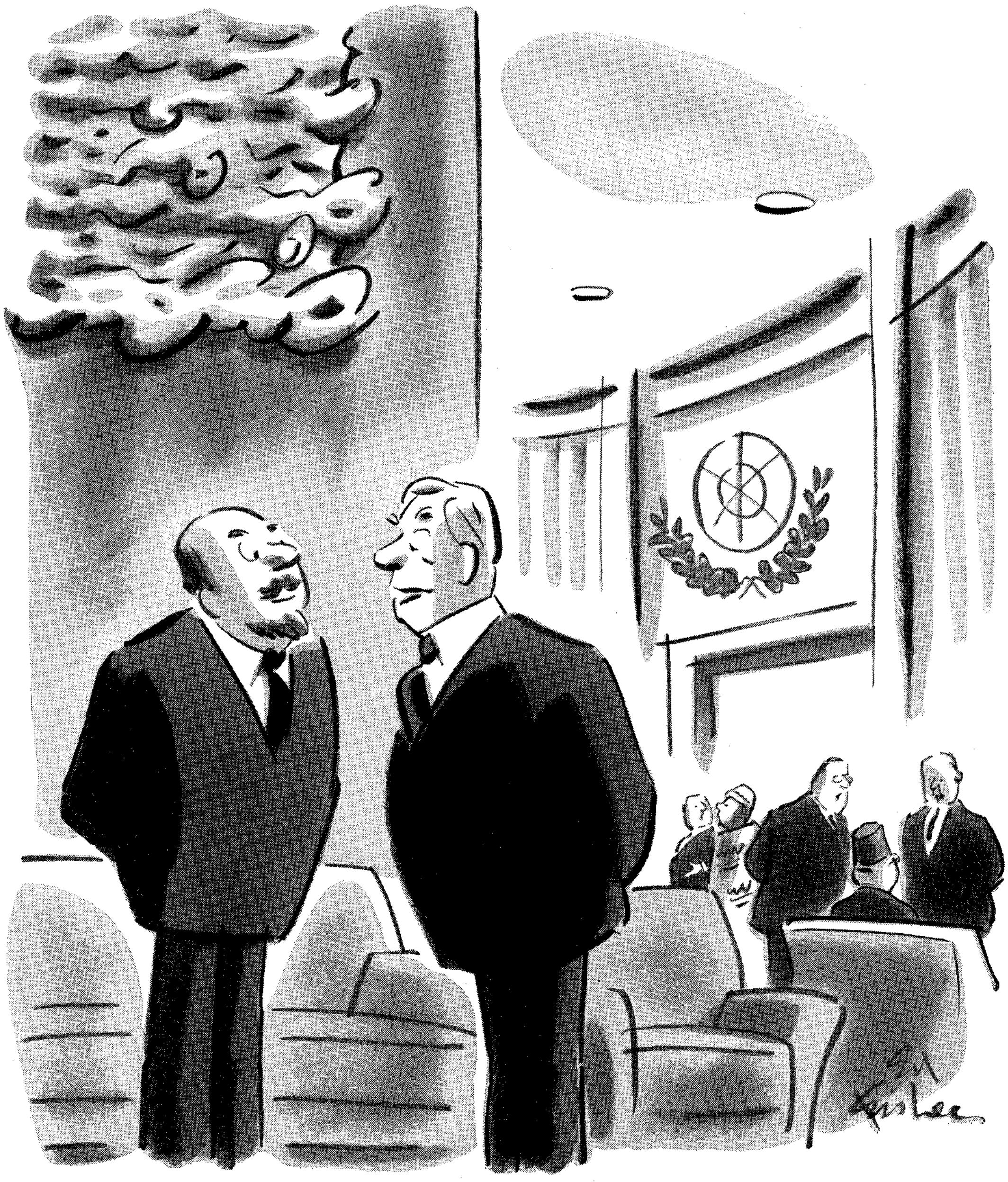
THE woman and the child took their supper alone in the living room. She had already finished and was watching the child, who guzzled and smacked his lips. Otherwise it was very still, except now and then for the buzzing of the refrigerator in the kitchen, which was connected with the living room by a service hatch. There was a telephone at the woman's feet.

She asked Stefan if she should put him to bed. He answered, "I always put myself to bed."

The woman: "Let me come with you at least."

To the child's surprise she helped him into his pajamas. Then she tried to pick him up and put him into bed. He resisted and climbed in by himself, whereupon she pulled up the blankets and tucked him in. He was holding a book, and pointed out a picture in it, showing high mountains in a bright light; jackdaws were flying about in the foreground. He read the legend under the picture aloud: " 'Mountain scene in the late fall: Even at this time of year the summits beckon if the weather coöperates.' " He asked her what it meant and she translated; it meant you could still go mountain-climbing in the late fall if the weather was good. She bent over him and he said, "You smell of onions."

Alone in the kitchen, the woman approached the garbage pail. She was holding the child's plate, which still had some food on it and she had her foot



"As to an informal conference in the Delegates' Lounge, I think we've succeeded in pushing both sides closer than ever. The differences are narrowed down solely to the question of who pays for the drinks."

on the pedal of the pail, so that the lid was already raised. Still bent over, she forked a few morsels into her mouth, chewed them, and tossed what was left into the pail. Then for a time she remained motionless in the same posture.

That night, lying on her back in bed, she opened her eyes wide. There was no sound to be heard but her breath against the bedclothes and a suspicion of her pounding heart. She went to the window and opened it, but the silence only gave way to a soft murmur. She carried her blanket into the child's room and lay down on the floor beside his bed.

ONE morning some days later the woman sat typing in the living room. In an undertone she read what she had written: " 'I am finally in a position to consider your repeated offers of translation from the French. Please let me know of your conditions. At the moment I should prefer nonfiction. I have a pleasant memory of my days in your office' "—to herself, she added "in spite of the sprained wrists I was always getting from typing all day"—" 'and look forward to hearing from you.' "

She threw the letter in the mailbox beside the phone booth at the edge of the colony. When she turned away, Bruno was coming toward her. He seized her roughly by the arm, then looked around to see if anyone was watching. Up the road an elderly couple equipped for hiking—knickers, knapsacks, and walking sticks—had turned around. Bruno pushed the woman into the phone booth. Then suddenly he apologized.

He gave her a long look. "Do we have to go on with this game, Marianne? I, for one, am sick of it."

The woman replied, "Now, don't start talking about the child."

He struck out, but the phone booth was too cramped, and he didn't really hit her. He raised his hands as though to bury his face in them, but let them drop. He said, "Franziska thinks you don't know what you're doing. She says you have no inkling of the historical conditions that determine your conduct." He laughed. "Do you know what she says you are? A private mystic. She's right. You *are* a mystic. Damn it, you're sick. I told Franziska a bit of electroshock would straighten you out."

After a long silence the woman said, "Of course you can come and see us whenever you like—on weekends, for instance—and take Stefan to the zoo. Or the Historical Museum."

Another silence. Suddenly Bruno produced a photograph of her, held it up, and then set fire to it with his lighter. She tried not to smile and looked at something else; then she smiled after all.

Bruno left the phone booth and threw the burning photograph away; she followed him. He looked around and said calmly, "What about me? Do you think I don't exist? Do you suppose there's no one in the world but you? I exist, too, Marianne. I exist!"

At that moment the woman pulled Bruno, who had started to wander off into the roadway, out of the path of a car.

Bruno asked, "Do you need money?" and took out some banknotes.

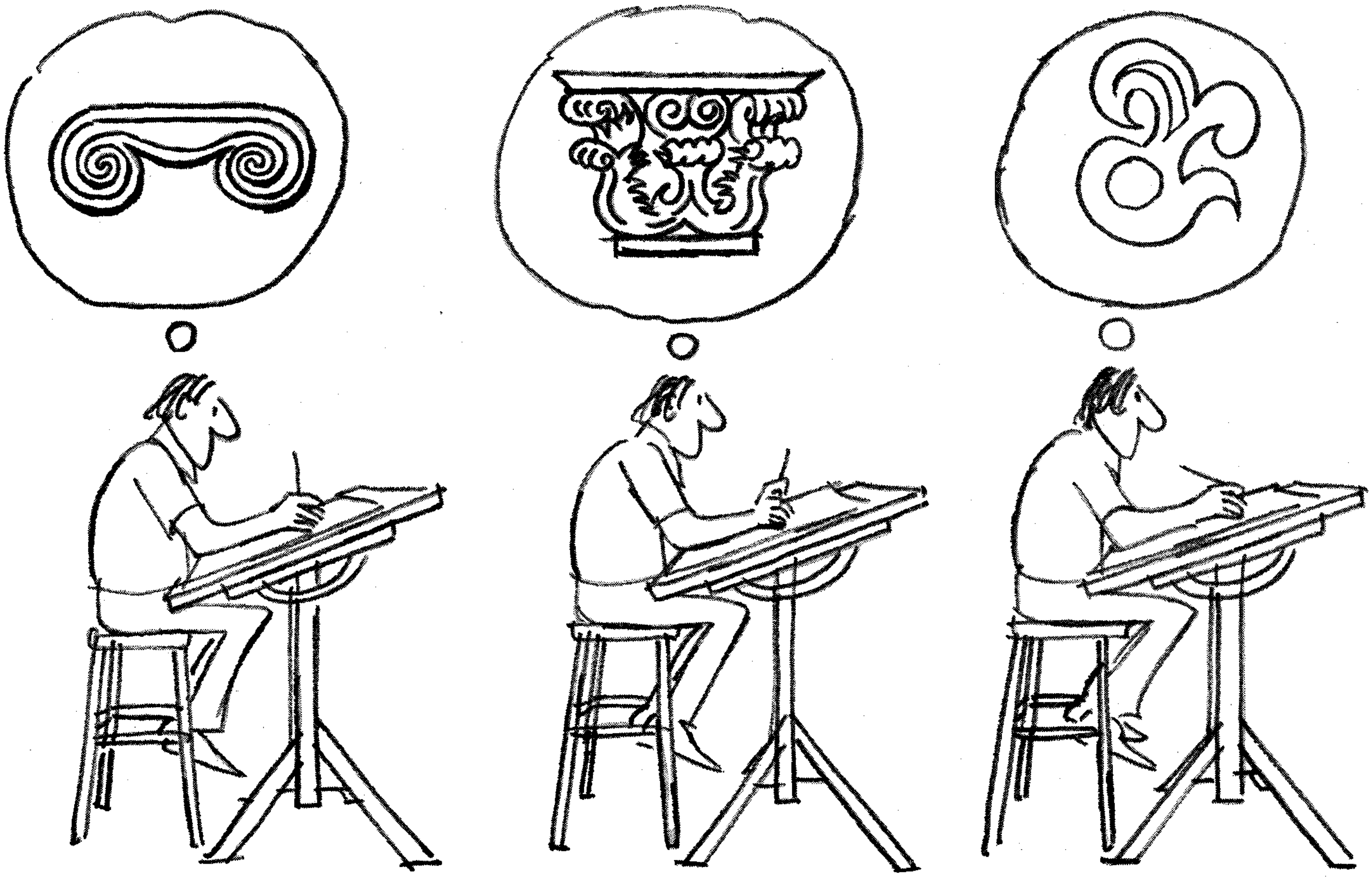
The woman: "We have a joint account, you know. Or have you closed it?"

"Of course not. But take this anyway, even if you don't need it. Please." He held out the money, and in the end she took it, after which they both seemed relieved. In leaving, he sent Stefan his love. She nodded and said she would visit him soon in his office.

When he had walked quite a way, Bruno called back over his shoulder, "Don't be alone too much. It could be the death of you."

At home the woman stood at the hall mirror and looked into her eyes—not to see anything special but as a way of calmly thinking about herself.

She spoke out loud. "I don't care what you people think. The more you have to say about me, the freer I will



be of you. Sometimes I have the impression that the moment we discover something new about a person it stops being true. From now on if anyone tells me what I'm like, even if it's to flatter or encourage me, I'll take it as an insult and refuse to listen." She stretched out her arms. There was a hole in her sweater, under one armpit; she stuck her finger into it.

ALL of a sudden she started moving the furniture. The child helped her. When they had finished, they stood in different corners of the living room, surveying the new arrangement. Outside, it was raining—a furious winter rain that bounced off the hard ground like hail. The child pushed the carpet sweeper in all directions; bareheaded on the terrace, the woman cleaned the big window with old newspapers. She squirted spot-remover foam on the carpet. She threw papers and books into a plastic garbage bag standing beside other bags that had already been tied up. She took a rag and polished the mailbox outside the door; she placed a ladder under the living-room light, climbed up, unscrewed a bulb, and put in a much stronger one.

That evening the room was resplendent. The walnut table, now covered with a white tablecloth, was set for two; in the center a thick yellow beeswax candle was burning, and the wax was sizzling audibly. The child folded the napkins and placed them on the plates. To the sound of soft dinner music ("dinner music in the housing unit," as Bruno had put it), they sat down facing each other. As they unfolded their napkins in unison, the woman gasped, and the child asked if she was depressed again. She shook her head for a long time, in negation but also in surprise; then she took the lid off the serving dish.

During the meal the child told her the latest news: "Listen to what happened at school. Our class took off their coats and boots and put on their slippers and school smocks in four minutes flat. The principal timed us with a real stopwatch. It took us ten minutes at the beginning of the term. The principal said we could easy get it down to three minutes by the end of the year. We'd have done it today if that fat Jürgen hadn't got all tangled up in his coat buttons. And then he cried all morning. In recess he went and hid in the cloakroom and peed in his pants. You know how we'll make it in three minutes? We'll start running at the top of the stairs and take everything off before we get there."

The woman said, "So that's why you always want to wear your light coat in spite of the cold—because it's easier to unbutton!" She laughed.

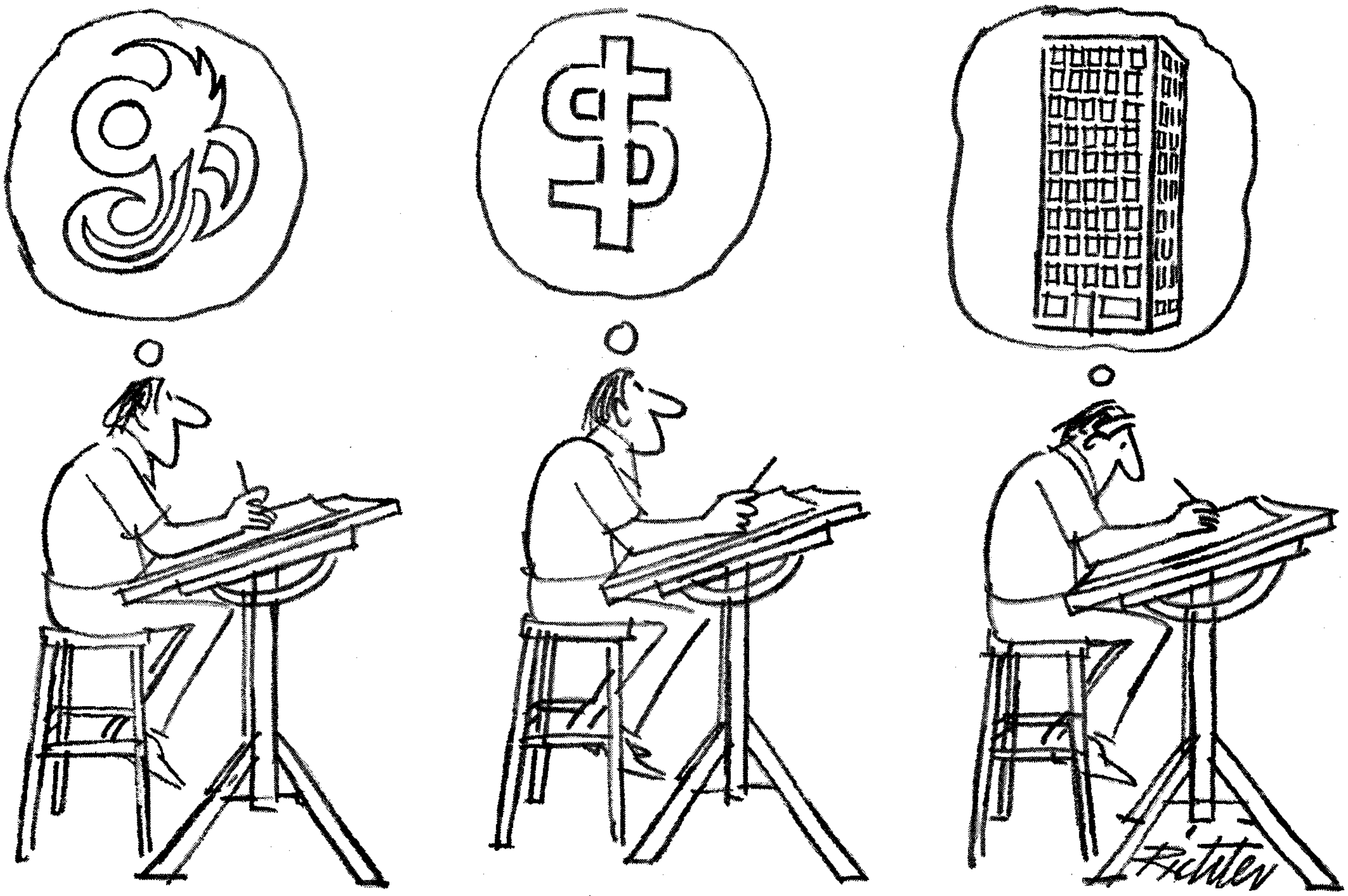
The child: "Don't laugh like that. You laugh like fat Jürgen. He always knocks himself out trying to laugh. You're never really pleased. You were only pleased with me once—that time when we were bathing and all of a sudden I came swimming up to you without my life preserver. You picked me up and you were so happy you were screaming."

The woman: "I don't remember."

The child: "But I remember." And he shouted malignantly, "I remember! I remember!"

That night the woman sat by the window with the curtains drawn, reading; a thick dictionary lay beside her. She put her book aside and opened the curtains. A car was just turning into one of the garages, and on the sidewalk an elderly lady was walking her dog. As though nothing escaped her, she looked up at the window and waved.

THE woman pushed her cart down one of the narrow aisles of the town supermarket; if someone came along in the opposite direction, she had to turn into a side passage. Empty carts jangled as a clerk collected them; a handbell was rung at the bottle-return window; the P.A. system poured out music, punctuated by announcements of the bargains of the day, week, and month. For a time the woman stood motionless, looking around her more



and more calmly; her eyes began to shine.

In a quieter aisle she ran into Franziska, who was pulling her cart behind her.

Franziska: "At the bread counter just now I saw them wrapping a loaf of bread for a local woman; a Yugoslav came next and they just handed his to him unwrapped. . . . I usually go to the corner grocer, even if his salad is half withered or frozen. But I can't afford such philanthropy every day."

Both were jostled, and the woman said, "Sometimes I feel good in this place."

Franziska pointed to a peephole in a polystyrene partition, behind which a man in a white smock sat watching the customers. She had to shout to make herself heard above the noise. "I suppose that living corpse gives you a sense of security?"

The woman: "He's right for the supermarket. And the supermarket is right for me. Today, at least."

As they waited in line at the checkout counter, Franziska stroked the woman's elbow and said with an air of embarrassment, "I bet we've picked the wrong line. We'll still be waiting when all those people on the right and left are on their way home. It happens to me every time."

Outside the supermarket a number of dogs were tied up and shivering with cold. Franziska took the woman's arm. "Please come to our group meeting tomorrow night. They'll all be so glad to have you. Right now they have a feeling that human thought is in pretty good shape but that life is elsewhere. We need someone who's making a bit of a break with the normal way of life—in other words, who's slightly nuts. You know what I mean."

The woman: "Stefan doesn't like to be alone in the evening these days."

Franziska: "You can find the reasons for that in any psychology textbook. Bruno can't stand being alone for very long, either. He says he keeps falling back into his nasty childhood habits. By the way, did you watch that documentary about lonely people last night?"

The woman: "I only remember the bit where the interviewer says to one of them, 'Won't you tell me a story about your loneliness?' And the man didn't open his mouth; he just sat there."

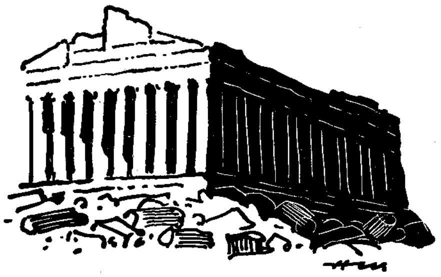
After a pause Franziska said, "All the same, try and come tomorrow. We don't screech like women at restaurant tables."

As the woman started for the parking lot, Franziska called after her, "Don't take to solitary drinking, Marianne."

The woman moved on with her plastic shopping bags. One of the handles tore, and she had to hold her hand underneath the bottom.

In the evening the woman and the child sat watching TV. The child finally jumped up and switched off the set. Confused and surprised, the woman said, "Oh, thank you," and rubbed her eyes.

The doorbell rang; the child ran and answered it. Feeling a little dizzy, the woman stood up. Through the open door bustled the publisher she had worked for, a heavyset but rather fidgety man of fifty, who when talking to someone had a way of coming closer and closer and assuming a slightly foreign accent. He had flowers in one hand and a bottle of champagne in the other.



He said, "I knew you were alone, Marianne. When a publisher gets a letter, he has to know how to read between the lines." He handed her his offerings. "Ten years! Do you still recognize me? I, at least, remember every detail of the farewell party we gave you at the office, Marianne. I especially remember a certain smell of lilies of the valley behind a certain ear."

The child stood listening. The woman asked, "And what do you smell today?" The publisher took a deep breath.

The woman: "It's Brussels sprouts. Days later all the closets are still full of it. But it's one vegetable that children like. I'll get two glasses for the bubbly."

The publisher cried out, "Don't say 'bubbly.' Say 'champagne'!" And

THE QUESTION

You ask me what is there
Beyond the waving of branches
And the whirling of leaves in the wind

And below on the ground
That is littered with rust-brown wrinkled leaves
And still farther down where the roots branch underground

With immense patience.
Before this chaos
Which is nature
You stand, not wholly helpless

But bewildered, twisting between two fingers
The philosopher's stone,
Hoping for illumination.

"To do the plausible thing
Is important." But how does the maxim reflect
On this glittering silence

Or the earthworms at work
Round a granite boulder
Or the jay flashing its wings

And dividing, lone swimmer,
The waves of indifferent air?
You have heard me say, on occasion,

Words fail me.
They do now. Let them. The wind
Gives utterance in a whistle,

Then signifies with a blow
Sharper than usual
That the game is over.

—Francis Golffing

• •

27th Annual
HUNTERS' BREAKFAST
WOODMAN

• •

quickly, in a different tone, "How do you say 'Brussels sprouts' in French?"

The woman said, "*Choux de Bruxelles.*"

The publisher clapped his hands. "You pass. You see, I've brought you the autobiography of a young Frenchwoman. Naturally, it's full of such words. You can start translating tomorrow."

The woman: "Why not tonight?"

The publisher: "The lilies of the field didn't work at night."

The woman: "Why bring them in?"

"I suppose I was thinking of those lilies of the valley."

The woman only smiled. "Will you pull the cork?" She went to the kitchen with the flowers. The publisher tugged at the champagne cork. The child watched.

They sat in the living room drinking. The child had a few sips, too. After a festive clinking of glasses, the woman caressed the child and the publisher said, "I had to come out here anyway. One of my authors lives in the neighborhood. I'm worried about him. A difficult case. He's stopped writing. For good, I'm afraid. The publishing house is helping him out, of course. We've been irresponsibly generous. This evening I was urging him to write his autobiography at least—autobiographies are in great demand. But he only shook his head. He won't talk to anyone anymore; he only makes noises. He has a ghastly old age ahead of him, Marianne. No work, no friends."

The woman replied with a strange violence, "You don't know anything about him. Maybe he's happy some of the time."

The publisher turned to the child. "Now you're going to see some magic. I'm going to make that cork disappear from the table." The child looked at the table. The publisher pointed one hand up in the air and said, "There it goes." But the child kept his eyes glued to the cork, and the publisher dropped his arm. He said quickly to the woman, "Why do you defend the man?"

As though in answer, the woman tickled the child, kissed him on the head, picked him up, put him on her lap, hugged him.

The publisher: "Don't you like my company? I have the impression that you keep so busy with the child only so you won't have to pay any attention to me. What's the sense of this mother-and-child game? What have you to fear from me?"

The woman pushed the child away and said, "Maybe you're right." And to the child, "Go to bed."

The child didn't move, so she picked him up and carried him off.

She came back alone and said, "Stefan doesn't want to sleep. The champagne makes him think of New Year's Eve, when he can always stay up until past midnight." The publisher drew the woman down beside him on the broad armchair; with an air of forbearance she let him.

The publisher said slowly, "Which is your glass?"

She showed him and he picked it up. "I want to drink out of your glass, Marianne."

Then he smelled her hair. "I like

your hair because it only smells of hair. It's more a feeling than a smell. And another thing I like is the way you walk. It's not a special kind of walk, as with most women. You just walk, and that's lovely."

The woman smiled to herself. Then she turned to him as though a sudden desire to talk had come over her. "One day a lady was here. She played with Stefan. All of a sudden he sniffed at her hair and said, 'You smell.' The woman was horrified. 'Of cooking?' she cried. 'No, of perfume,' he said, and that relieved her completely."

After a while the publisher looked at her as if he didn't know what to do next. The child called her, but she did not respond. She looked back toward his room as though curious. The publisher kept his eyes on her but lowered his head. "You have a run in your stocking." She waved her hand, meaning she didn't care, and when the child called her again she stood up but didn't leave the room.

She sat down in her old place, across from the publisher, and said, "What I can't bear in this house is the way I have to turn corners to go from one room to another: always at right angles and always to the left. I don't know why it puts me in such a bad humor. It really torments me."

The publisher said, "Write about it, Marianne. One of these days you won't be with us anymore if you don't."

The child called a third time and she went to him instantly.

Left alone, the publisher looked tired. His head sagged slightly to one side. He straightened up; then he smiled, apparently at himself, and let his body go limp again.

The woman came back and stood in front of him. He looked up at her. She laid her hand on his forehead. Then she sat down across from him again. He took her hand, which was resting on the table, and kissed it. For a long time they said nothing.

She said, "Should I play some music for you?" He shook his head without a moment's reflection, as though he had expected the question. They were silent.

The publisher: "Doesn't your telephone ever ring?"

The woman: "Very seldom in the last few days. Not much in the winter, anyway. Maybe in the spring?" After a long silence she said, "I think Stefan is asleep now." And then, "If you weren't my boss now, in a manner of speaking, I might let you see how tired I am."

The publisher: "And besides, the bottle is empty."

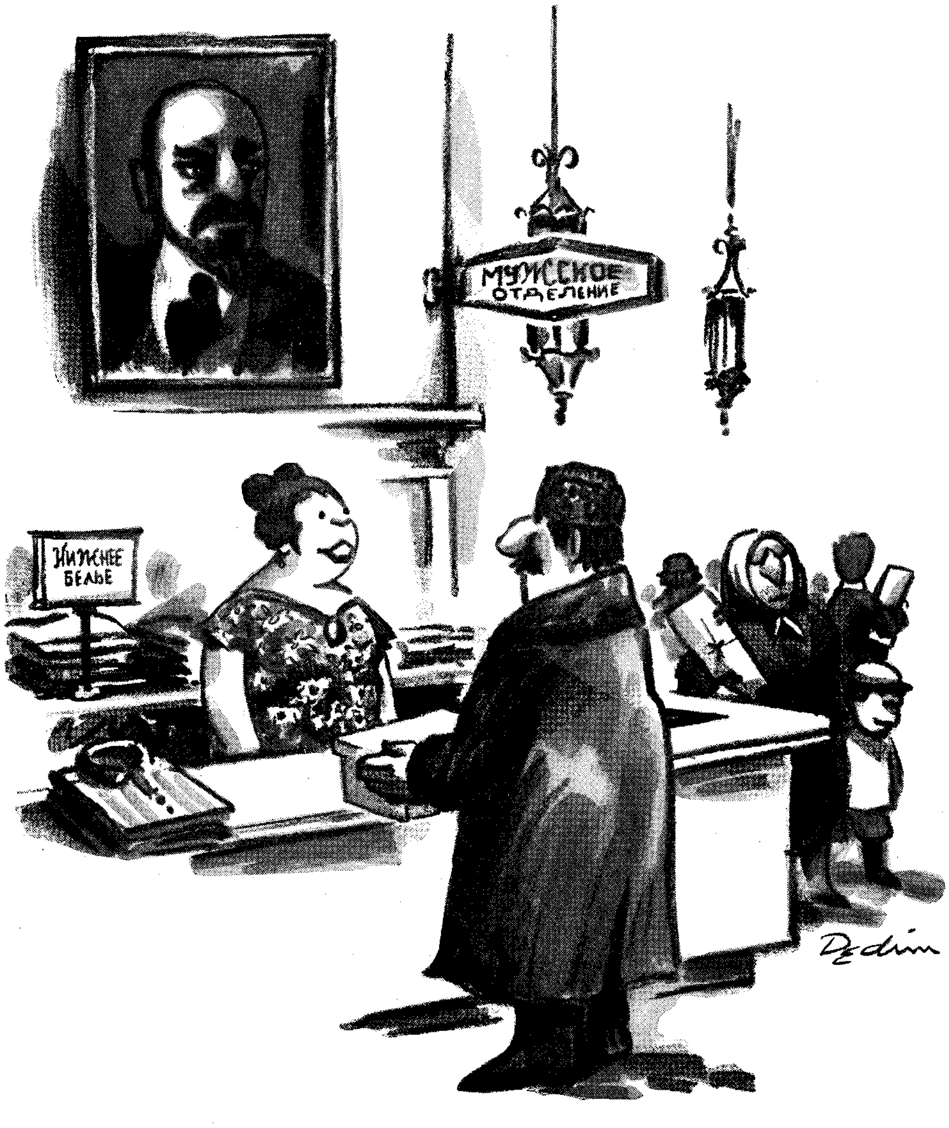
He got up and she saw him to the door. He took his coat, stood with bowed head, then straightened up. Brusquely she took his coat out of his hands and said, "Let's have another glass. I just had a feeling that every minute I spend alone I lose something that can never be retrieved. Like death. Forgive the word. It was a painful feeling. Please don't misunderstand me. There's still a bottle of red Burgundy in the kitchen. It's a heavy wine, it puts you to sleep."

They stood by the living-room window, drinking the red wine. The curtains were open, and they looked out into the garden; snow was falling.

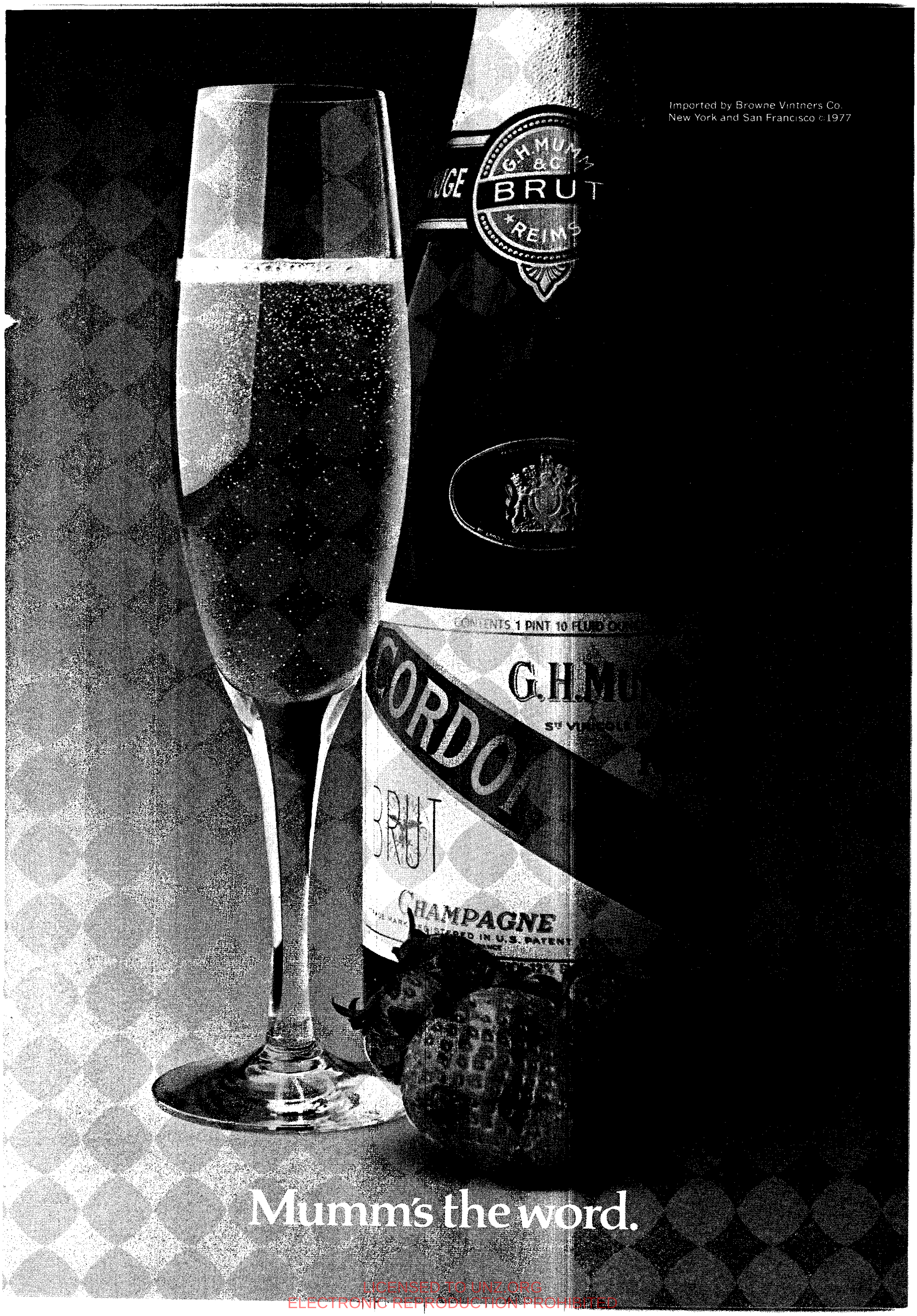
The publisher said, "Not long ago I broke with a girl I loved. The way it happened was so strange that I'd like to tell you about it. We were riding in a taxi at night. I had my arm around her, and we were both looking out the same side. Everything was fine. Oh yes, you have to know that she was very young—no more than twenty—and I was very fond of her. For the barest moment, just in passing, I saw a man on the sidewalk. I couldn't make out his features, the street was too dark. I only saw that he was rather young. And suddenly it flashed through my mind that the sight of that man outside would force the girl beside me to realize what an old wreck was holding her close, and that she must be filled with revulsion. The thought came as such a shock that I took my arm away. I saw her home, but at the door of her house I told her I never wanted to see her again. I bellowed at her. I said I was sick of her, it was all over between us, she should get out of my sight. And I walked off. I'm certain she still doesn't know why I left her. That young man on the sidewalk probably didn't mean a thing to her. I doubt if she even noticed him . . ."

He drained his glass. They stood silently, looking out of the window. The woman with the dog appeared, looked up, and waved; she was carrying an open umbrella.

The publisher said, "It's been a



"I'm sorry, Comrade, but I don't make the rules."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Diana Niles and Joan Harting recall
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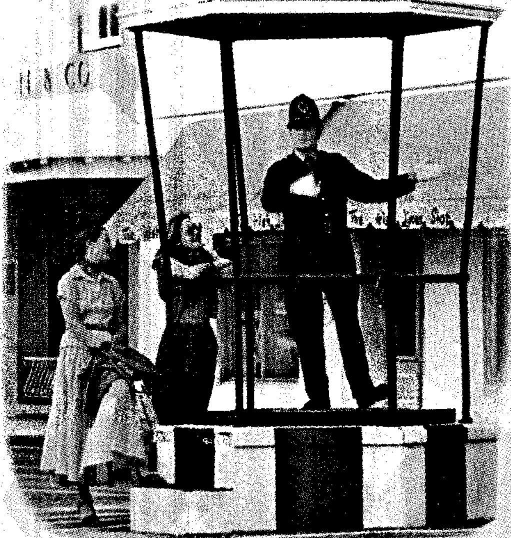

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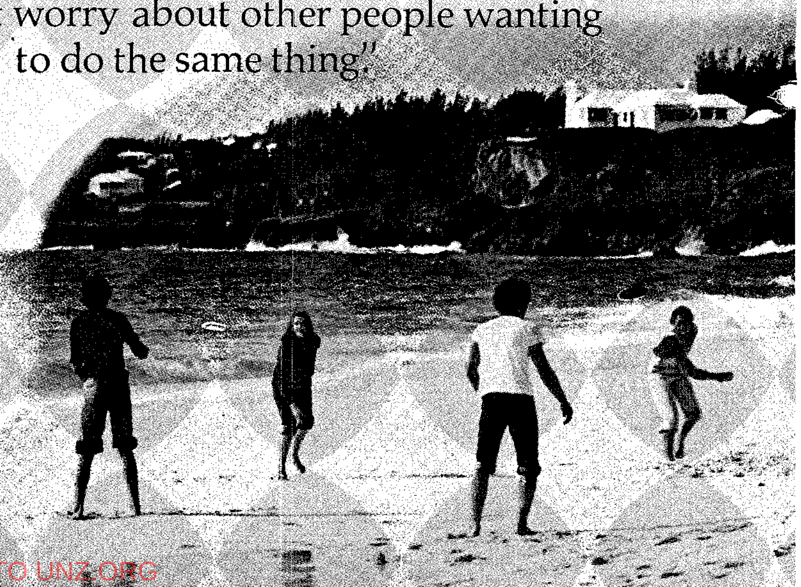

beautiful evening, Marianne. No, not beautiful—different."

They went to the door.

The publisher: "I shall take the liberty of making your phone ring now and then, even in the dead of winter."

He put on his coat. In the doorway she asked him if he had come in his car; the snow was swirling into the house.

The publisher: "Yes. With a chauffeur. He's waiting in the car."

The woman: "You let him wait all this time?"

The publisher: "He's used to it."

The car was outside the door, the chauffeur sitting in half-darkness.

The woman: "You've forgotten to give me the book I'm to translate."

The publisher: "I left it in the car."

He motioned to the chauffeur, who brought in the book.

The publisher handed it to the woman, who asked, "Were you putting me to the test?"

The publisher, after a pause: "You're entering on a period of long loneliness, Marianne."

The woman: "Everybody has been threatening me lately." And to the chauffeur, who was standing beside them, "What about you? Are you threatening me, too?" The chauffeur smiled uncomfortably.

That night she stood alone in the hall with the book. The snow crackled on the skylights in the flat roof overhead. She began to read: "*Au pays de l'idéal: J'attends d'un homme qu'il m'aime pour ce que je suis et pour ce que je deviendrai.*" She attempted a translation: "In the land of the ideal: I expect a man to love me for what I am and for what I shall become." She shrugged.

IN broad daylight she sat at the table with her typewriter in front of her, and put on her glasses. She divided the book she was to translate into daily quotas of pages, and after each quota she wrote the corresponding date in pencil; by the end of the book she had arrived at a date in mid-spring. Haltingly, stopping to leaf through the dictionary, to clean a letter on the typewriter with a needle, to wipe the keys with a cloth, she wrote the following sentence: "Up until now all men have weakened me. My husband says: 'Michèle is strong.' The truth is that he wants me to be strong in connection with things that don't interest him: the children, the household, taxes. But when it comes to the work I hope to do, he destroys me. He says: 'My wife is a dreamer.' If wanting to be what I am is dreaming, then I want to be a dreamer."

The woman looked out at the terrace. School satchel in hand, stamping the snow off his boots, the child appeared. He came in by the terrace door and laughed. The woman asked why he was laughing.

The child: "I never saw you in glasses before."

The woman took her glasses off and put them on again. "You're back so early."

The child: "They dropped two classes again."

While the woman went on typing, the child came closer and sat down; he was very quiet. The woman stopped working and looked into space. "You're hungry, aren't you?" she said. The child shook his head.

The woman: "Do you mind my doing this?"

The child smiled to himself.

Later she worked in the bedroom, at a table by the window. The child appeared in the doorway with his fat friend. "It's so cold out," he said. "And we can't go to Jürgen's house, because they're cleaning."

The woman: "But they were cleaning yesterday." The child shrugged, and she turned back to her work.

The children stayed in the doorway. Though they didn't move, the woman was conscious of their presence and turned around.

Later, while she was writing, the sound of a record came from the next room: the screeching voices of actors imitating children and goblins. She stood up and went down the hallway to the room. The record was turning on a small record-player; there was no one to be seen. She turned it off, and in that same moment the children rushed screaming from behind the curtains, apparently to frighten her; since they had also exchanged clothes, they succeeded.

She said to them, "Look. What I'm doing is work, even if it doesn't look that way to you. A little peace and quiet means a lot to me. When I'm working, I can't think of other things; it's not like when I'm cooking, for instance."

The children gazed at the air and began, first one, then the other, to grin.

The woman: "Won't you try to understand?"

The child: "Are you cooking something for us now?"

The woman bowed her head. Then the child said malignantly, "I'm sad, too. You're not the only one."

She sat at the typewriter, in the bedroom; she didn't type. It was quiet in the house. The children came in

UNKNOWN
CITIZEN
Modell

"I suppose the question is: Is this really happening to me or do I just think *this is happening to me?"*

• •

from the hallway, whispering and giggling. Suddenly the woman pushed the typewriter aside, and it fell to the floor.

AT a nearby shopping mart she loaded enormous packages into a pushcart and pushed it from section to section of the enormous store until it was full. At the checkout counter she stood in a long line; the carts of those ahead of her were just as full as hers. In the parking lot she pushed the heavy cart, whose wheels kept turning to one side, to her car. She loaded the car, even the back seat; she couldn't see out of the rear window. At home she stored her purchases in the cellar, because all the closets and the deep freezer were already full.

AT night she sat at the table in the living room. She put a sheet of paper into the typewriter and sat still, looking at it. After a while she folded her arms over the typewriter and laid her head on her arms.

Later in the night she was still there in the same position, now asleep.

She awoke, switched off the lamp, and left the room. Her face showed the pattern of her sweater sleeve. Only the street lights were still on in the colony.

THEY visited Bruno in his office in town. From the window one could see the city skyline. Bruno sat with her on a sofa, while the child read at a table in the corner.

He looked at the child. "Franziska thinks Stefan has been strikingly withdrawn lately. She also says that he doesn't wash anymore. In her opinion those are indications . . ."

The woman: "And what else does Franziska think?"

Bruno laughed; the woman smiled. When he held out his hand to her, she started back. He only said, "Marianne."

The woman: "I'm sorry."

Bruno: "I was only trying to get a look at your coat; there's a button missing."

They fell into a hopeless silence.

Bruno said to the child, "Stefan, I'm going to show you how I intimidate people who come to my office." He took the woman by the arm and, using her as a foil, acted out the following scene, with now and then a look of connivance at the child: "First I make my victim sit in a corner, where he feels helpless. When I speak, I thrust my face right into his. If my caller is an elderly person"—his voice fell to a whisper—"I speak very softly to make him think his hearing has suddenly failed him. But the main thing is the intimidating face." He sat down facing the woman and began to stare; supporting his elbow on the table and holding up his forearm, he closed his fingers to make a fist, but not entirely: his thumb still protruded, as though prepared to thrust and gouge. The woman and the child looked at him. He said, "This is my power stare, with the help of which I hope to become a member of the board soon."

He waved his hand to show that the act was over and said to the child, "Next Sunday we'll go to the greenhouse at the Botanical Gardens and see the carnivorous plants. Or to the Planetarium. They project the Southern Cross on a dome that looks like the night sky—it's as if you were really in the South Seas."

He took them to the door. He whispered something in the woman's ear; she looked at him and shook her head. After a pause Bruno said, "Nothing is settled, Marianne," and let her out.

Alone, he hammered his face with his fist.

THE woman and the child left the office building. Stepping out into the quiet street, they shut their eyes, dazzled by the glare of the winter afternoon. They turned onto a busy street with bank buildings on both sides, one reflected in the windows of another, and walked toward the center of town. At a stoplight the child assumed the attitudes of the little men on the signals, first in stopping, then in crossing. In the pedestrian zone he kept stopping at shopwindows; the woman went ahead, then stopped to wait. In the end she always came back to pull the child along. Every few steps there was a poster advertising the evening edition of a mass-circulation newspaper, always with the same headlines. As the sky began to darken, they crossed a bridge over a river. The traffic was heavy. The child was talking. The woman gestured that she couldn't hear him, and the child shrugged. They walked along the river in the dusk, the child moving in a different rhythm from hers, first stopping, then running, so that she was always having to wait or run after him. For a while she walked beside the child, exaggerating the briskness of her stride as an example, prodding him with silent gestures. When he stopped to stare at a bush

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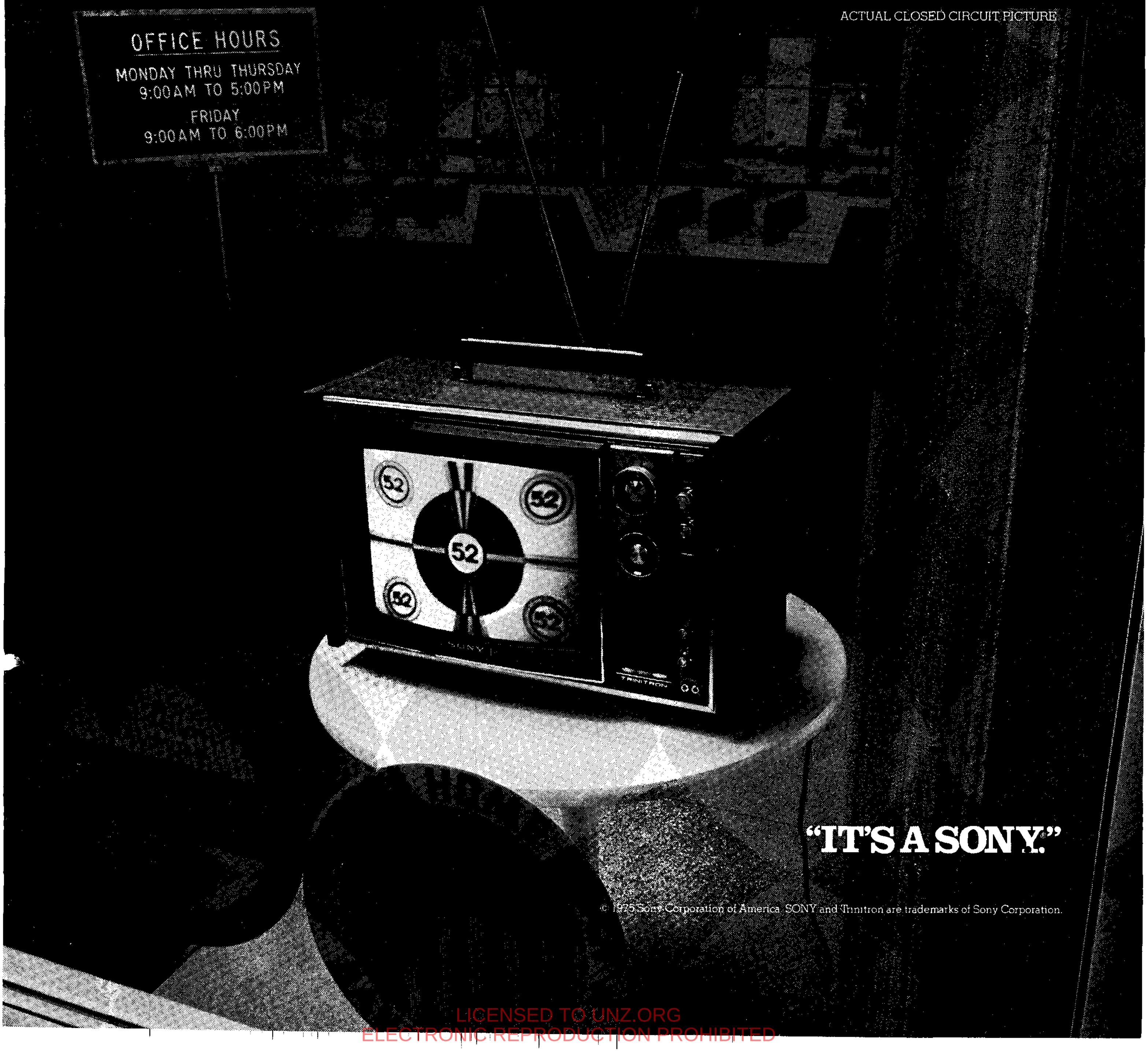

ACTUAL CLOSED CIRCUIT PICTURE

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some distance away, hardly visible in the twilight, she stamped her foot and the heel of her shoe broke off. Two young men passed close to her and belched in her face. The woman and the child stopped at a public toilet by the river. She had to take the child into the men's side, because he was afraid to go in alone. They locked themselves into a stall; the woman closed her eyes and leaned her back against the door. Above the partition separating their stall from the next a man's head appeared; he had jumped up from the floor. A second later it appeared again. Then the man's grinning face appeared below the partition, at her feet. She took the child and fled, stumbling on her broken shoe. They passed a ground-floor apartment where the television was on. An enormous bird flew across the foreground of the screen.

It was almost night. The woman and the child were in the center of the city, at a snack bar between two big office buildings, and the child was eating a pretzel. The roar of the traffic was so loud that a long-lasting catastrophe seemed to be in progress. A man came into the snack bar; he was bent almost double and had his hand on his heart. He asked for a glass of water and gulped it down with a pill. Then he sat down, stooped and wretched. The evening church bells rang, a fire truck passed, followed by a number of ambulances with blue lights and sirens. The light flashed over the woman's face; her forehead was beaded with perspiration, her lips cracked and parched.

LATE in the evening she stood by the long windowless side wall of the living room, in the half-shadow of the desk lamp: deep quiet; dogs barking in the distance. Then the phone. She let it ring a few times, then answered in a soft voice. The publisher said in French that her voice sounded strange.

The woman: "Maybe it's because I've been working. That seems to affect my voice."

The publisher: "Are you alone?"

The woman: "The child is with me, as usual. He's asleep."

The publisher: "I'm alone, too. It's a clear night. I can see the hills where you live."

The woman: "I'd love to see you in the daytime."

The publisher: "Are you working hard, Marianne? Or do you just sit around, out there in your wilderness?"

The woman: "I was in town with Stefan today. He doesn't understand me. He thinks the big buildings, the gas stations, the subway stations, and all that are wonderful."

The publisher: "Maybe there really is a new beauty that we just haven't learned to see. I love the city myself. From the roof of our office building I can see as far as the airport; I can see planes landing and taking off in the distance, without hearing them. There's a delicate beauty about it that moves me deeply." And after a pause, "And what are you going to do now?"

The woman: "Put on my nicest dress."

The publisher: "You mean we can get together?"

The woman: "I'm going to dress to go on working. All of a sudden I feel like it."

The publisher: "Do you take pills?"

The woman: "Now and then—to keep awake."

The publisher: "I'd better not say anything, because I know you take every warning as a threat. Just try not to get that sad, resigned look that so many of my translators have."

She let him hang up first; then she took a long silk dress from the closet. At the mirror she tried on a string of pearls but took them right off again. She stood silent, looking at herself from one side.

THE gray of dawn lay over the colony; the street lamps had just gone out. The woman sat motionless at the desk.

She got up and, closing her eyes, zigzagged about the room; then she paced back and forth, turning on her heel every time she came to a wall. Then she walked backward very quickly, turning aside and again turning aside. In the kitchen she stood at the sink, which was piled high with dirty dishes. She put the dishes into the dishwasher and reached over to the counter and turned on the transistor, which instantly began to blare wake-up music and cheery speaking voices. She turned it off, bent down, and opened the washing machine; she took out a tangled wad of wet sheets and dropped them on the kitchen floor. She scratched her forehead violently until it bled.

She opened the mailbox outside the house; it was full of junk mail. No handwriting except perhaps for the imitation script in advertising circulars. She crumpled the sheaf of papers and tore them up. She went about the bungalow, putting it in order, stopping, turning around, bending down, scraping at a spot here and there in passing,

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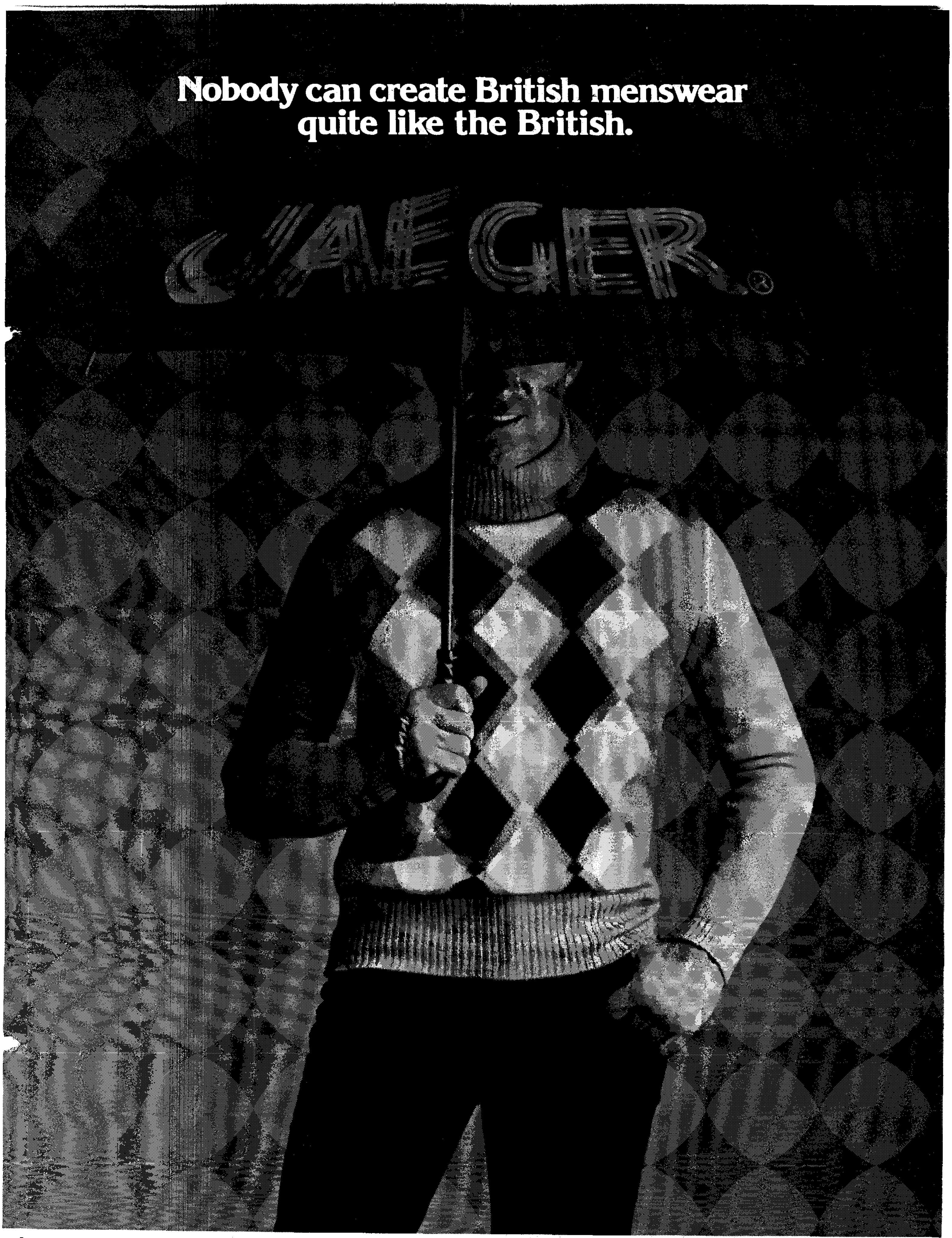
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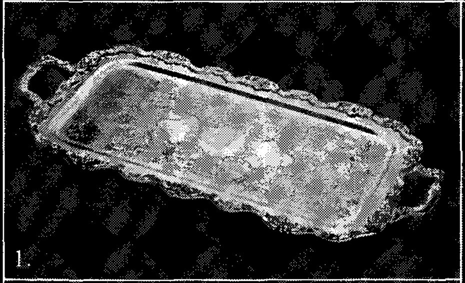
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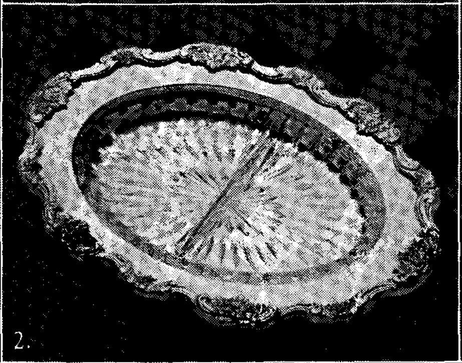
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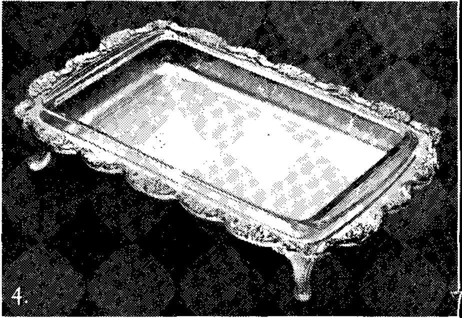
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Mason City	Morel Jewelers
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New Orleans	Coleman E. Adler & Sons, Inc.
New Orleans	Maison Blanche
Shreveport	Ferguson's LaTienda Inc.
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Bay City	Herman Hiss & Company
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Brielle	Brielle China & Gifts
Millburn	S. Marsh & Sons
Ocean	Steinbach
Paramus	Fortunoff Silver Sales, Inc.
New York	
Buffalo	Jenss Department Store, Inc.
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Syracuse	H.J. Howe, Inc.
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picking up a single grain of rice and taking it to the garbage pail in the kitchen. She sat down, stood up, took a few steps, sat down again. She took a roll of paper towelling that was leaning in a corner, unrolled it, rolled it up again, and finally put it down not far from its old place.

The child sat watching as she moved fitfully around him. With a brush she swept the chair he was sitting on and silently motioned him to stand up. No sooner had he done so than she pushed him away with her elbow and brushed the seat of his chair, which was not the least bit dirty. The child moved back a step or two and stood still. Suddenly she flung the brush at him with all her might, but only hit a glass on the table, which burst into pieces. She came at the child with clenched fists, but he only looked at her.

The doorbell rang; they both wanted to answer. She gave the child a push and he fell backward.

When she opened the door, no one seemed to be there. Then she looked down, and there was the child's fat friend, crouching; he had a crooked grin on his face.

She sat rigid in the living room while the child and his fat friend jumped from a chair onto a pile of pillows, singing at the top of their lungs. They screeched and writhed with laughter, whispered into each other's ears, looked at the woman, pointed at her, and laughed some more. They didn't stop and they didn't stop; the woman did not react.

She sat at the typewriter. The child came up on tiptoes and leaned against her. She pushed him away with her shoulder, but he kept standing beside her. Suddenly the woman pulled him close and throttled him; she shook him, let him go, and averted her eyes.

At night the woman sat at the desk; something rose slowly from the lower edge of her eyes and made them glisten; she was crying, without a sound, without a movement.

IN the daylight she walked along a straight road, in the midst of a flat, treeless, frozen landscape. On and on she walked, always straight ahead. She was still walking when night fell.

SHE sat in the town movie house with the two children beside her, surrounded by the cataclysmic din of an animated cartoon. Her eyes closed, she dozed off, then shook herself awake. Her head drooped on Stefan's shoulder. Openmouthed, the child kept his eyes on the picture. She slept on the

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child's shoulder until the end of the film.

THAT night she stood over the typewriter and read aloud what she had written. " ' "And no one helps you?" the visitor asked. "No," she replied. "The man I dream of is the man who will love me for being the kind of woman who is not dependent on him." "And what will you love him for?" "For that kind of love." ' " Once again she shrugged.

SHE lay in bed with her eyes open. On the bedside table beside her there was a glass of water and a clasp knife. Outside, someone hammered on the shutters and shouted something. She unclasped the knife, got up, and put on a wrapper. The voice was Bruno's. "Open or I'll kick the door in. Let me in or I'll blow the house up." She put the knife down, switched on the light, opened the terrace door, and let Bruno in. His coat was open over his shirt. They stood facing each other; they passed through the hallway to the living room, where the light was on. Again they stood facing each other.

Bruno: "You leave the light on at night." He looked around. "You've moved the furniture, too." He picked up some books. "And now you've got entirely different books." He stepped closer to her. "And the toilet case I brought you from the Far East—I bet you haven't got it anymore."

The woman: "Won't you take your coat off? Would you care for a glass of vodka?"

Bruno: "You're being pretty formal, aren't you?" And after a pause, "How about yourself? Haven't you got cancer yet?"

The woman didn't answer.

Bruno: "Is one permitted to smoke?"

He sat down; she remained standing.

Bruno: "So here you are, living the good life, alone with *your* son, in a nice warm house with garden and garage and good fresh air! Let's see, how old are you? You'll soon have folds in your neck and hairs growing out of your moles. Little spindly legs with a potato sack on top of them. You'll get older and older, you'll say you don't mind, and one day you'll hang yourself. And how do you pass the time in the meanwhile? You probably sit around biting your nails. Right?"

The woman: "Don't shout. The child is asleep."

Bruno: "You say 'the child' as if I'd forfeited the right to use his name. And you're always so reasonable. You women, with your infernal reason. With your ruthless understanding of everything and everyone. And you're never bored, you bitches. Nothing could suit you better than sitting around and letting the time pass. Do you know why you women can never amount to anything? Because you never get drunk by yourselves! You and your new life! I've never known a woman to make a lasting change in her life. Nothing but escapades—then back to the same old story. You know what? When you remember what you're doing now, it will be like leafing through faded newspaper clippings. You'll think of it as the only event in your life. And at the same time you'll realize that you were only following the fashions. Marianne's winter fashion."

The woman: "You thought that out before you came, didn't you? You didn't come here to talk to me or be with me."

Bruno shouted, "I'd rather talk to a ghost."

The woman: "You look awfully sad, Bruno."

Bruno: "You only say that to disarm me."

For a long time they said nothing. Then Bruno laughed; he turned away and sobbed for a moment, then pulled himself together. "I walked here. I wanted to kill you." The woman stepped closer, and he said, "Don't touch me. Please don't touch me." After a pause, "Sometimes I think you're just experimenting with me, putting me to the test. That makes me feel a little better." After another pause, "Yesterday I caught myself thinking what a comfort it would be at times if there were a God."

The woman looked at him and said, "Why, you've shaved your beard off."

Bruno shrugged. "I did it a week ago. And you've got new curtains."

The woman: "Not at all. It's still the old ones. It would make Stefan happy to get a letter from you."

Bruno nodded and the woman smiled.

He asked her why she was smiling.

"It just occurred to me that you're the first grownup I've spoken to in days."

After they had stood for quite some time, each making little gestures as though in private, Bruno asked how she was getting along.

The woman answered calmly, as though not speaking of herself at all, "One gets so tired all alone in the house."

She went with him when he left. They walked side by side as far as

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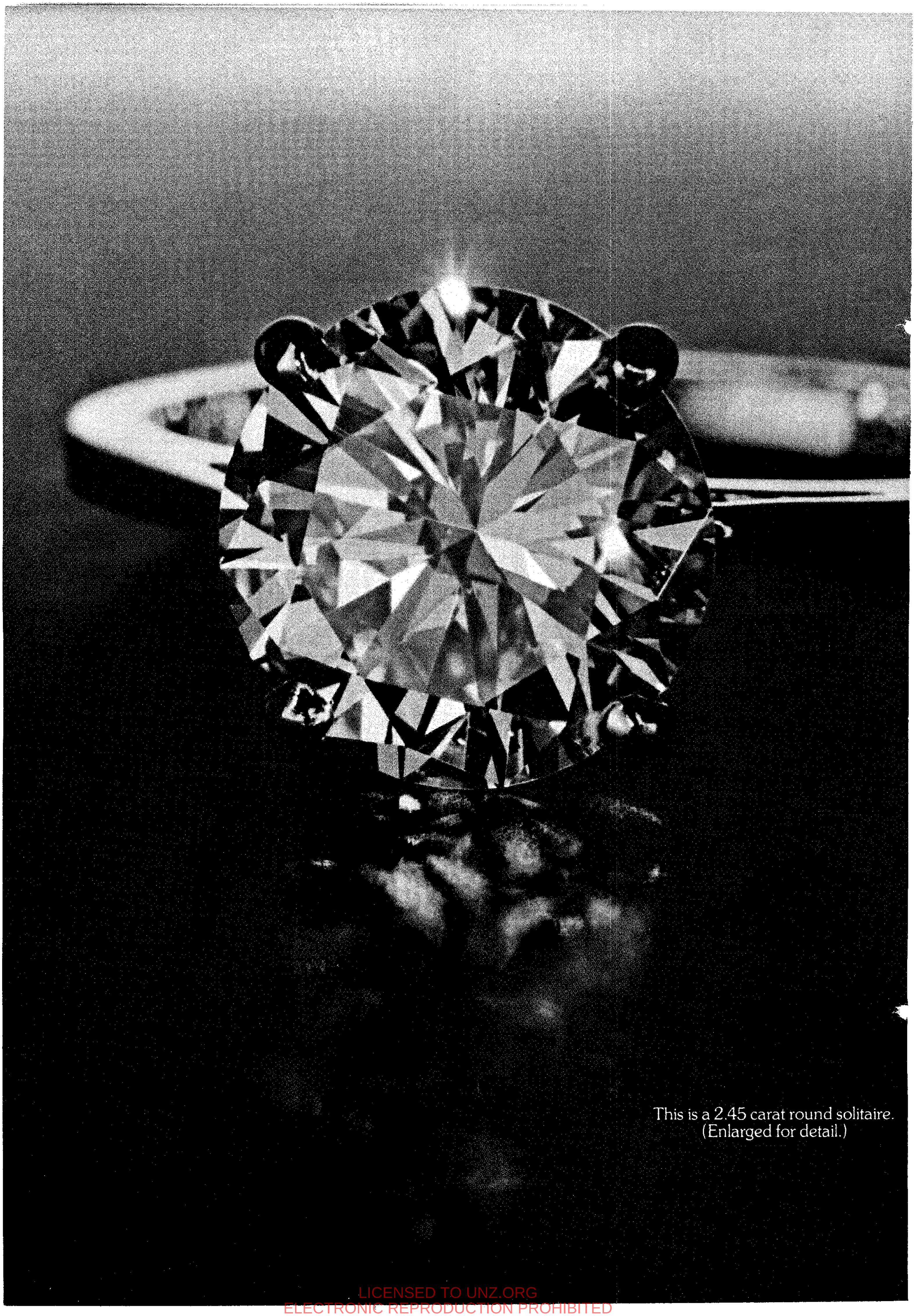
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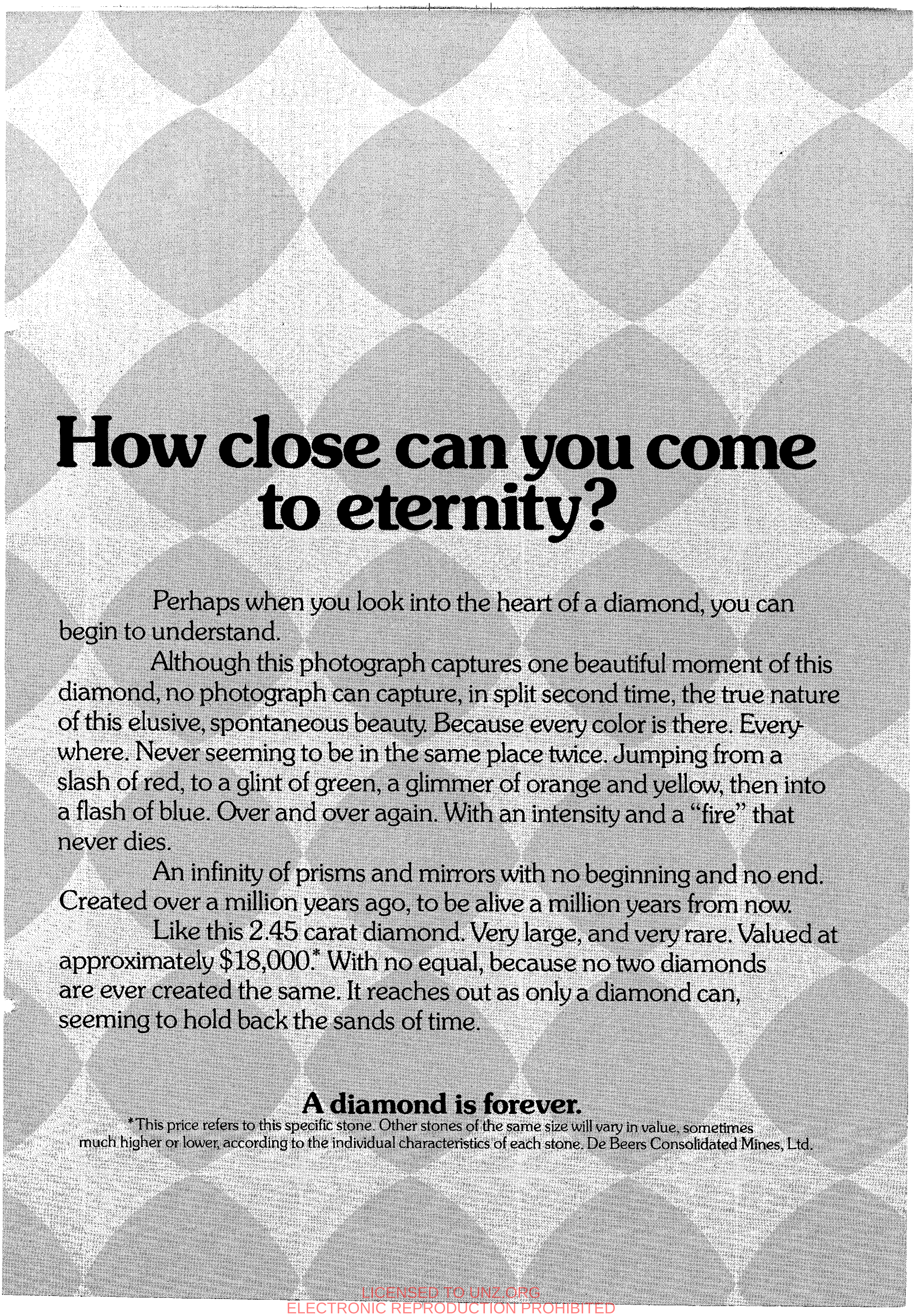

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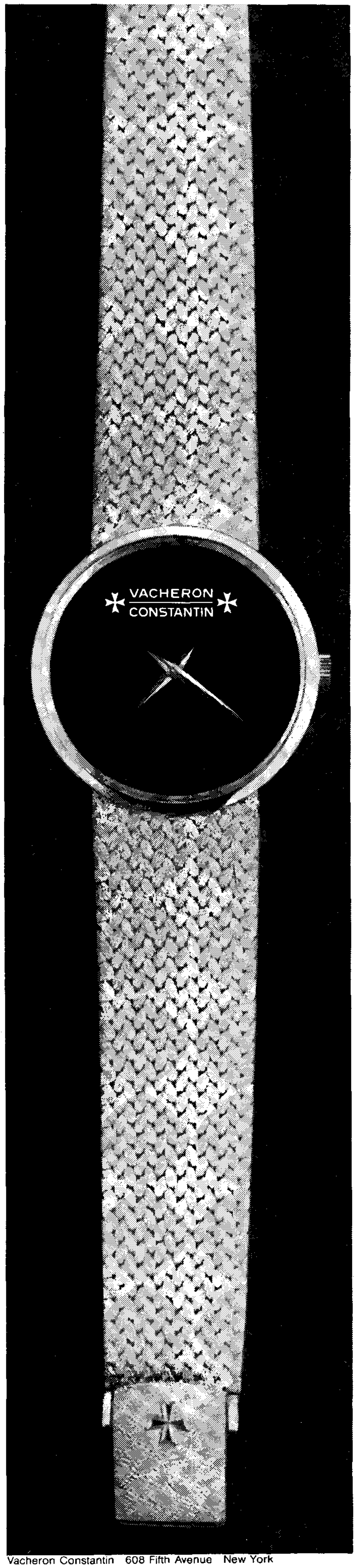

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the phone booth. Suddenly Bruno stopped walking and stretched out on the ground with his face down. She crouched beside him.

ON a cold morning the woman sat in a rocking chair on the terrace, but she wasn't rocking. The child stood beside her, watching the clouds of vapor that came out of his mouth. The woman looked into the distance; the pines were reflected in the window behind her.

IN the evening she walked through the almost empty streets of the small town, as if she were going somewhere. She stopped in front of a large, lighted ground-floor window. A group of women were sitting in a kind of schoolroom with a blackboard. Franziska was standing at the blackboard with a piece of chalk, inaudibly elucidating some economic principle. Notebooks were clapped shut; Franziska sat down with the others. She said something that made the others laugh, not aloud, more to themselves. Two women had their arms around each other. Another woman was smoking a pipe. Still another was wiping something off her neighbor's cheek. Franziska stopped talking, and a few women raised their hands. Franziska counted the hands, then some others raised theirs. In the end they all banged their desks as though in applause. The scene seemed peaceful, as though these women were not a group but individuals brought together by an inner need.

The woman left the window. She walked through the deserted streets. The clock in the church tower struck. When she passed the church, people were singing inside and someone was playing the organ.

She went in and stood to one side. Several people were standing in the pews, led in song by the priest; now and then someone coughed. A child was sitting in the midst of the standing singers with his thumb in his mouth. The organ droned. After a while the woman left.

On the way back to the colony, along the dark avenue of trees, she made gestures as though talking to herself.

During the night she got up, stood alone in the kitchen, and drank a glass of water. Then there was a stillness, with no other sound than the beating of her heart.

AT midday the woman and Franziska, both bundled up, sat side by side on the terrace, in two rocking chairs. They watched the children, who were chopping up the dried-out Christmas tree and throwing the pieces into a fire.

After a while Franziska said, "I understand why you couldn't come in to our meeting. I, too, have moments, especially just before I have to leave my quiet apartment for a meeting, when the thought of going out among people suddenly makes me feel dead tired . . ."

The woman: "I'm waiting for your 'but.' "

Franziska: "I used to be the same as you. One day, for instance, I couldn't speak. I wrote what I had to say on slips of paper. Or I'd open a closet door and stand there for hours weeping, because I couldn't decide what to put on. Once I was on my way somewhere with a man, and suddenly I couldn't take another step. He pleaded with me and I just stood there. Of course I was a lot younger . . . Haven't you any desire to be happy, in the company of others?"

The woman: "No. I don't want to be happy. At the most, contented. I'm afraid of happiness. I don't think I could bear it, here in my head. I'd go mad for good, or die. Or I'd murder someone."

Franziska: "You mean you want to be alone like this all your life? Don't you long for someone who would be your friend, body and soul?"

The woman cried out, "Oh yes. I do. But I don't want to know who he is. Even if I were always with him, I wouldn't want to know him. There's just one thing I'd like"—she smiled, apparently at herself—"I'd like him to be clumsy, a regular butterfingers. I honestly don't know why." She interrupted herself. "Oh, Franziska, I'm talking like a teen-ager."

Franziska: "I have an explanation for the butterfingers. Isn't your father like that? The last time he was here he wanted to shake hands with me across the table and he stuck his fingers in the mustard pot instead."

The woman laughed and Stefan turned his head, as though it were unusual for his mother to laugh.

Franziska: "By the way, he's arriving on the afternoon train. I wired him to come. He's expecting you to meet him at the station."

After a pause the woman said, "You shouldn't have done that. I don't want anyone right now. Everything seems so banal with people around."

Franziska: "I believe you're beginning to regard people as nothing more than unfamiliar sounds in the

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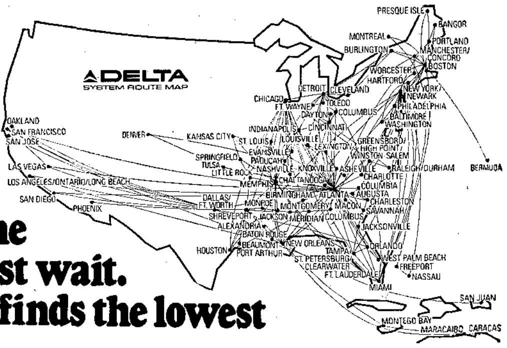
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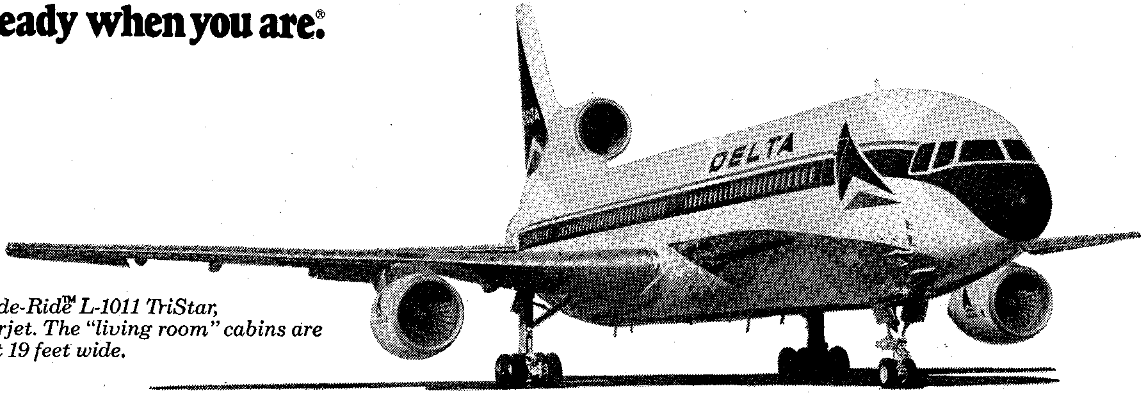

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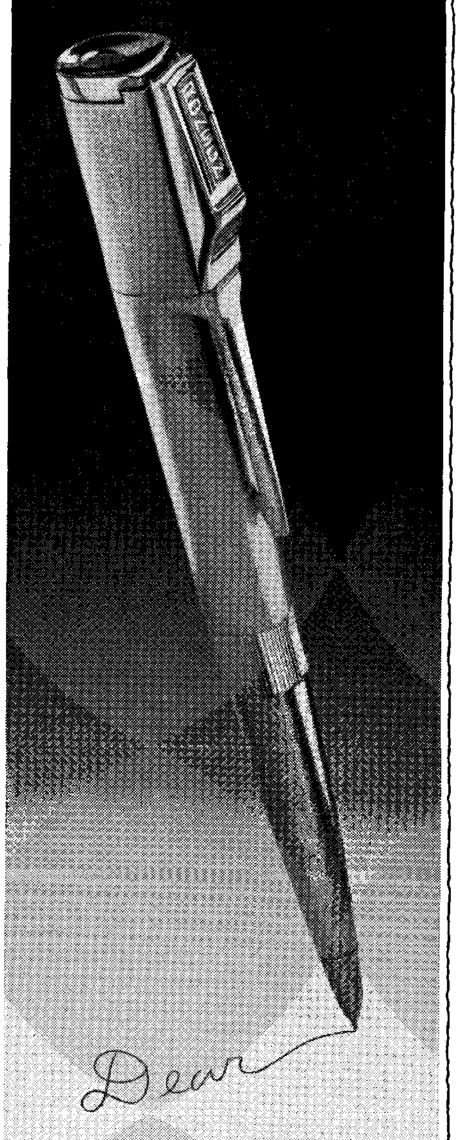

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house." She put her hand on the woman's arm.

The woman said, "In the book I've been translating there's a quotation from Baudelaire; he says the only political action he understands is revolt. Suddenly it flashed through my mind that the only political action I could understand would be to run amok."

Franziska: "As a rule, only men do that."

The woman: "By the way, how are you getting along with Bruno?"

Franziska: "Bruno seems made for happiness. That's why he's so lost now. And so theatrical! He's getting on my nerves. I'm going to throw him out."

The woman: "Oh, Franziska. You always say that. When you're always the one that gets left."

After two or three attempts to protest, Franziska said with a note of surprise, "To tell the truth, you're right."

They looked at each other. The children seemed to have fallen out; they stood with their backs to each other gazing at the air, the fat one rather sadly. The woman called out, "Hey, children, no quarrels today."

The fat boy smiled with relief and—circuitously, to be sure, and with downcast eyes—the two of them moved closer to each other.

THE woman and the child were waiting at the small-town station. The train pulled in and the woman's father, a pale old man in glasses, waved from behind a window. Years ago he had been a successful writer, and now he sent carbon copies of short sketches to the papers. He couldn't get the door open; the woman opened it from outside and helped him down to the platform. They looked each other over and in the end they were pleased. The father shrugged, looked in different directions, wiped his lips, and said his hands smelled unpleasantly from the metal of the train.

At home he sat on the floor with the child, who took his presents out of his grandfather's bag: a compass and a set of dice. The child pointed to various objects in the house and outside and asked what color they were. Many of the old man's answers were wrong.

The child: "So you're still colorblind?"

The grandfather: "It's just that I never learned to see colors."

The woman came in, carrying light-blue tea things on a silver tray. The tea steamed as she poured it, and her father warmed his hands on the pot. While he was sitting on the floor, an assort-

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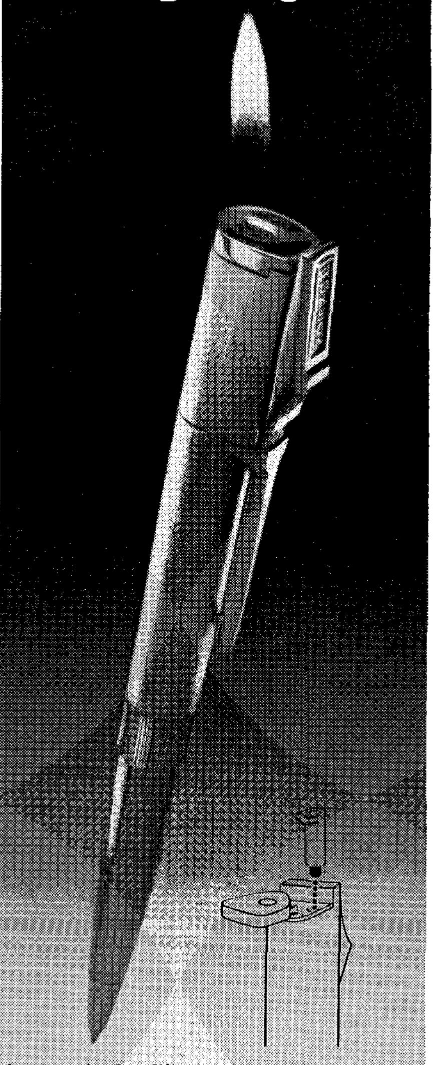

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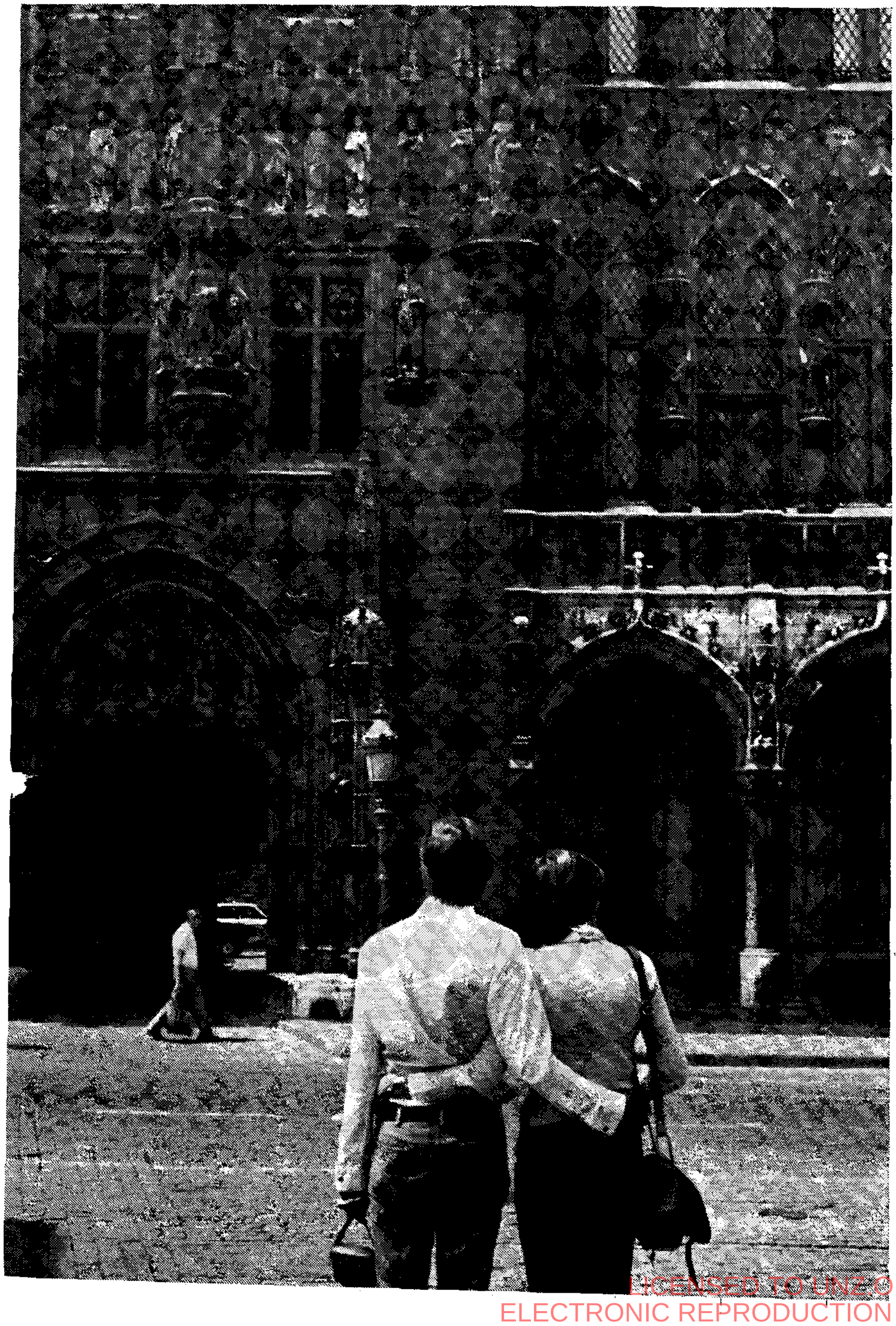

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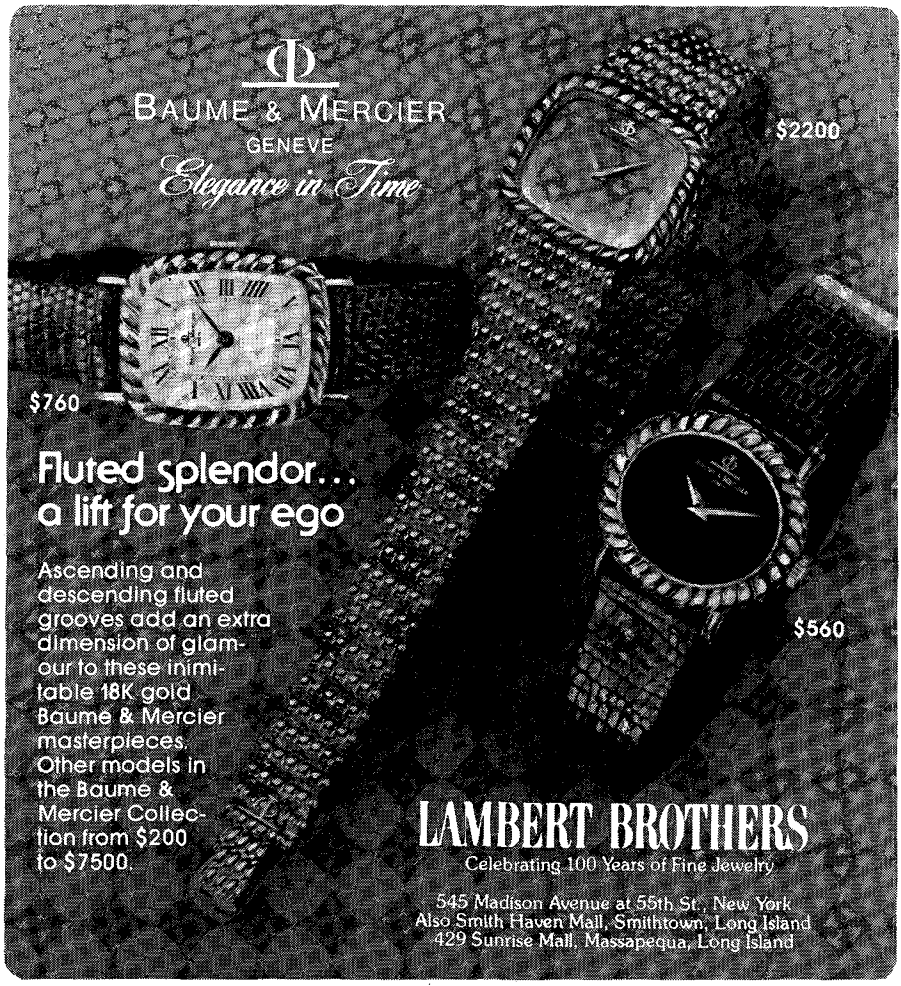

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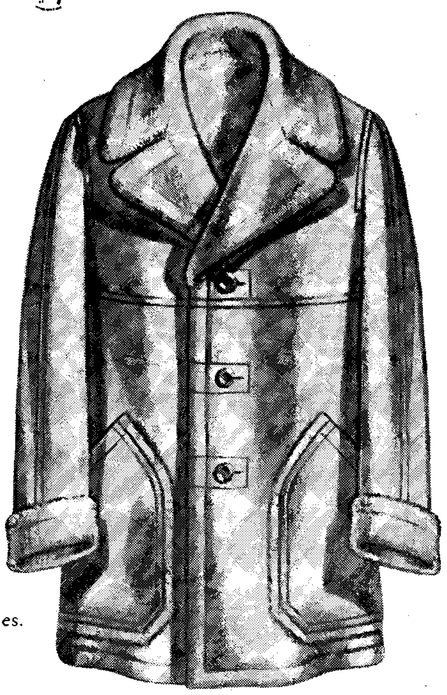

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ment of coins and a bunch of keys had fallen out of his pocket. The woman picked them up. "Your pockets are full of loose change again," she said.

The father: "That change purse you gave me, it didn't last long. I lost it on the way home."

Over the tea, he said, "The other day I was expecting a visitor. The moment I opened the door, I saw that he was drenched in rain from head to foot, and I'd just cleaned the house. While I was letting him in and shaking hands with him, I noticed that I was standing on the doormat wiping my feet for all I was worth, as if I were the wet visitor." He giggled.

"And you felt caught in the act. Does that still happen to you so often?"

The father giggled and held his hand before his mouth. "What will embarrass me most of all is lying on my deathbed with my mouth open."

He swallowed some tea the wrong way.

Then the woman said, "Tonight you'll sleep in Bruno's room, Father."

The father replied, "It doesn't matter. I'll be leaving tomorrow."

THAT evening the woman was writing in the living room; her father was sitting at some distance from her, watching her over a bottle of wine. After a while he came closer, and she looked up, undisturbed. He bent over her. "There's a button missing on your coat. I've just noticed it." She took off her coat and handed it to him.

As she went on typing, he sewed on the button with needle and thread from a hotel sewing packet. Again his eyes rested on her. She noticed and gave him a questioning look. He apologized. And then he said, "You've become so beautiful, Marianne!" She smiled.

She finished typing and made a few corrections. Her father tried in vain to open a fresh bottle of wine. She came to his assistance. He went to the kitchen to get her a glass. She called out to tell him where the glasses were. She heard him puttering for quite some time, then silence. In the end she went in and showed him.

They sat across from one another, drinking. The father made a futile gesture or two. The woman said, "Go ahead and say it. That's what you came for, isn't it?"

The father gesticulated again and shook his head. "Shall we go out for a while?" He pointed in various directions. Then he said, "When you were a child, you never wanted to go walk-

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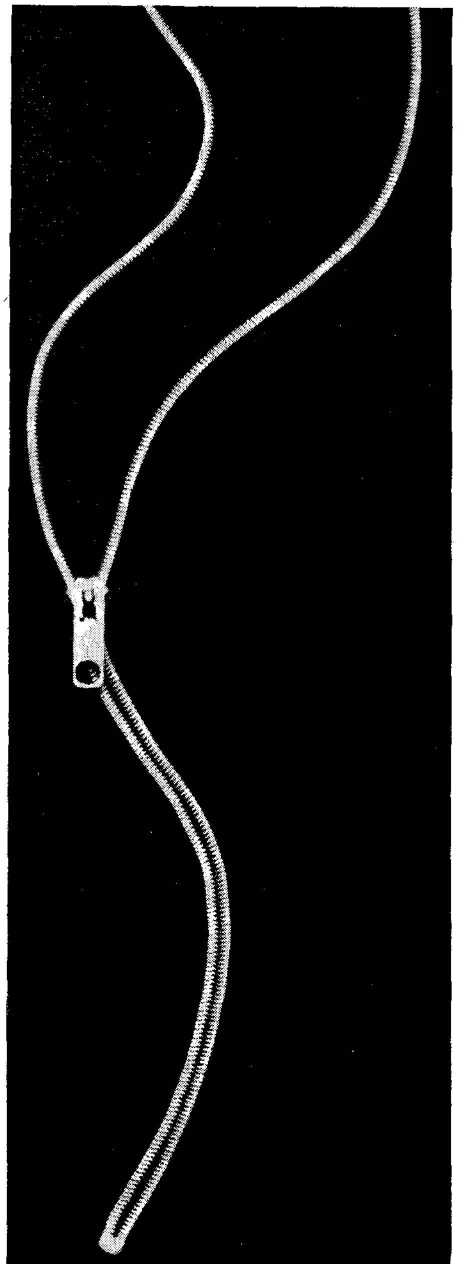

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ing with me. I had only to utter the word 'walk' to turn you against it. But you were always ready for an 'evening stroll.' "

IN the darkness they walked along the driveway, past the garages—the hoods of some of the cars were still giving off crackling sounds. When they reached the phone booth, the father said, "I've got a quick phone call to make."

The woman: "You can phone from the house."

The father replied simply, "My companion is waiting." And then he was in the booth, a blurred figure, making wild motions behind the frosted glass.

They walked uphill past the sleeping colony. Once a toilet flushed; there was no other sound.

The woman: "What does your companion say?"

The father: "She wanted to know if I had taken my pills."

The woman: "Is it the same one as last year?"

The father: "This one lives in another city."

They walked along the upper edge of the colony, where the forest began. Small snowflakes fell rustling through the withered oak leaves and collected on frozen puddles of dogs' urine.

The woman and her father stopped walking and looked down at the lights in the plain. In one of the boxlike houses at their feet someone started playing the piano: "Für Elise."

The woman asked, "Are you happy, Father?"

The father shook his head. Then, as though a gesture were not sufficient answer, he said, "No."

"Have you some idea about how one might live?"

The father: "Oh, cut it out. Don't say such things."

They started walking again, skirting the woods; now and then the woman leaned her head back and snowflakes fell on her face. She looked into the woods; the snow was falling so lightly that nothing moved. Far behind the thinly spaced trees there was a fountain; the thin stream of water that flowed into it tinkled as it fell.

The woman asked, "Do you still write?"

The father laughed. "You mean will I keep on writing till the day I die." He turned toward her. "I believe that at some time I began to live in the wrong direction—though I don't hold the war or any other outside event to blame. Now writing sometimes strikes me as a pretext"—he giggled—"and then again sometimes it doesn't. I'm so alone that before I go to sleep at night I often have nobody to think about, simply because I haven't seen anyone during the day. And how can anyone write if he has no one to think about? On the other hand, I see this woman now and then, chiefly because if something happens to me I'd prefer to be found fairly soon and not lie around too long as a corpse." He giggled.

The woman: "That's enough of your silly jokes."

The father pointed up at the forest. "The mountaintop is back there, but you can't see it from here."

The woman: "Do you ever cry?"

The father: "I did once—a year ago, sitting at home one evening. And afterward I wanted to go out."

The woman: "Does the time still hang as heavy on your hands as when you were young?"

The father: "Oh, heavier than ever. Once every day it seems to stop altogether. Right now, for instance. It's been dark for hours, and I keep having to remind myself the night is only beginning."

He moved his hands around his head.

The woman imitated the gesture and asked him what it meant.

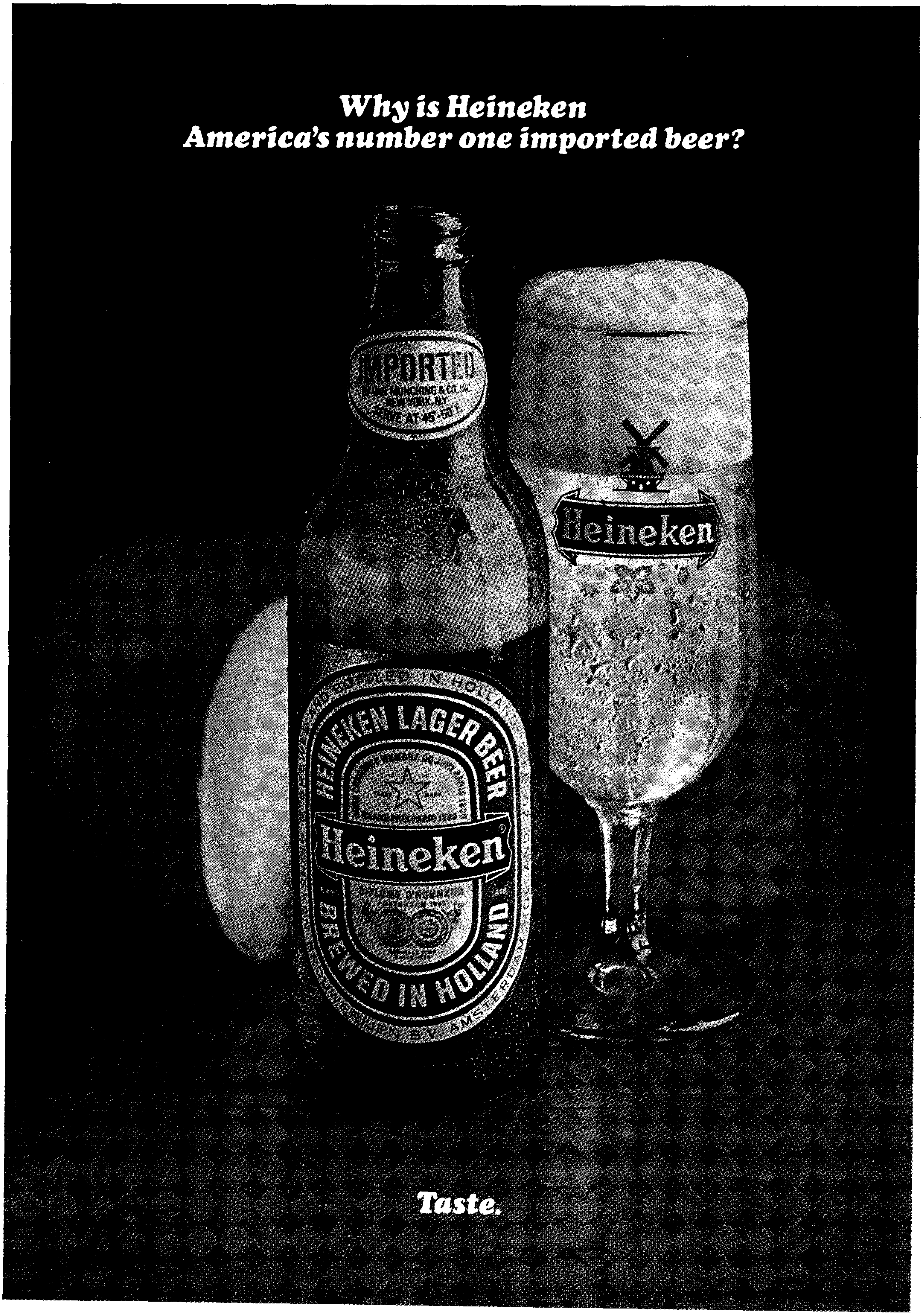
The father: "I've just wound heavy cloths around my head at the thought of the long night." This time he didn't giggle but openly laughed. "You'll end up the same as me, Marianne. And with this observation my mission here is fulfilled."

They smiled, and the woman said, "Wouldn't you say it was getting cold?"

They went down the slope on the other side of the colony. Once the father stopped and raised his forefinger. The woman kept going but turned around to him and said, "Don't keep stopping every time you get an idea, Father. Even when I was little, that used to get on my nerves."

THE next day they passed through the women's clothing section of a large department store in a nearby shopping center. A foreign woman came out of a dressing room, wearing a green suit. The salesgirl said to her, "It looks just lovely on you." The father stepped up and said, "That simply isn't true. The suit is hideous and it's not at all becoming to her." His daughter hurried up to him and pulled him away.

They rode on an escalator, and he stumbled at the top. As they walked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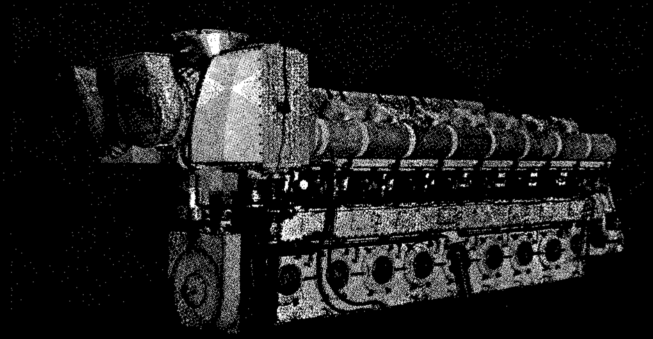

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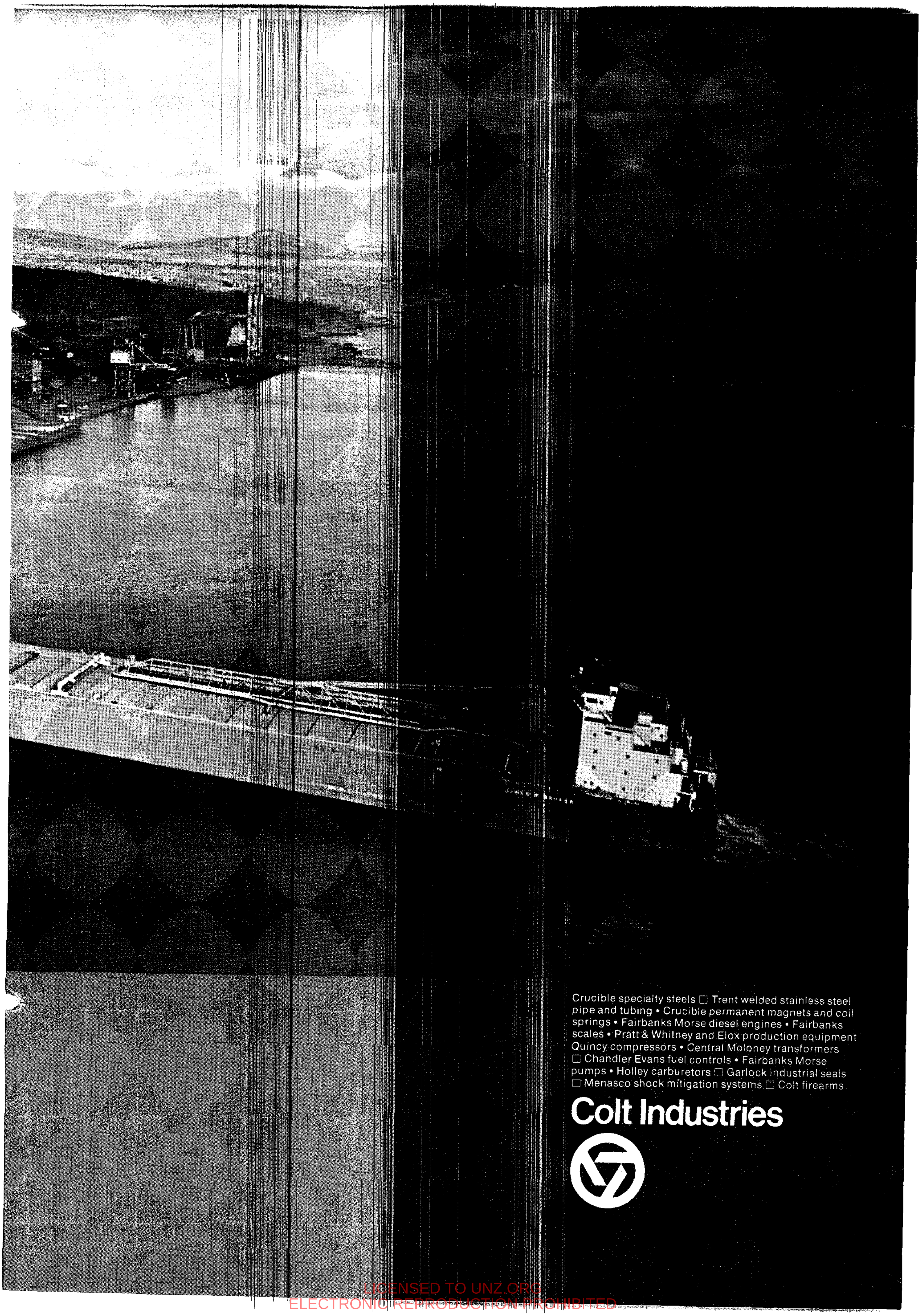

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along, he looked at her and said, "We really must have our picture taken together. Is there a photo machine in this place?" When they found one, a man was busy changing the developer. The father bent over a strip of four sample photos on the side of the booth: in them a young man bared his upper front teeth in a smile, and in one of the exposures there was a girl with him. The maintenance man closed the box and straightened up. The father looked at him, then pointed with an air of surprise at the photos and said, "That's you, isn't it?"

The man stood beside his pictures: he had aged a good deal since then; now he was almost bald and his smile was different. The father asked about the girl, but the man only made a gesture as of throwing something behind him, and went away.

After snapping their pictures, they roamed about, waiting for them to develop. When they came back the machine ejected a strip of photos. The woman reached for it, but the pictures were of a man, a total stranger.

She looked around. The man in the pictures stood behind her and said, "Your pictures were ready long ago. I've taken the liberty of looking at them. I hope you'll forgive me." They exchanged photos. The father took a good look at the man and said, "You're an actor, aren't you?"

The man nodded silently and averted his eyes. "But I'm unemployed at the moment."

The father: "I've seen you in films. You always seem embarrassed at the thought of what you have to say next. That's what makes it really awkward."

The man laughed and again averted his eyes.

The father: "Are you such a coward in private life, too?"

After laughing and averting his eyes yet again, the man met the father's gaze for a moment.

The father: "Your trouble, I believe, is that you always hold back something of yourself. You're not shameless enough for an actor. You want to be a personality, like the actors in those American movies, but you never risk your own self. As a result, you're always posing."

The man looked at the woman, but she didn't come to his rescue.

The father: "In my opinion you should learn how to run properly and scream properly, with your mouth wide open. I've noticed that even when you yawn you're afraid to open your mouth all the way." He poked the man in the stomach and the man doubled up. "You

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haven't been keeping yourself in trim, either. How long have you been unemployed?"

The man: "I've stopped counting the days."

The father: "In your next film make a sign to show that you've understood me."

The man smacked the palm of his hand with his fist. The father made the same gesture. "That's it!" He walked away, but called back. "You haven't even been discovered yet. I'm looking forward to seeing you grow older from film to film."

The actor and the woman looked after the old man; before going their ways they began to shake hands, but instantly recoiled from the slight electric shock.

The woman said, "Everything's full of electricity in the winter."

They separated, but then they found that they were going the same way and proceeded side by side in silence. At the parking lot they overtook the old man. They nodded goodbye but went on together when it turned out that their cars were almost next to each other.

On the road the woman saw the actor pass her; he was looking straight ahead. She turned into a side road.

THE woman stood on the station platform with her father and the child. When the train pulled in, she said, "It has done me good to have you here, Father." She wanted to say something more but only stammered. Her father made various gestures, then suddenly said to the child, who had picked up the suitcases, "You know that I still can't distinguish colors. But there's something else I want you to know: I'll soon be an old man, but I still don't wear carpet slippers around the house. I'm almost proud of it." He hopped nimbly up the steps backward and vanished inside the train, which was already in motion. The child said, "He's not so clumsy after all."

The woman: "It's always been an act with him."

They stood on the empty platform—the next train wasn't due for an hour—and looked at the gently rising mountain behind the town. The woman said, "Let's climb up there tomorrow. I've never been to the top." The child nodded. "But we can't dawdle. The days are still very short. Bring your new compass."

LATE in the afternoon they went to a nearby amusement park featuring a small zoo. A good many people were moving silently through the grounds. A few were standing still and laughing in a hall of mirrors. The sun went down, and most of the visitors headed for the exit. The woman and child stood looking at one of the cages. It was getting dark and windy; they were almost alone. The child drove an electric car around a circular track, and the woman sat on a bench at the edge of the concrete surface.

She stood up and the child called out, "It's so nice here. I don't want to go home yet."

The woman: "Neither do I. I only stood up because it's so nice." She looked at the western sky, the lower edge of which was still yellow. Against it the leafless branches looked barer than usual. A sudden gust of wind drove some leaves across the concrete. They seemed to come from another season.

IT was dark when they reached the bungalow. There was a letter in the mailbox. The woman recognized Bruno's handwriting on the envelope and gave the letter to the child. She put the key in the lock but didn't open the door. The child waited; then finally he asked, "Aren't we going in?"

The woman: "Let's stay out here a little while."

They stood for quite some time. A man with an attaché case came along and kept looking around at them after he passed.

THAT evening, while the woman cooked dinner, slipping into the living room now and then to correct her manuscript, the child read Bruno's letter to himself in an undertone: " 'Dear Stefan, Yesterday I saw you on your way home from school. I couldn't very well stop, because I was caught in a column of cars. You had a headlock on your fat friend.' " At this point the reading child smiled. " 'Sometimes it seems to me that you never existed. I want to see you soon and' "—here the reading child frowned—" 'sniff you . . .' "

DURING the night the woman sat alone in the living room and listened to music—the same record over and over again.

IN the morning the woman and the child, not conspicuously dressed for the mountain, which was not very high, stepped out of the house. They walked past other bungalows, and once they stopped outside one of the almost windowless housefronts and looked at a

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brown door to the left and right of which two black-stemmed lanterns had been affixed, as though to decorate a gigantic sarcophagus.

On the gently rising forest path the sun was perceptible only as a sombre light. Turning off the path, they climbed a slope and passed a fishpond, which had been drained for the winter. Deep in the woods they stopped at a Jewish graveyard; the tombstones had sunk halfway into the ground. Farther up, the wind whistled on such a high note that it almost hurt their ears. Here the snow was pure white, while farther down there had been grains of soot on it, and here dog tracks gave way to deer tracks.

They climbed through underbrush. Birds were singing on every side. Fed by the melting snow, a little brook rushed loudly past. A few dry leaves stirred on the thin branches of the oak trees; strips of white bark hung trembling from the birch trunks.

They crossed a clearing, at the edge of which some deer stood huddled together. The snow was not very deep; stalks of withered grass peered out and bent in the wind.

The higher they climbed, the brighter grew the light. Their faces were scratched and sweaty. At the top—it hadn't been very far—they made a brush fire in the lee of a boulder.

In the early afternoon they sat by the fire and looked down into the plain, where now and then a car sent up a flash of sunlight; the child had his compass in his hand. Once, far below, a spot shone bright for a time and then vanished—a closed window among many open ones.

It was so cold that no sooner had the clouds of smoke rising from the fire left the shelter of the boulder than they dispersed into wisps and vanished. The woman and the child ate potatoes that they had brought along in a little sack and roasted in the coals, and drank hot coffee out of a thermos bottle. The woman turned to the child, who was sitting motionless, looking down into the plain. She stroked his back lightly, and he laughed, as though that were the most plausible thing to do.

After a while she said, "Once you sat by the sea like this, looking at the waves for hours. Do you remember?"

The child: "Of course I remember. It was getting dark, but I didn't want to go. You and Bruno were angry because you wanted to go back to the hotel. You were wearing a green skirt and a white blouse with lace cuffs, and a wide hat that you had to hold on

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to because the wind was blowing. There weren't any shells on that beach, only round stones."

The woman: "When you start remembering, I'm always afraid you'll confound me with something I did long ago."

The child: "Next day Bruno pushed you into the water with your clothes on as a joke. You were wearing brown shoes that fastened with a button . . ."

The woman: "But do you also remember the evening when you lay motionless on your back in the sandbox outside the house and didn't stir a muscle?"

The child: "I don't know anything about that."

The woman said, "Then it's my turn to remember. Your head was resting on your hands and one leg was bent at the knee. It was summer, a clear moonless night; the sky was full of stars. You lay on your back in the sand and no one dared say a word to you."

After a time the child said, "Maybe because it was so quiet in the sandbox."

They looked down into the plain, ate and drank. Abruptly the woman laughed and shook her head. Then she told him a story. "Years ago I saw some pictures by an American painter. There were fourteen of them. They were supposed to be the Stations of the Cross—you know, Jesus sweating blood on the Mount of Olives, being scourged, and so on. But these paintings were only black-and-white shapes—a white background and crisscrossing black stripes. The next-to-last station—where Jesus is taken down from the cross—was almost all black, and the last one, where Jesus is laid in the tomb, was all white. And now the strange part of it: I passed slowly in front of the pictures, and when I stopped to look at the last one, the one that was all white, I suddenly saw a wavering afterimage of the almost black one; it lasted only a few moments and then there was only the white."

The child tried to whistle but couldn't manage it in the cold. The woman said, "Let's take a picture before we go."

The child photographed her with an ungainly old Polaroid camera. The picture showed her very much from below, looking down; behind her there was only sky and the barest suggestion of the treetops. The woman pretended to be horrified. "So that's how grown-ups look to children!"

At home she got into the bathtub and the child got in with her. They both leaned back and closed their

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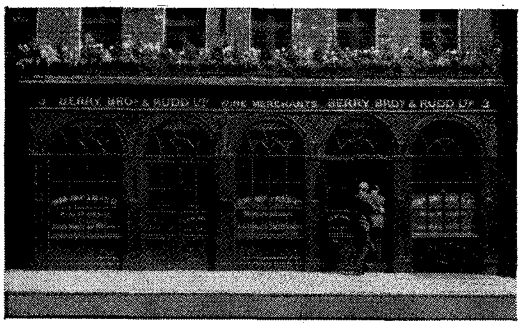

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eyes. The child said, "I can still see the trees on the mountain." Steam rose from the water. The child whistled in the bathtub and the woman looked at him almost severely.

Later she sat up straight at the typewriter and typed rapidly. In the twilight the colony looked as though it belonged to the forest, which rose up behind it, and to the darkening sky.

IN the morning the woman, among others, walked about the pedestrian zone of the small town; she was carrying a rumpled, tired-looking plastic bag. One of the people up ahead of her was Bruno. She followed him. After a while he turned around as though by chance, and instantly she said, "The other day I saw a sweater that would be just right for you in that shop." She took his arm and they went in. A salesgirl was sitting, resting, with a mannequin behind her. Her eyes were closed and her hands, which were somewhat red and rough, lay in her lap; her brows were drawn together as though relaxation were painful, and the corners of her mouth drooped. She jumped up as they came in, upsetting her chair and stumbling over a clothes hanger that was lying on the floor.

She sneezed, put on her glasses, sneezed again.

The woman said slowly, as though to soothe her, "Last week, I saw a man's sweater in the window. Gray cashmere."

The salesgirl fingered through a pile on one of the shelves. The woman, who was looking over the salesgirl's shoulder, picked out the sweater and handed it to Bruno to try on. A baby's scream could be heard from one corner of the shop, where there was a basket on the floor. The salesgirl said, "I don't dare go near it with my cold." The woman went over and pacified the child just by bending over the basket. Bruno had the sweater on; he looked at the salesgirl, who merely shrugged and gave her nose a prolonged blowing. The woman told Bruno in an undertone to keep it on. He was going to pay, but she shook her head, pointed at herself, and gave the salesgirl a banknote. The salesgirl pointed at the empty till, and the woman said in the same undertone that she would come by for the change next day. "Or come and see me. Yes, come and see me." She quickly wrote down the address. "You're all alone with the baby, aren't you? It's nice to see someone in a shop who isn't a ghost with makeup on. Forgive me for talking about you as if I had a right to."

As they were leaving, the salesgirl took out a pocket mirror and looked at herself; she held a chapstick under her nose and passed it over her lips.

OUTSIDE, the woman said to Bruno, "So you're still in the land of the living."

Bruno answered almost gaily, "I myself am surprised some afternoons to see that I'm still in existence. Yesterday, incidentally, I noticed that I've stopped counting the days since I've been without you." He laughed. "I had a dream in which people all went crazy, one after another. Every time it hit somebody, you could see that he began to enjoy his life, so there was no need for the rest of us to feel guilty. Does Stefan still ask for me?"

While removing the price tag from the back of the sweater, the woman said, "Come soon." She walked away, and he took another direction.

IN the evening the woman was sitting in the café, reading a newspaper and muttering to herself. The actor came along and stopped at her table. "I recognized your car in the parking lot," he said.

She looked at him without surprise and said, "I've been reading the paper again for the first time in ages. I'd lost track of what was going on in the world. What month is it anyway?"

The actor sat down across the table from her. "February."

"And what continent are we living on?"

"On one among several."

The woman: "Have you a name?"

The actor said it; he looked to one side, laughed, and moved the glasses around on the table. Finally he looked at her again and said, "I've never followed a woman before. I've been looking for you for days. Your face is so gentle—as though you never forgot that we're all going to die. Forgive me if I've said something stupid." He shook his head. "Damn it, the second I say something I want to take it back! I've longed for you so these last few days that I couldn't keep still. Please don't be angry. You seem so free, you have a kind of"—he laughed—"of lifeline in your face! I burn for you, everything in me is aflame with desire for you. Perhaps you think I'm overwrought from being out of work so long? But don't speak. You must come with me. Don't leave me alone. I want you. Do you feel that we've been lost up to now? At a streetcar stop I saw these words on a wall: 'He loves you.

He will save you.' Instantly I thought of you. He won't save us; no, we will save each other. I want to be all around you, sense your presence everywhere; I want my hand to feel the warmth rising from you even before I touch you. Don't laugh. Oh, how I desire you. I want to be with you right this minute, entirely and forever!"

They sat motionless, face to face. He looked almost angry; then he ran out of the café. The woman sat among the other people, without moving.

A brightly lighted bus came driving through the night, empty except for a few old women, passed slowly around a traffic circle, then vanished into the darkness, its strap handles swaying.

ANOTHER evening the woman and child sat in the living room, throwing dice. It was stormy outside and the doors rattled. Now and then the two of them stopped playing and listened to the roaring of the storm.

The phone rang. They let it ring for quite some time. Finally the child answered and said, "I don't want to talk now." Then to the woman, "Bruno wants to come over with the teacher." The woman made a gesture of assent, and the child said into the phone, "Yes, I'll still be awake."

As they went on playing, another bell rang. This time it was the door.

The publisher was outside. The instant the child opened the door, the publisher said, "What is little, has tired eyes, and isn't in bed, though it's long after the children's programs are over?"

He entered in long strides and embraced the woman.

She asked, "Have you been to see your lost author again?"

The publisher: "There is no lost author. Never has been."

He pulled a bottle of champagne out of his coat pocket and said there was more in the car.

The woman: "But do ask the chauffeur in."

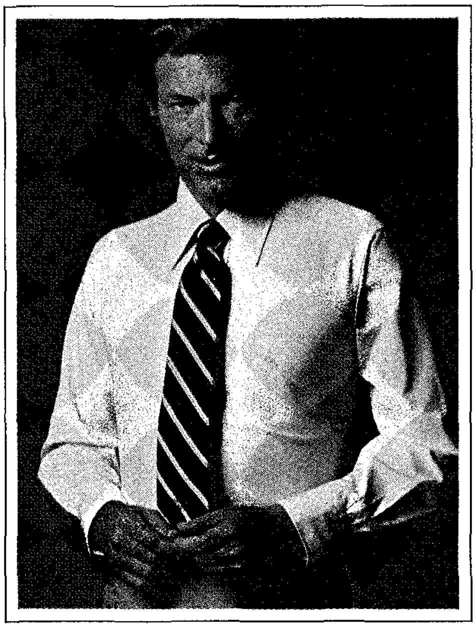
After a brief pause the publisher opened the door and beckoned to the chauffeur, who entered hesitantly, after wiping his shoes at great length.

The publisher: "You are invited to share a glass with us."

The woman: "Or two."

The doorbell rang again. When the chauffeur answered it, the salesgirl from the shop stood there smiling. She was beautiful now.

They all sat or stood drinking in the living room. The child went on throwing dice. Music. The publisher had his



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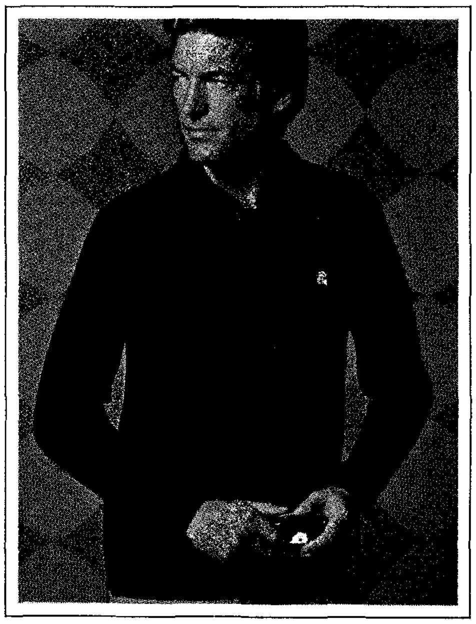

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eyes on the floor; then he looked from one person to another. Suddenly he seemed pleased and refilled the chauffeur's glass.

Then it was the telephone ringing again. The woman answered and said at once, "Yes, of course I know. Your voice sounds so close. You're in the phone booth at the corner, I can tell."

The doorbell rang, the short ring of a familiar.

The woman nodded to the others to get the door, while she stayed on the phone. "No, I'm not alone. Can't you hear? But come ahead. Do come!"

Bruno and Franziska appeared.

Franziska said to the woman, "And we were expecting to find the loneliest woman on earth."

"I apologize for not being alone this evening. It's quite accidental."

Franziska to the child: "I have a name. So stop referring to me as 'the teacher,' the way you did on the telephone just now."

The publisher: "In that case, I don't want to be called 'the publisher' anymore, either; my name is Ernst."

The woman embraced Bruno.

The publisher stepped up to Franziska and said, "Let's you and me embrace, too," and his arms were already around her. The woman opened the door and went outside; the actor was coming slowly down the street. She let him in without a word.

Bruno looked him over. Then he said, "Are you the boyfriend?" He stared as he had at the office. And then, "I suppose you're sleeping with my wife. Or aiming to, at least?" After staring a little more he suddenly relaxed; the woman just stood there. He said, "I'm only talking, you know. It doesn't mean a thing."

They were all in the living room. The publisher danced with the salesgirl. The chauffeur went out to the car and brought back some more bottles of champagne. Then he passed from one guest to another, clinking glasses.

The child was playing on the floor among them. Bruno squatted down and watched him.

The child: "Will you play with me?"

Bruno: "I can't play this evening." He tossed the dice two or three times and said, "Really, I can't play this evening."

The salesgirl detached herself from the publisher, bent down, and threw the dice. Then she went on dancing, breaking away now and then to play dice with the child.

Filled glasses in hand, the publisher

and Franziska walked around each other in circles.

Bruno cut the child's toenails in the bathroom.

The publisher and Franziska smiled as they slowly passed each other in the hallway.

The child lay in bed and Bruno stood beside him. The child said, "You're all so strangely quiet." Bruno only tilted his head to one side. Then he switched off the light.

He passed down the hallway with the woman to join the others. The actor came toward them; Bruno put his arm around his wife's shoulders, then took it away.

The actor said to her, "I've been looking for you."

They all sat in the living room, not talking very much. But without being asked they moved closer and closer together and stayed that way for a time.

The salesgirl leaned her head back and said, "What a long day it's been! My eyes weren't eyes anymore; they felt like burning holes. They don't hurt as much now and I'm gradually beginning to see again."

The chauffeur, beside her, made a move as though to take hold of her hair, then let his hand drop.

The publisher knelt down in front of the salesgirl and kissed her fingertips, each separately.

The chauffeur took some photographs out of his wallet and showed them to each of the others in turn.

The salesgirl hummed along with the music; then she lay down on the floor and stretched her legs.

The chauffeur took out a memo pad and started sketching them all.

Franziska began to open her mouth, but the chauffeur said, "Kindly don't move." Franziska closed her mouth again.

They were all silent; they drank; then more silence.

Suddenly they all laughed at once.

Bruno said to the actor, "Do you realize that you're sitting in my place?"

The actor stood up and was going to take another chair. The sketching chauffeur said severely, "Stay where you are!"

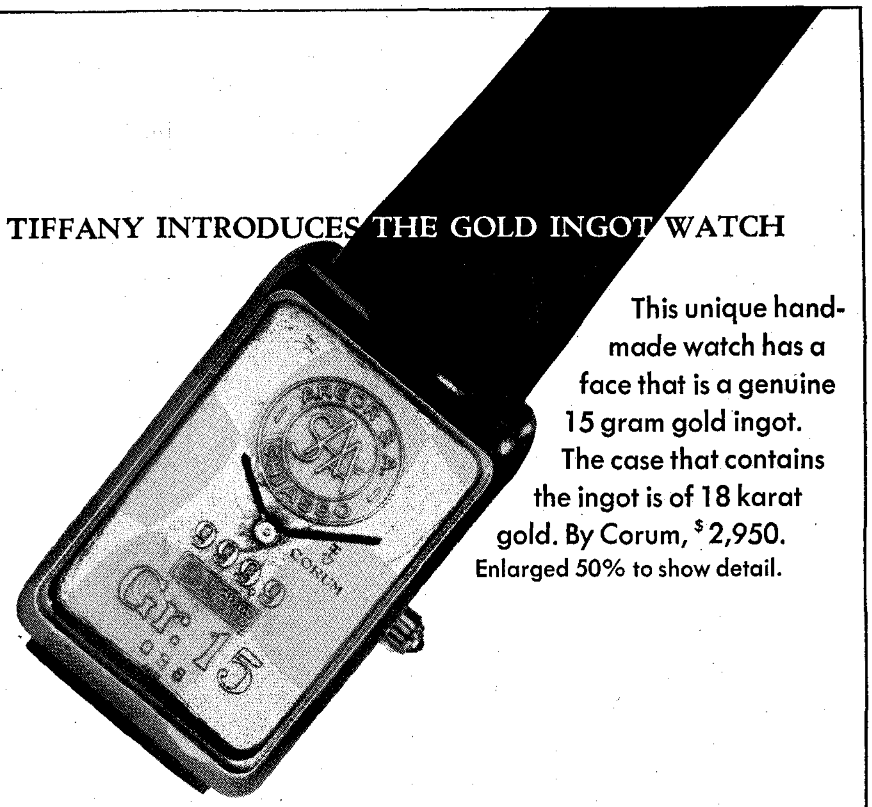
As the actor was sitting down again, Bruno pulled the chair out from under him and he fell on his back.

He got up slowly and took a kick at Bruno.

The two of them rolled on the floor; the chauffeur tried to separate them.

The salesgirl put her glasses on.

Franziska exchanged glances with the publisher, who launched into the



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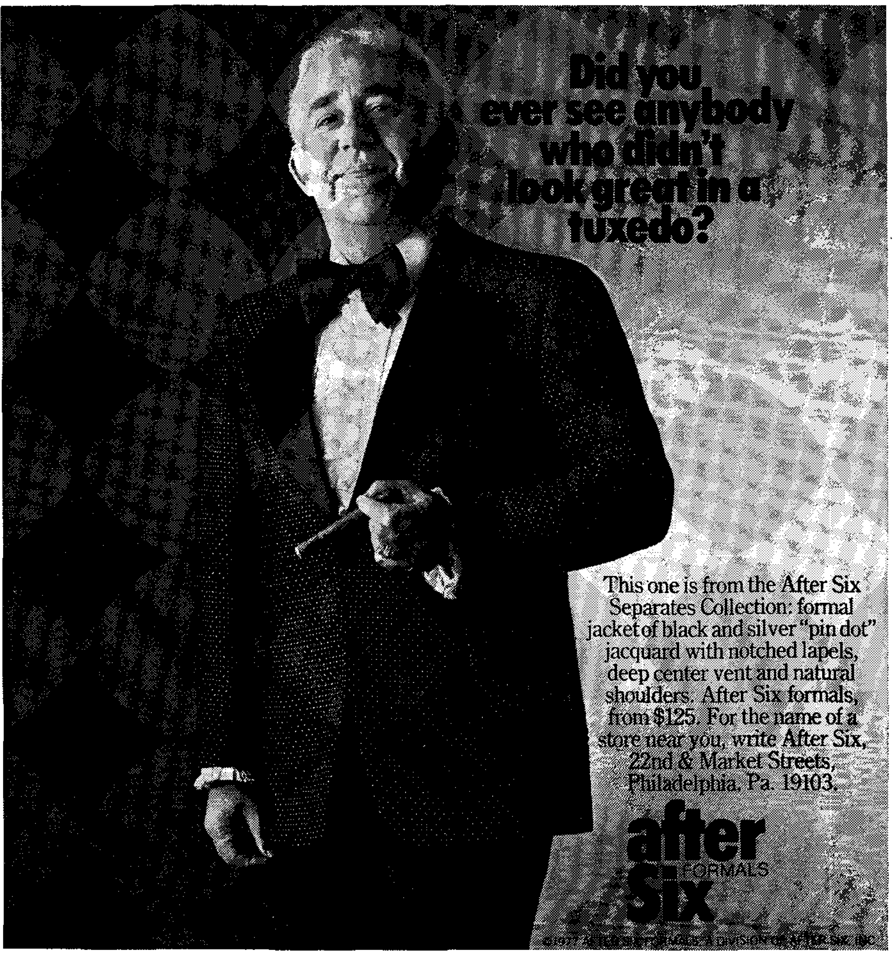
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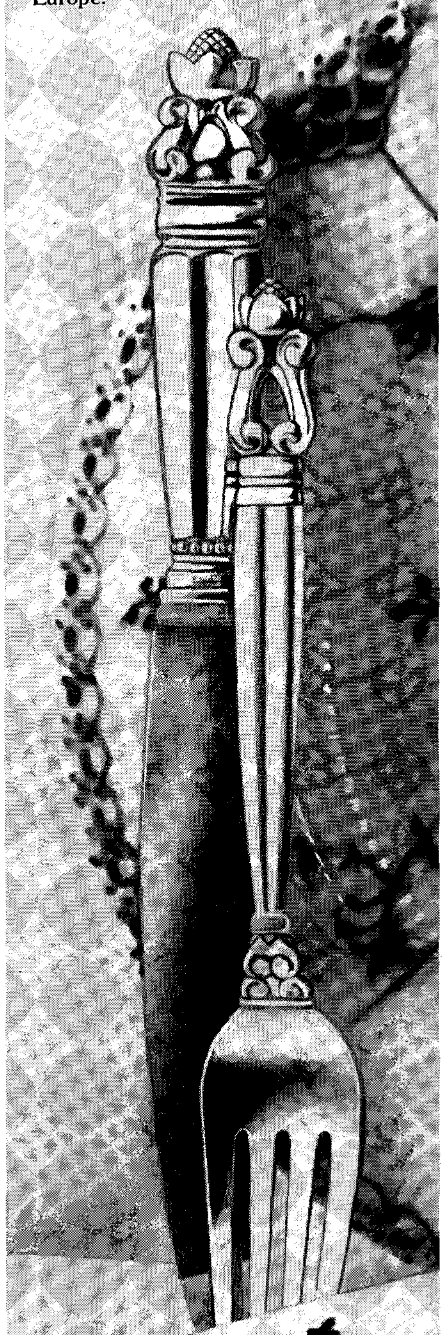

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story of how he had been shipwrecked during the war.

The woman looked out of the window; the crowns of the trees in the garden were being buffeted to and fro.

The chauffeur came back from the car with a first-aid kit.

He joined the hands of Bruno and the actor, stepped back, told them to stay in that exact position, and sketched. They made faces, and he cried out, "Don't laugh!"

Bruno and the actor went to the bathroom and washed their faces together.

The salesgirl and Franziska came in and dabbed at them with towels.

The chauffeur showed his finished sketch around.

The woman and Bruno stood on the terrace. After a while Bruno asked, "Have you decided what you're going to do with yourself?"

The woman answered, "No. For a moment I saw my future clearly and it chilled me to the bone."

They stood looking down at the garages; plastic bags were skittering over the pavement. The elderly woman was walking down the street without her dog, a long evening dress showing under her coat. She waved at them with both arms, as if she knew everything, and the two of them waved back.

The woman asked if he had to go to the office next day.

Bruno: "Don't talk about it now."

Arm in arm, they stepped through the terrace door into the living room. The chauffeur, who was drinking, pointed at them and cried out, "By God, love still exists!"

The salesgirl slapped his outstretched finger and said, "The child is sleeping."

The chauffeur repeated his remark more softly.

The publisher, who was leaning against Franziska's chair, nodded and dozed off. Franziska stood up gingerly, took the chauffeur by the hand and danced with him, cheek to cheek.

The woman was standing at the window. The actor came over to her.

They both looked out; the stormy sky glittered with stars and was reflected in the space behind the stars. After a time he said, "There are some galaxies so distant that their light is weaker than the mere background glow of the night sky. I would like to be somewhere else with you now."

The woman answered instantly, "Please don't put me in any of your plans."

The actor looked at her until she looked back at him. Suddenly she said, "Once when I was in the hospital I saw an old, sick, desperately sad woman caressing the nurse who was standing by her bed—but only her thumbnail. Over and over again, only her thumbnail."

They went on looking at each other.

Finally the actor said, "While we were looking at each other a moment ago, I felt that all my problems were vanishing, one after another, until only you remained. I love you now. I love you."

Bruno sat motionless, just drinking.

Taking over from the chauffeur, the salesgirl danced with Franziska.

Staggering a little, the chauffeur attempted a few steps toward this one and that one; in the end he stood still, all by himself.

Bruno versified into the air:

Suffering's like a propeller
Except that it doesn't take you anywhere,
Whereas the propeller pulls you through the air.

Franziska, who was still dancing, heard him and laughed.

The actor looked around from the window at Bruno, who asked him if it wasn't a beautiful poem.

The publisher answered with his eyes closed, as though he had only been pretending to be asleep. "I'll take it for our next year's house calendar." He looked at the chauffeur. "Hey, you're drunk." With a single movement he stood up and said to Franziska, "I'll drive you home. Where do you live?"

The chauffeur: "Oh, let's stay a little longer. Tomorrow you won't speak to me anyway."

The publisher, to Franziska: "Haven't I met you somewhere?"

The salesgirl joined the woman at the window and said, "In my attic I often stand under the skylight, just to look at the clouds. It makes me feel I'm still alive."

The salesgirl looked at her watch, and immediately the woman turned to the publisher, who was dancing slowly past with Franziska. "She has to go home to her child," the woman said.

The publisher faced Franziska with his hand under his heart and bowed to the salesgirl. To the woman he said very seriously, "So once again we have not seen each other by daylight."

The publisher and the salesgirl went to the door; jingling the car keys, the chauffeur stumbled after them. The publisher took the keys.

When the woman shut the door behind them and came back into the room, Franziska was sitting there alone, tugging at her short blond hair. The

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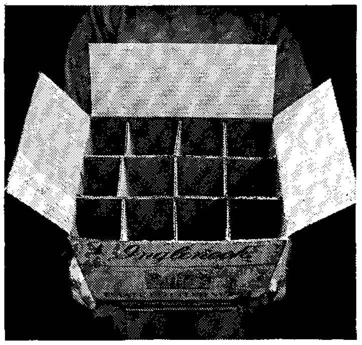
ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END.



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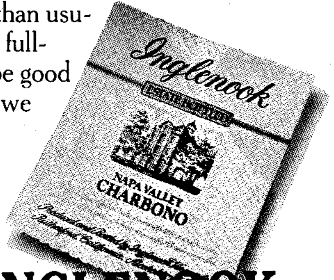

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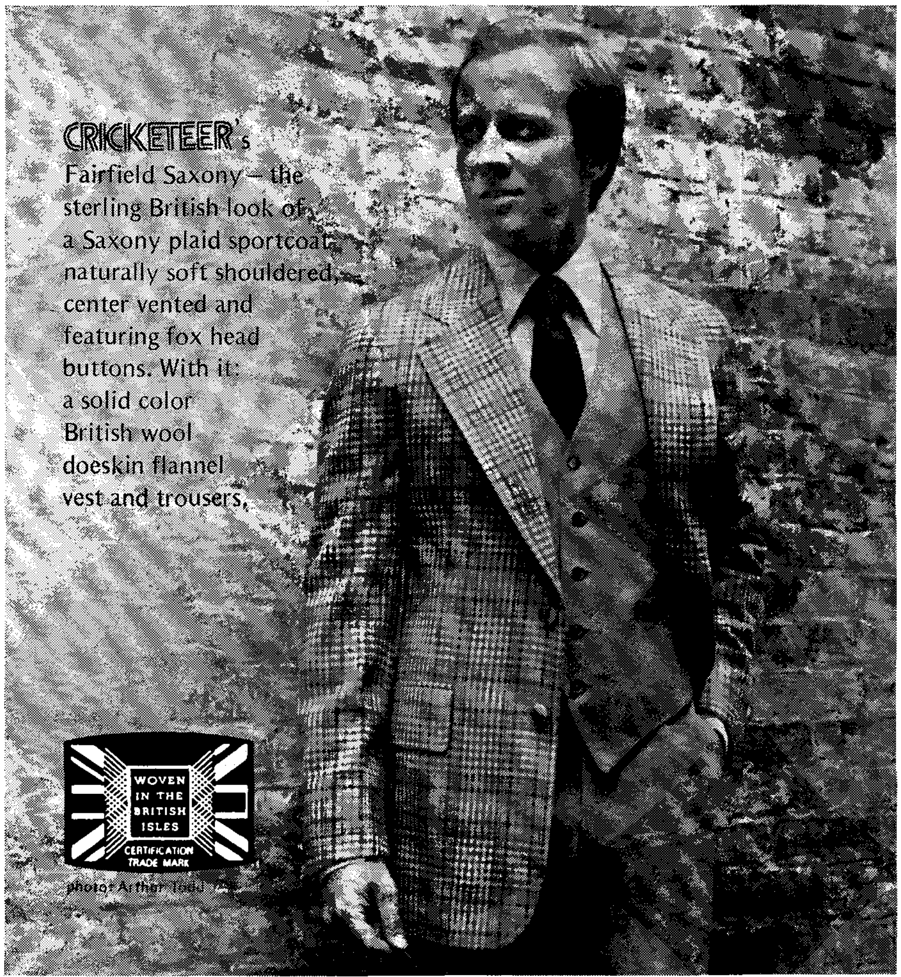

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woman looked around for Bruno and the actor, and Franziska indicated with a gesture that they were down in the cellar. The music had stopped and the sound of a Ping-Pong ball could be heard. Franziska and the woman sat facing each other; on the terrace the wind rocked the rocking chairs.

Franziska: "The salesgirl and her baby! And you and your child! And tomorrow's another school day! To tell you the truth, children depress me. Sometimes I can tell by looking at them that they want to kill me with their voices, with their movements. They all shout at once. They rush back and forth until I'm sick with dizziness and ready to suffocate. What use are they? What do they give us?"

The woman hung her head as though in assent. After a while she replied, "Possibly a little more to think about."

Franziska was holding a visiting card in her hand. "As he was leaving, your publisher gave me his card." She stood up. "Now even I would like to be alone."

The woman put her arm around her.

Franziska: "Ah, that's better."

At the open door, with her coat on, she said, "I have my spies. They tell me you've been talking to yourself."

The woman: "I know. And I've come to like these little conversations so much that I exaggerate them on purpose."

Franziska, after a pause: "Close the door or you'll catch cold." She walked slowly down the street, step after step, her head bent forward; one hand hung down behind as if she were pulling a loaded supermarket cart after her.

The woman went down to the cellar, where Bruno and the actor were. Bruno asked, "Are we the last?"

The woman nodded.

Bruno: "We'll just finish this set."

They played very earnestly. Folding her arms against the chill in the room, the woman watched them.

All three together, they mounted the stairs.

At the coatrack Bruno dressed to go out. So did the actor; at first he tried to put his head through one of the armholes of his sleeveless sweater.

The woman noticed and smiled.

She opened the door.

Bruno already had his coat on; the actor followed him out and said to Bruno, "I've got my car."

Bruno looked into space for a moment and then replied, "That's good. I've perspired a bit."

Standing at the door, the woman

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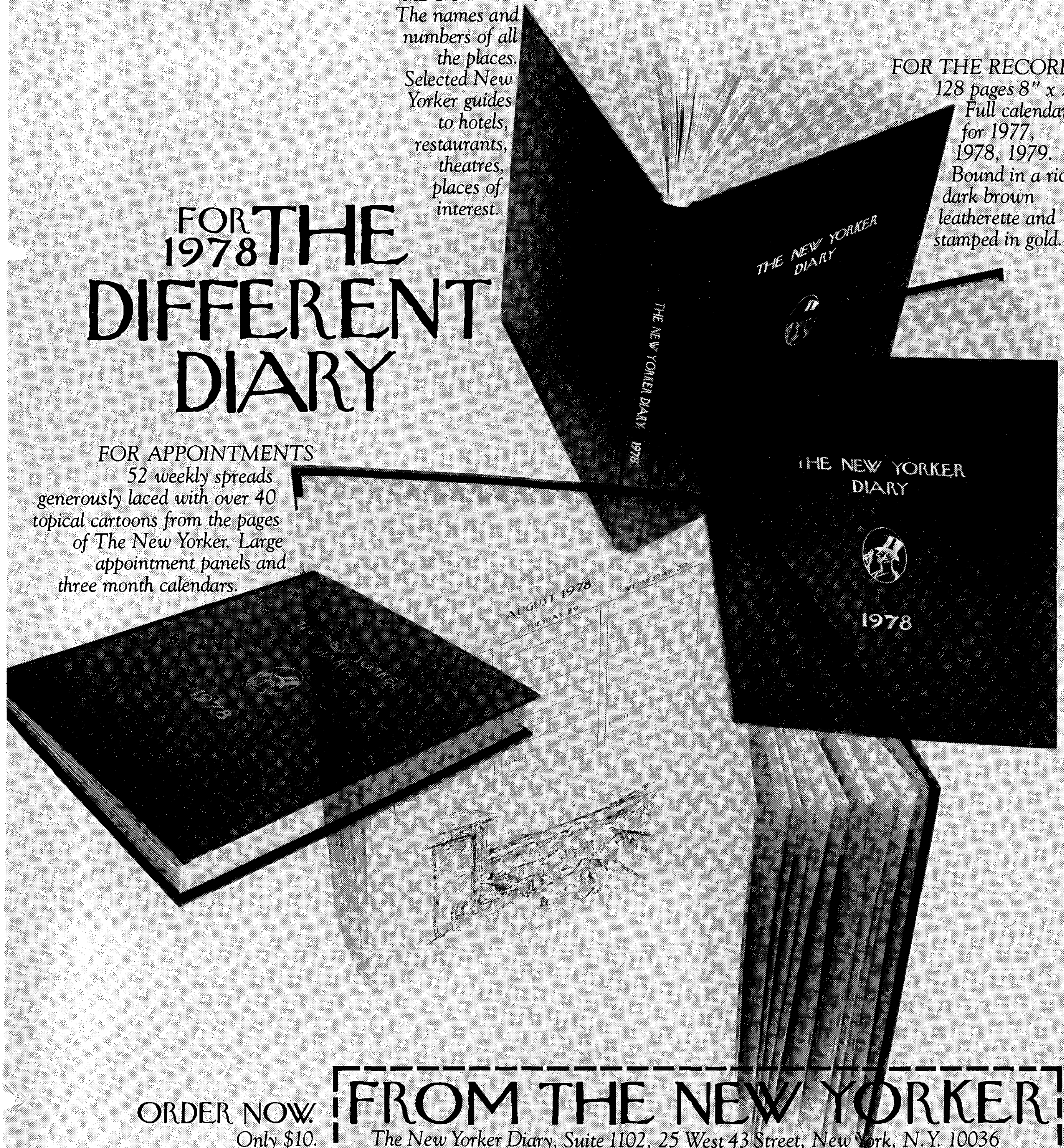
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looked after them as they walked to the car.

They stopped and pissed side by side, with their backs to her. When they proceeded on their way, they kept changing sides, because neither wanted to be on the right.

The woman went back into the house. She closed the door and locked it. She carried glasses and bottles into the kitchen, emptied the ashtrays, washed up. She moved the chairs in the living room back into their old positions, opened a window and aired the room.

She opened the door to the child's room; the child was just turning over in bed, and one of his toenails, which Bruno had done a poor job of cutting, scratched against the sheet.

Standing at the hall mirror, she brushed her hair. She looked into her eyes and said, "You haven't given yourself away. And no one will ever humiliate you again."

She sat in the living room, propping her legs on a second chair, and looked at the sketch the chauffeur had left. She poured herself a glass of whiskey and pushed up the sleeves of her sweater. She smiled to herself and shook the dice cup, leaned back and wiggled her toes. For a long time she sat perfectly still; her pupils pulsated evenly and grew gradually larger. Suddenly she jumped up, took a pencil and a sheet of paper, and began to sketch: first her feet on the chair, then the room behind them, the window, the starry sky, changing as the night wore on—each object in every detail. Her strokes were awkward and uncertain, lacking in vigor, but occasionally she managed to draw a line with a single, almost sweeping movement. Hours passed before she laid the paper down. She looked at it for some time, then went on sketching.

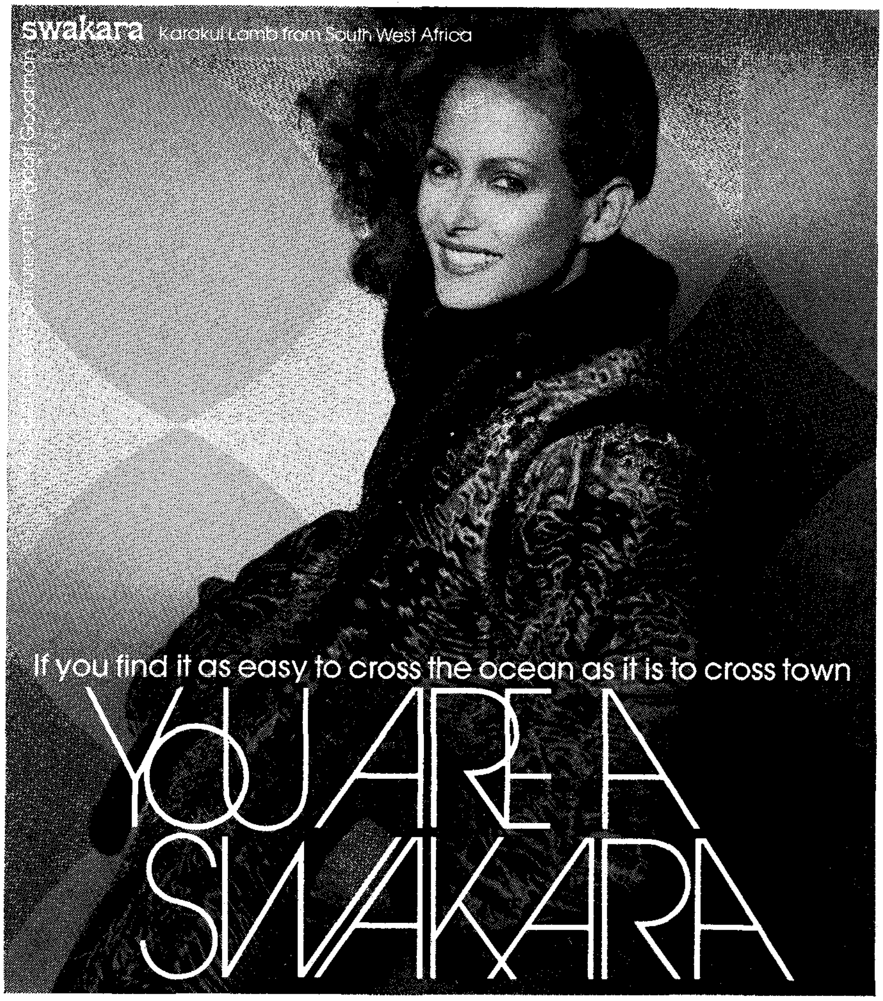
IN the daylight she sat in the rocking chair on the terrace. The moving crowns of the pine trees were reflected on the window behind her. She began to rock; she raised her arms. She was lightly dressed, with no blanket on her knees. —PETER HANDKE

(*Translated, from the German, by Ralph Manheim.*)

•

Hodding Carter III, 42, scion of the Mississippi journalism family, is very ambitious. But he is also smart, articulate, attractive, witty, impetuous and colorful—which makes him almost diametrically opposed to his boss, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance.—*Nancy Collins in the Washington Post.*

Oh, hi, Cyrus. Come on in. We were just talking about you.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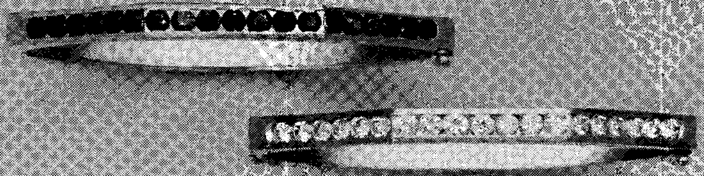

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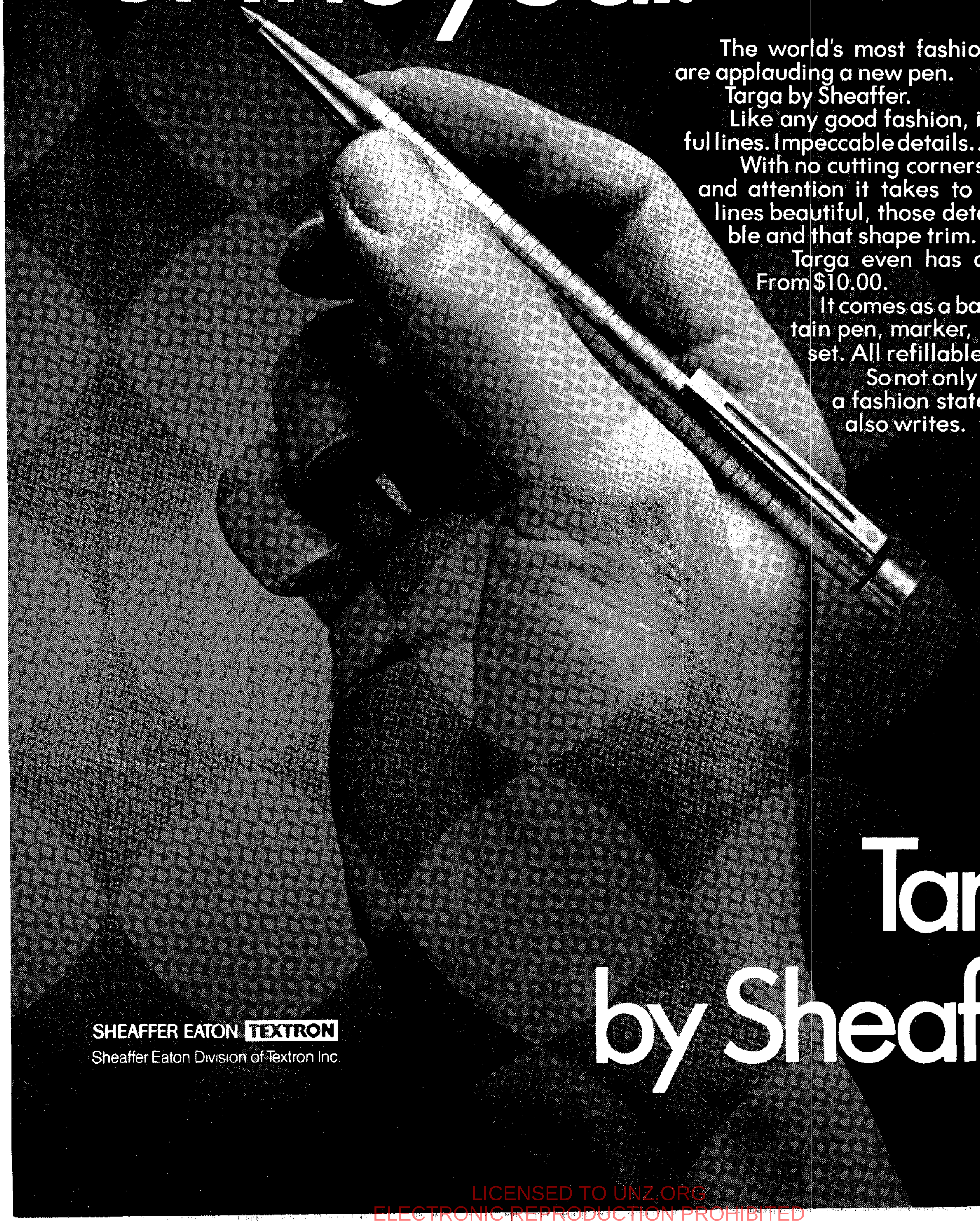

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THE THEATRE

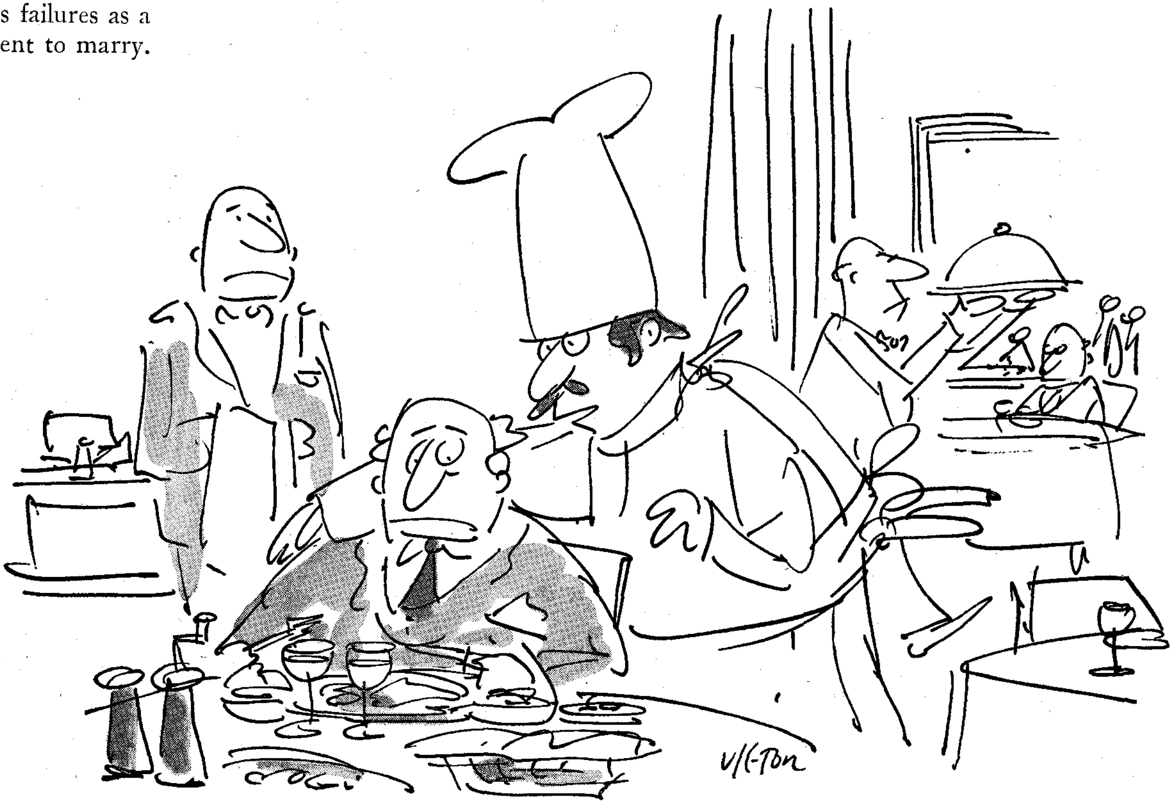
LOOKING BACKWARD

THE most important opening on Broadway last week was that of the new musical "The Act," with Liza Minnelli, Liza Minnelli, Liza Minnelli, and Liza Minnelli. That breathlessly hardworking all-star cast aside, there isn't much of interest to be observed on the stage of the Majestic; one is in the presence of a production as big and costly and gaudy and hollowly resounding as an old Barnum & Bailey gilt circus drum on wheels, and the few scattered sequins and feathers of substance that one gathers up in the course of the evening prove all too readily to be secondhand remnants of a dozen or so earlier show-biz shows. The book of "The Act," which has been compiled in palimpsest fashion by George Furth, has Miss Minnelli playing the part of Michelle Craig, a young singer-dancer-actress clawing her way up the ladder of success in Hollywood. Gifted though she may be, the poor thing is desperately insecure; she can make satisfactory movies only with the help of a certain veteran director, Dan Connors, whom, despite the disparity in their ages and his previous failures as a husband, Michelle is content to marry. Soon enough, she undertakes an affair with a sexy scamp habitually drawn to married women. Dan learns of the affair, he and Michelle are divorced, and Michelle as a single woman is jilted by the scamp. Her career now having begun to go to pieces, she is able to redeem it and herself only by trying something new and terrifying to her—a night-club act in Las Vegas. The opening scene of "The Act," the several knock-your-eye-out song-and-dance numbers that follow, and the tumultuous finale constitute that Vegas act. We in the audience are intermittently backstage, and even, on one occasion, on Michelle's lawn in Hollywood, but most of the time we are presumably seated out front at the Hotel Las Vegas—well-heeled, all-Amurrican chumps, eager to sit through any inanity that is loud and coarse and false and contains a living, twitching superstar. It is a device that permits Mr. Furth, together with John Kander and Fred Ebb, composers of the music and lyrics, to plead (in case they should feel the need to do so) that what is tiresome about "The Act" is in fact their intentional clever mockery of Vegas—a plea that would be worth attending to if at the same time they had given us something of value behind the sham. And this they have failed to do.

A backward-looking musical, with humdrum music and humorless, soap-operatic dialogue, and yet Miss Minnelli is a phenomenon well worth taking an evening's measure of. If I were her uncle, and especially if I were her Dutch uncle, I would urge her not to accept any more roles in which she is encouraged to leave the audience in doubt as to whether her fear of failing and her joy in succeeding are aspects of a role or of her personality. The danger that arises from deliberately mingling one's profession with one's private life is very grave indeed, as much sad stage history teaches us. On opening night, the audience incessantly applauded what it at first believed to be Miss Minnelli's own emotions, and was then—I trust—disconcerted to perceive that they were the emotions of Michelle Craig. Miss Minnelli's less astute admirers invite her to traffic in vulnerability, and she is far too able a performer to consent to such guff.

Barry Nelson plays Dan Connors with his usual wry reticence, and Arnold Soboloff tries valiantly to bring interest to his role as a sardonic homosexual composer. Ron Lewis has choreographed two or three exuberant dance numbers, including one called "Turning (Shaker Hymn)," and Halston has provided Miss Minnelli with several bedazzling changes of costume, none of which fails to pay homage to her exceptionally lovely legs. The sets are by Tony Walton, the lighting is by Tharon Musser, and credit for the direction is given to Martin Scorsese.

"AN ALMOST PERFECT PERSON," at the Belasco (newly refurbished and most welcomely returned to active use), is a comedy by Judith Ross. It



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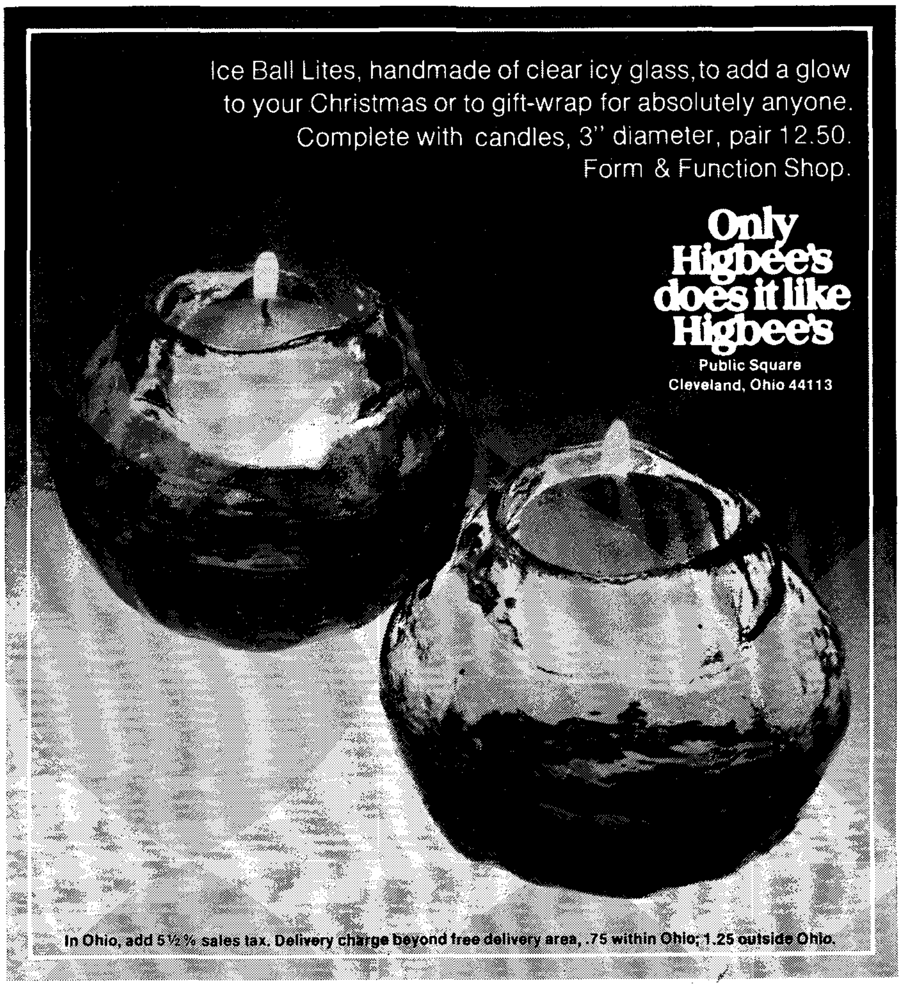

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stars Colleen Dewhurst as a New York lawyer who, running for political office and losing, finds herself within a few hours of the election going to bed first with her campaign manager (George Hearn) and then with her C.P.A. (Rex Robbins). The double experience proves to be at once pleasurable and unsettling. Miss Dewhurst's Irene Porter is a widow, a lawyer, a mother, and a daughter. Since the death of her husband a couple of years ago, she has been more or less celibate, and her unexpected amorous adventures puzzle her, in part because her lovers are so unlike: the campaign manager loves her (unbeknownst to her, he has personally borrowed seventy-five thousand dollars to help finance her campaign; that, in a campaign manager, is love), and the C.P.A., who has grown tired of his wife, only *thinks* he loves her. Miss Ross's concern is to make Mrs. Porter's puzzlement amusing and perhaps instructive; women like her are becoming an attractive presence in New York, and the more quickly we understand what they are about the better. Miss Dewhurst gives the impression of high intelligence; fortunately, Miss Ross has given her intelligent things to say. Mr. Hearn puts a suitably harsh edge on his wisecracks, and Mr. Robbins is comically pedestrian even in his passion. (In art, if not in real life, C.P.A.s have an invariably doltish turn of mind—maybe it's all those years of sealing envelopes for celebrities to open.) "An Almost Perfect Person" is a small comedy but not an unappealing one. I admired the set and the lighting, by Ben Edwards; the costumes, by Jane Greenwood; and the direction, by Zoe Caldwell, who knows a thing or two about making a play march.

"SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDHEIM," at the Music Box, has been running for many months now; a new cast has taken over this charming, highly informal concert, and what a good time they appear to be having with it! The three singers are Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, and Georgia Brown, and the interlocutor is Hermione Gingold. Miss Gingold's vocal delivery has long been one of the wonders of the world; her voice seems to emerge from some vast subterranean treasure house of liquid lapis lazuli and then to ooze out toward us in a way that makes us wonder whether if we were ever inadvertently to set foot in it we would not be held immobile for life—a fate that, however peculiar, strikes me as having much to recommend it. The thirty-odd

Sondheim songs in the program are merry and sad, and more often sad than merry, and I could listen to them forever.

Least Said, Soonest Mended: One of the worst shows I have seen in my career as a reviewer was "Some of My Best Friends," which banged open and shut at the Longacre with the celerity of a barn door in a cyclone. The hapless author was Stanley Hart, and the director was Hal Prince. Hal Prince? I still don't believe it.

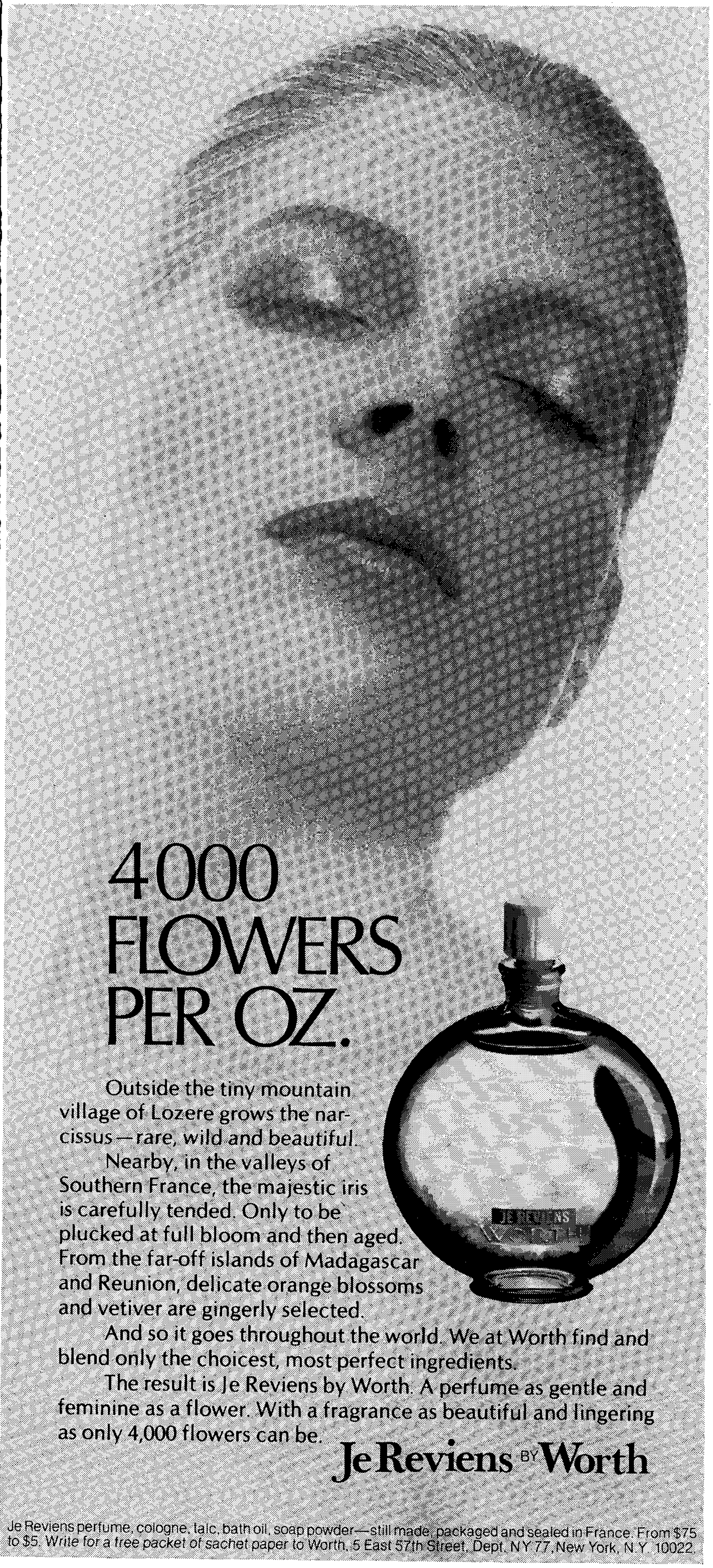
—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Working for the Yankee Dollar

Mustapha Matura's "Rum an Coca-Cola" is a funny, deeply serious play—a good play, too—set in Trinidad. It has been given a fine production by the Chelsea Theatre Center, in Brooklyn, with Leon Morenzie and Lou Ferguson as its only two characters, and with a splendid three-piece steel band to comment upon the action and underline the irony. Mr. Morenzie plays Creator, an aging calypso singer who won the important annual calypso contest three years in a row back in the fifties and then lost it three years in a row, and Mr. Ferguson is Bird, his young apprentice. At the opening, we see them on the beach, where they sleep and spend most of their time. Creator is improvising a new song, which he expects to finish for the forthcoming contest, and he accepts or rejects Bird's suggestions with firmness and instructive explanations. Some (offstage) tourists come by, and the pair immediately adopt artificial beaming faces and go into a mocking routine, prancing rhythmically around as they sing "Rum an Coca-Cola" and "Mary Ann." Creator's contempt for the tourists gives only the barest hint of the bitterness and disappointment and fear and jealousy within him—an inner agony that eventually rises to the surface and explodes. In a turn of the plot, Bird falls in love with a girl tourist, and although she plans to help—even finance—the men, Creator sees her as a threat to his dream of writing one more *good* song, his last hope for recognition. She will break up the partnership and take him away, and with Bird gone who will sing his new song and win the contest? "Tourist!" He spits out the word.

The play is subtle and pervasive. At the beginning, the mood is sunny, and



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much of the dialogue is very funny; Creator's tension is imperceptible, and the darkening comes slowly. The acting, under Donald Howarth's masterly direction, is superb. Though Creator is a battered drunk, almost a derelict, one never doubts his talent or his stature. As played with complete understanding and expressiveness by Mr. Morenzie, he is a tragic ruin. As Bird—young, loyal, serious about his craft, and accepting the conditions of his life cheerfully, with tongue in cheek—Lou Ferguson blends eagerness, innocence, and shrewdness to give a strong, fine-tuned performance. When, afire with love, he describes his night with the girl, he lights up the stage. William Mintzer actually does light up the stage, and his good lighting is a match for Wolfgang Roth's good setting. "Rum an Coca-Cola" originally opened at the Royal Court, in London. It will remain in Brooklyn through October 30th, and then open at the Chelsea's Westside Theatre, in Manhattan, on November 2nd for a limited run that I hope will prove to be unlimited.

"HOUSEWIFE! SUPERSTAR!!," at Theatre Four, is a one-man show. The man is Barry Humphries, an Australian comedian, who for well over an hour and a half, in drag but without any winking or mincing, impersonates a bitchy middle-aged woman called Dame Edna Everage. The characterization is detailed, but the character is a bore, and most—though by no means all—of the jokes are awful. Why the lady is a Dame is never explained, but, God knows, everything else is. Iris Mason cuts up at the piano.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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As you can see.

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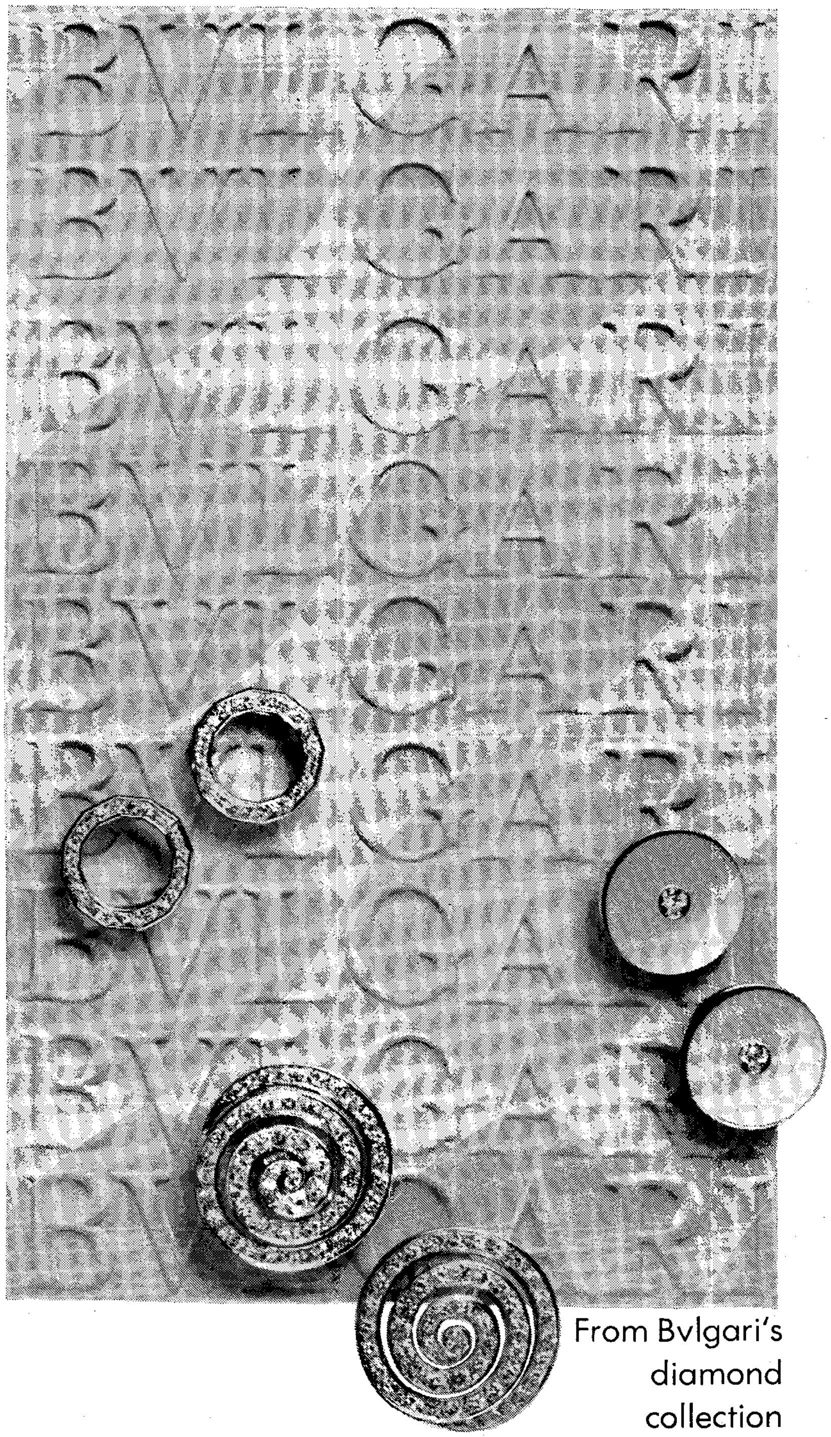

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

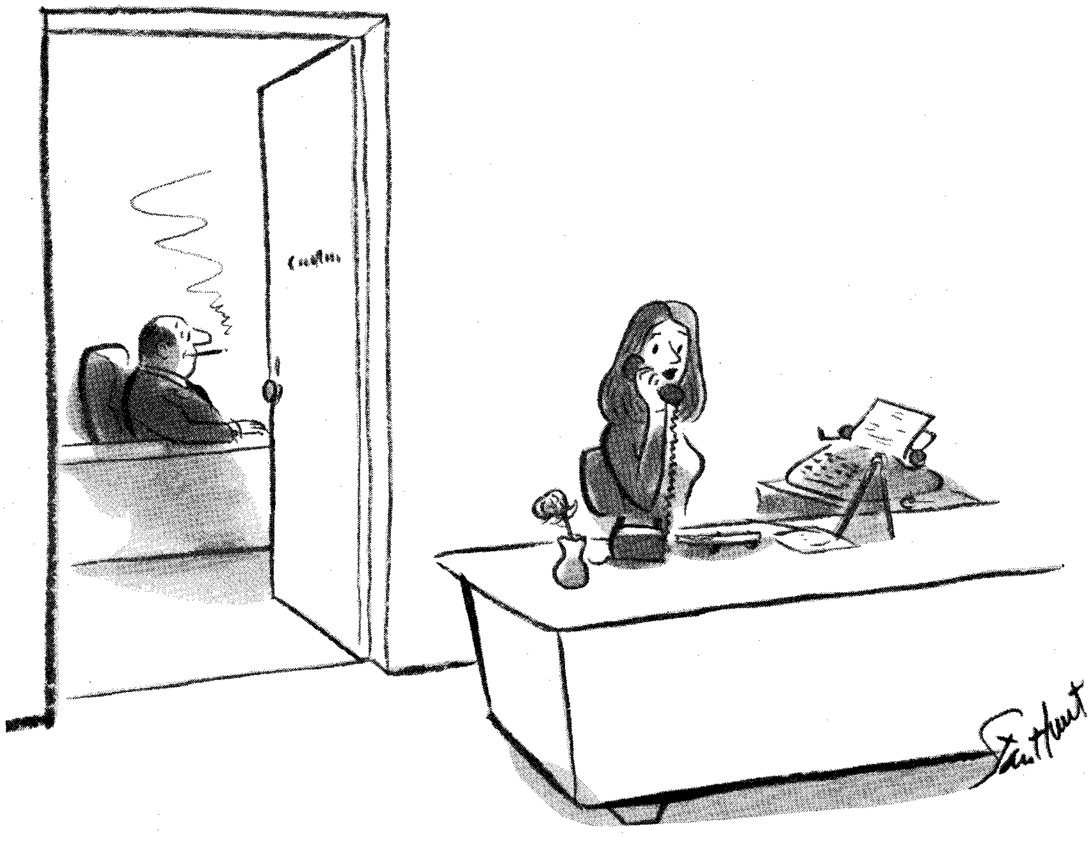
FEMININE FASHIONS

BRITAIN—I

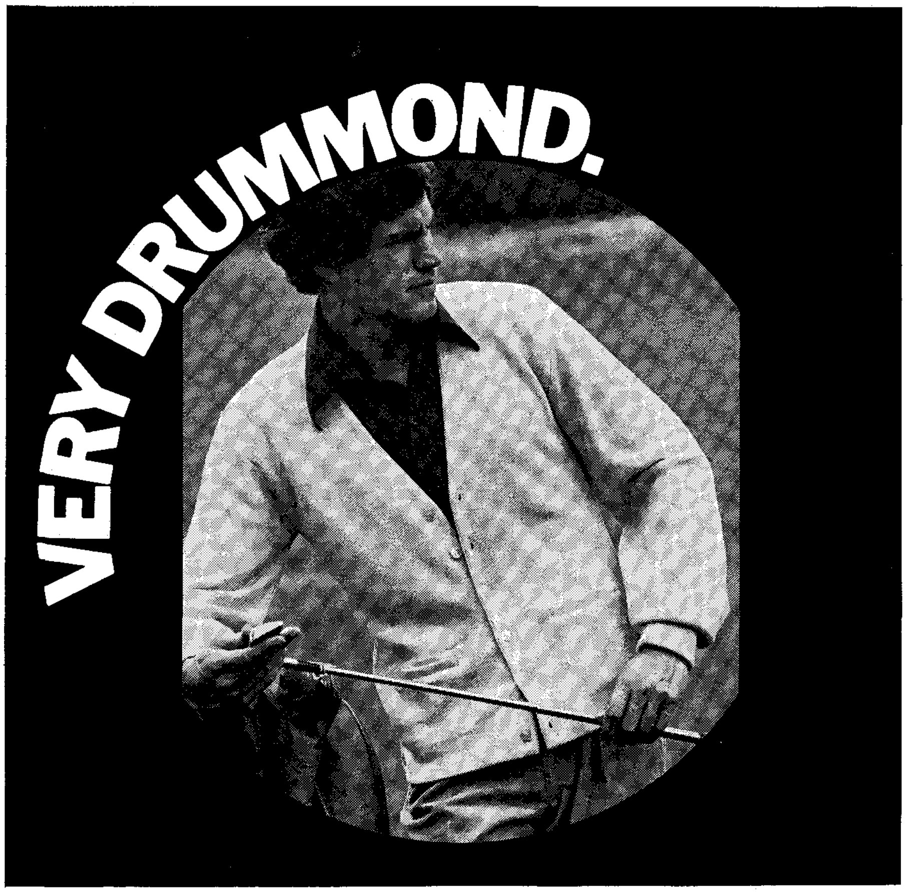
IN London this year, a somewhat shabby-looking exhibition dedicated to "British Genius" told the world that the electric-light bulb was invented by an Englishman named Joseph Wilson Swan, who while experimenting with filaments discovered a way of making rayon. Authorities in Victorian Britain were obdurately convinced that the building of a power network would prove too costly, and so the first large power station in England was designed by Thomas Alva Edison, who—unlike his transatlantic rival—had had the foresight to patent his ideas. As for rayon, it came to be associated in the public mind far more with the French, because it was employed by the flamboyant Count Hilaire de Chardonnet for objects more appealing to the waggish imagination than practical old light bulbs—ladies' negligees and panties. A syndrome of unexploited opportunities, evident a century ago, afflicts Britain—in its fashion industry no less than in scientific and technical fields—to this day. British talents come up with extraordinarily free and inventive ideas that all too often suffer from bad management, uninspired salesmanship, and the timidity of public authorities or large and bureaucratic companies. It is frequently left to better-organized and more aggressive outsiders to promote and capitalize on British ideas. Yet it was the spontaneous and sometimes unbusinesslike inventions of fashion-minded young people in Britain which set in motion a cycle of fashion that persists—often in French, Italian, Japanese, or American versions—some ten years after it first showed up on the streets of London.

What are these proved trend-setters up to now, and why do they not get wider international recognition? The answer to the first question is work that is often brilliantly innovative and fastidious. The answer to the next is more complex. There is a temptation to think of fashion as a purely private impulse connected to the future—an individual's enthusiasm for the next shape or for the up-and-coming name. But before fashion can reach the public it must contend with the meshes of an elaborate industry that is profoundly wedded to its past. Like any other original idea or design in Britain (any tangible one, at least; the arts, where no manufacturing process is called for, fare better), high-fashion design must live within a complicated industrial society that has generally failed to support originality or has actually been hostile to it. Britain spawns designers, prolifically, and in many cases at state expense, from long and sophisticated fashion training in such art schools as St. Martin's, Kingston, Harrow, Ravensbourne, and the Royal College of Art. Where in America there is still only a handful of full-blown designers of the younger generation, in Britain they are produced in the hundreds each year. (It is true of Britain in general that educational institutions produce more people who are ambitious and able than a country of its size can conceivably absorb. Indeed, much of Britain's articulate and anxious dissatisfaction of the past few years may stem from a population overqualified for the only roles that society can conceivably offer.) But the British fashion industry has been singularly remiss in its treatment of the young designers that the state and the education system has fed to it.

From the moment of the young designers' emergence from the colleges, there appears to be no shortage of possibilities open to them. Many, indeed, are given dramatic breaks as a result of the graduation fashion shows, where they present their college work, and which are attended by talent-spotting members of the industry and the fashion press. Some of the fledglings are siphoned off into the huge textile companies, such as Courtaulds, Imperial Chemical Industries, and Tootal. But the demand for original fashion or textile design within such giants has, in the past, been limited, and the collaboration has rarely proved a happy one. Other graduates are snapped up by British clothing manufacturers, but this encounter between art and commerce, like any other, has been known to lead to painful disillusionment for the designers. As a result, some young British fashion designers do not even risk contact with British manufacturers; instead, as soon as they are



"I'm sorry, but Mr. Peabody does not take any calls when 'The Price Is Right' or 'Wheel of Fortune' is on."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trained, they are wooed away by offers from Continental Europe. This brain drain has been steadily increasing in recent years, until, by some estimates, as many as twenty-five per cent of the best of British fashion and textile graduates now leave immediately to take up jobs abroad. Behind some of the most successful names of European ready-to-wear—among them Daniel Hechter and Dorothée Bis, in France, and Fiorucci and Missoni, in Italy—lie stables of designers in which young British talent plays an important part. Still other young people, either without venturing into employment with manufacturers or after having their fingers burned by such an experience, have chosen to set up in business on their own.

It is with small, scattered, designer-based independent companies that the verve and refinement of British fashion now reside. Independent and original designers exist in great numbers in Britain—often beginning on a shoestring, with one sewing or knitting machine, and then deliberately choosing to remain small, in order to retain control of ideas, quality, and "image." It isn't easy for such minute, often undercapitalized outfits to survive the economic trauma that Britain has known in the present decade, or for them to get supplies in the midst of an industry geared chiefly to mass production. The choice of long-term fulfillment outside the main fashion system over the possibility of quick enrichment within it involves considerable self-sacrifice. And high fashion must involve a kind of artistic élitism that may prick the conscience of its exponents—many of Britain's most determined new talents are the state-educated products of working-class backgrounds—in a welfare state whose commitment to egalitarian levelling-down extends from the government's policy of nondiscriminatory education and health care to the fashion industry's traditional goal of cheap, if undistinguished, clothing for the masses.

It is encouraging that independent and original designers manage to keep *themselves bobbing along through the* buffetings of a rocky economy and the constraints of a mass-production industry. Somehow, Janice Wainwright can go on producing her designs in hand-painted French velvets; Bruce Oldfield gets national publicity for his small range of streamlined evening separates; Janet Reger successfully runs two shops filled with her exquisitely sensual lingerie; Clive Shilton makes a decent living by creating painstakingly crafted handbags shaped like flowers or scallop shells; Esther Pearson's workshop goes on performing magic in hand-knitted wisps of pastel mohair; and a team like Sheridan Barnett and Sheilagh Brown still retains the courage and the gaiety to scheme up inventions like a pair of jodhpurs made of sugar-pink moiré. Small firms fare best when they involve united and devoted teams—some part artistic, the other more practical and businesslike—that are members of a family, or husband and wife, or the like. One great advantage enjoyed by small design firms in London is a supporting network of boutiques that respect and depend on original work. Shops such as Elle, Chic, Parker's, Gibbs, Crocodile, Roxy, Mrs. Howie, and Browns will, to varying degrees, encourage impoverished designers at the outset of their careers by helping them invest in fabrics and by guaranteeing them an audience for their finished clothes. (True, the relationship between fledgling designers and such stores can turn as sour as that between designers and manufacturers or between designers and entrepreneurs—more so, even, because, being more intensely personal, it carries echoes of the strains between parent and child. Designers complain of exclusive, binding arrangements—sometimes without credit to the rising name—in spite of the security these provide; stores complain of ingratitude and inconstancy.) Inevitably, a hundred different designers succeed or fail for a hundred different reasons. The weakest fall by the wayside through lack of talent or lack of commitment to their aim. Others fail through sheer bad luck when they are marketing a volatile product in an uncertain economic and psychological climate—getting either too few orders or so many that their little production system is overtaxed, goes haywire, and collapses in disarray. Some go through troubled times or fall foul of the system—Jeff Banks and Ulla Heathcote spring to mind—then pick themselves up and start again from scratch. The lucky ones are able to press on steadily, with student dreams perhaps a little dented by contact with the real world, but with their talents fundamentally intact. Something in the atmosphere of Britain has permitted them to survive against apparent odds. And, these days, new conditions in the fashion industry may be starting to work in their favor.

TEN years ago in Britain, there were Twiggy, the Beatles, and a spontaneous eruption of miniskirted street fashion that was the instantaneous reflection of a revolution. British fash-

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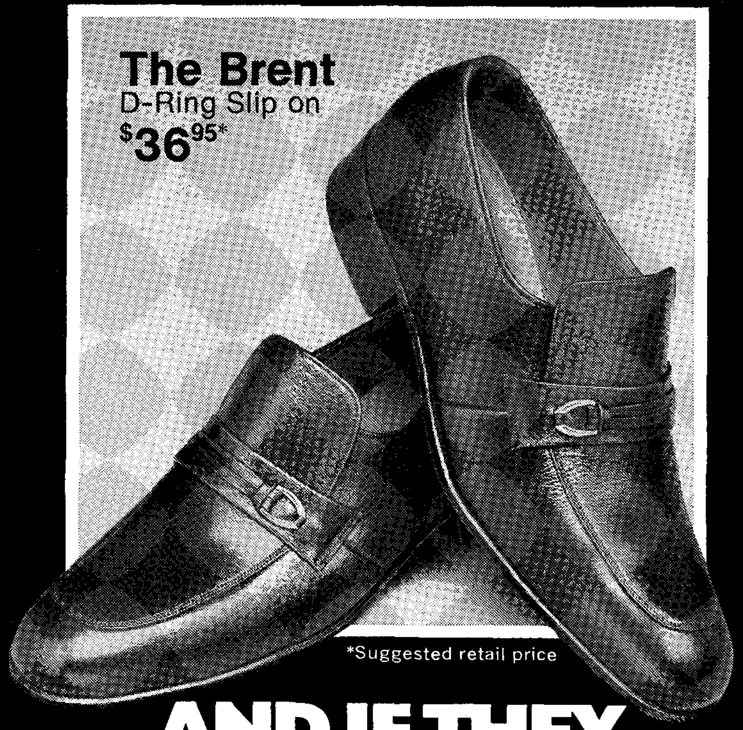

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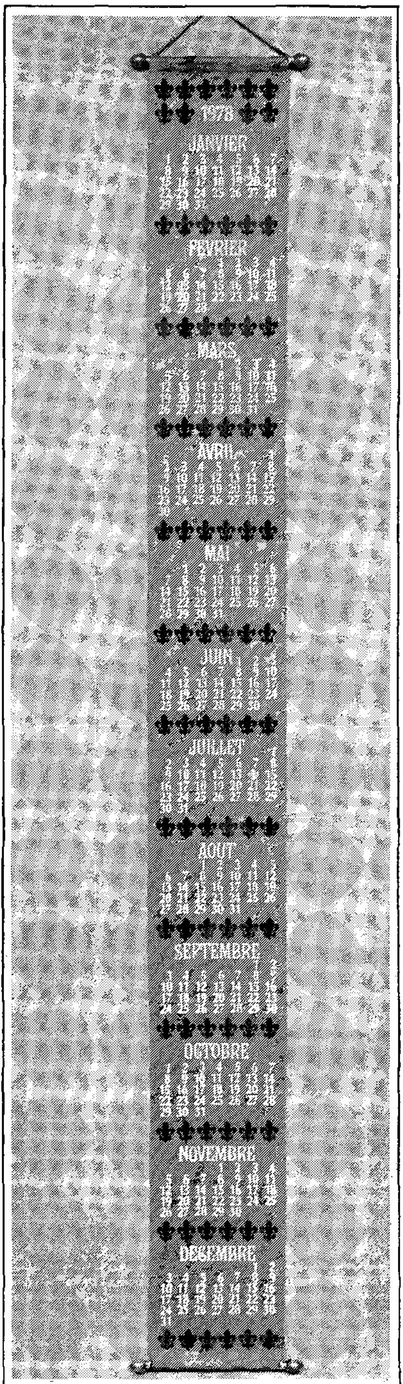

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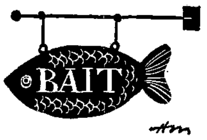
ion of the sixties was a joke and a lark, and when it cost anything at all it was ludicrously cheap. You could shear off your skirts for nothing, or else go to Mr. Freedom and get a Mickey Mouse T-shirt for a quid, or capture the murky, Pre-Raphaelite mood of Biba in a dress that set you back a fiver. Tommy Roberts, who ran Mr. Freedom, and was once the wacky genie of "Swinging London," is now collaborating on a pop musical with Justin de Villeneuve. Biba, which grew in the space of ten years from a tiny boutique into a huge department store that was probably the world's boldest experiment in selling fashion as a mood and a form of theatre, has closed its doors, and its designer is living and working quietly in South America. The Art Deco building in Kensington High Street which was the last shrine of the extraordinary Biba vision fell victim to the wheeling and dealing of property speculators, who have yielded up the premises for occupancy half by Marks & Spencer, half by British Home Stores—two pragmatic, value-minded chains. Biba's fantastical world is gutted now. Gone are the peach-colored Art Deco sofas and the acres of peach-colored glass, the ostrich feathers and the hair pomades, the funny hats and the monocles, the tea dances softly lit by neon rainbows. All this highly personal kitsch and taste, this distinctly British life and wit have been swept aside to make way for the hygienic, sensibly air-conditioned, coolly fluorescent decorating formula common to every branch of Marks & Spencer from Darlington to Paris, from Glasgow to Plymouth—a style of décor that has about as much romance to it as a giant, automated poultry-dressing factory. The big-business Monopoly game to which Biba fell victim and the symbolic fate of the store's premises still rankle with fashion-minded people concerned about the nation's fund of design inspiration.



In its way, Marks & Spencer has done a fine service, by providing reasonably priced and durable clothing, household goods, and cellophane-packaged foods to the common Englishman—and, to judge by the babel in its London branches, to hosts of common Frenchmen, Germans, and Arabs as well. In a nation that often, in spite of internal irritations, seems like a single family, "Marks & Sparks" has established itself as a part of social mythology—a family joke—in a way that no Sears or J. C. Penney, no Levi Strauss or Bloomingdale's could ever do in this more diverse land. The store gained a place in the British heart, but its example also gained a stranglehold on the British fashion industry. In the short term, monolithic retailing companies may have served Britain's population by offering what it knew it wanted already; in the long term, by failing to foster original design, they jeopardized the fibre, textile, and fashion industries, which are the third-largest employer of that population. Mills and manufacturers, geared to producing billions of yards and millions of examples of stereotyped styles for giant outlets, grew reluctant to bother with small and innovative orders or to invest in machinery to make up different shapes. As long as the fashion industry's horizon was limited by underpants and football socks that sold effortlessly, through the word of mouth of a nation's harassed mums, the industry saw no need to raise the level of public taste or to bestir itself to promote its products in the international market.

There are signs, though, that the established patterns and structures of the British fashion industry are giving way, and that original and independent designers are starting to benefit. Inflation has done it, to a great extent. The faith in endless growth and in making more and more of the same things, ad infinitum, has been sorely shaken by the economic crisis. Clothing has traditionally been relatively cheap in Britain, because of a long-established mass-production structure and because of the underlying puritanism in the British character, which made for reluctance to spend money on fancy clothes. But inflation has meant that people cannot afford to spend as much on clothing, however cheap, as they could when times were good. Fashion, meanwhile, has been bubbling away underground, outside the system, and becoming more and more expensive. British fashion designers, like their colleagues around the world, have during the nineteen-seventies been increasingly drawn to artisanship, exclusiveness, and fine fabrics. Ten years ago, fashion was as cheap as any other clothing, because it was still tied in with the mass-production scheme. In opposition to mass-produced dowdiness, the fashion explosion poured out a code of mass-produced gaiety—Mary Quant-styled miniskirts and the newly invented pantyhose to wear with them, and Union Jack-patterned shopping bags that were turned out by the million. In time, though, that code out-

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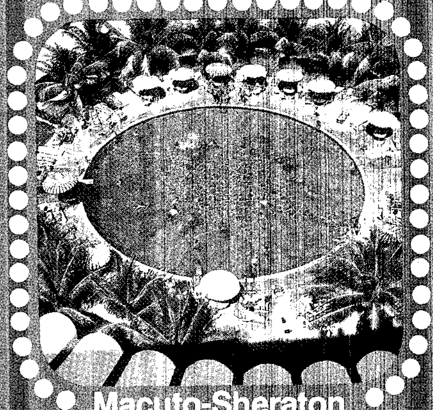

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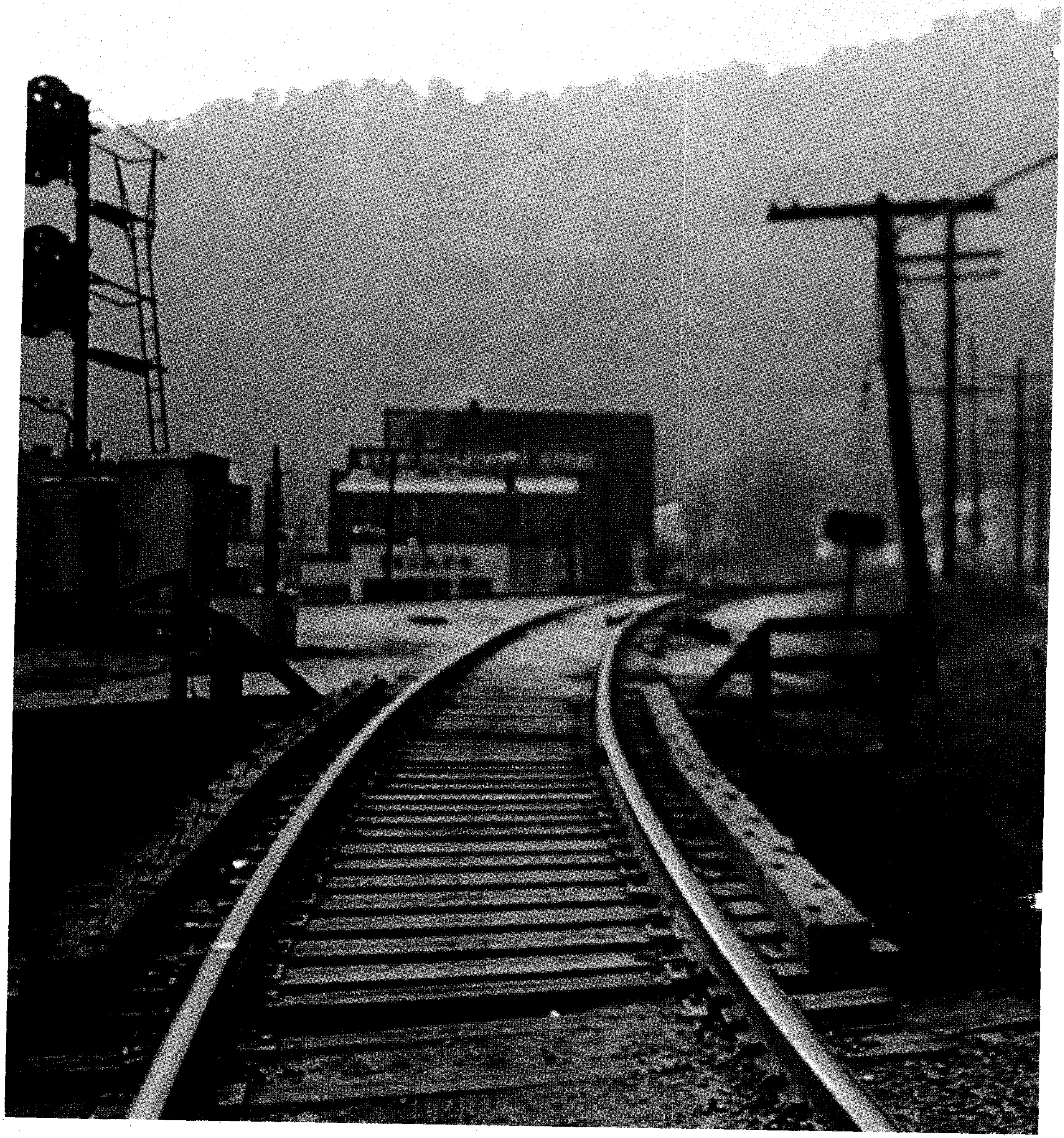
Parker Ferguson: plumber, builder, family counselor, digger of ditches, man of the cloth.

In the West Virginia hill town of Matewan, coal trains rumble right by the church twenty times a day. The church is United Methodist, and its minister is Parker Ferguson, who says the trains never ruin a service. "You just talk louder and go on."

In 11 years in Matewan, he has rebuilt his own church twice: once after a fire, once after a flood. During the flood, he helped feed and house



hundreds of people, and later worked to repair their property. As a family counselor, he is in demand even outside his congregation.

Two years ago, when the church was planning to transfer Parker, the townspeople sent enough telegrams to stop the move. Even the Baptist preacher sent one.

"I don't spend that much time in church," Parker says. "I like people, so I like to get out and help with my hands and head and heart."

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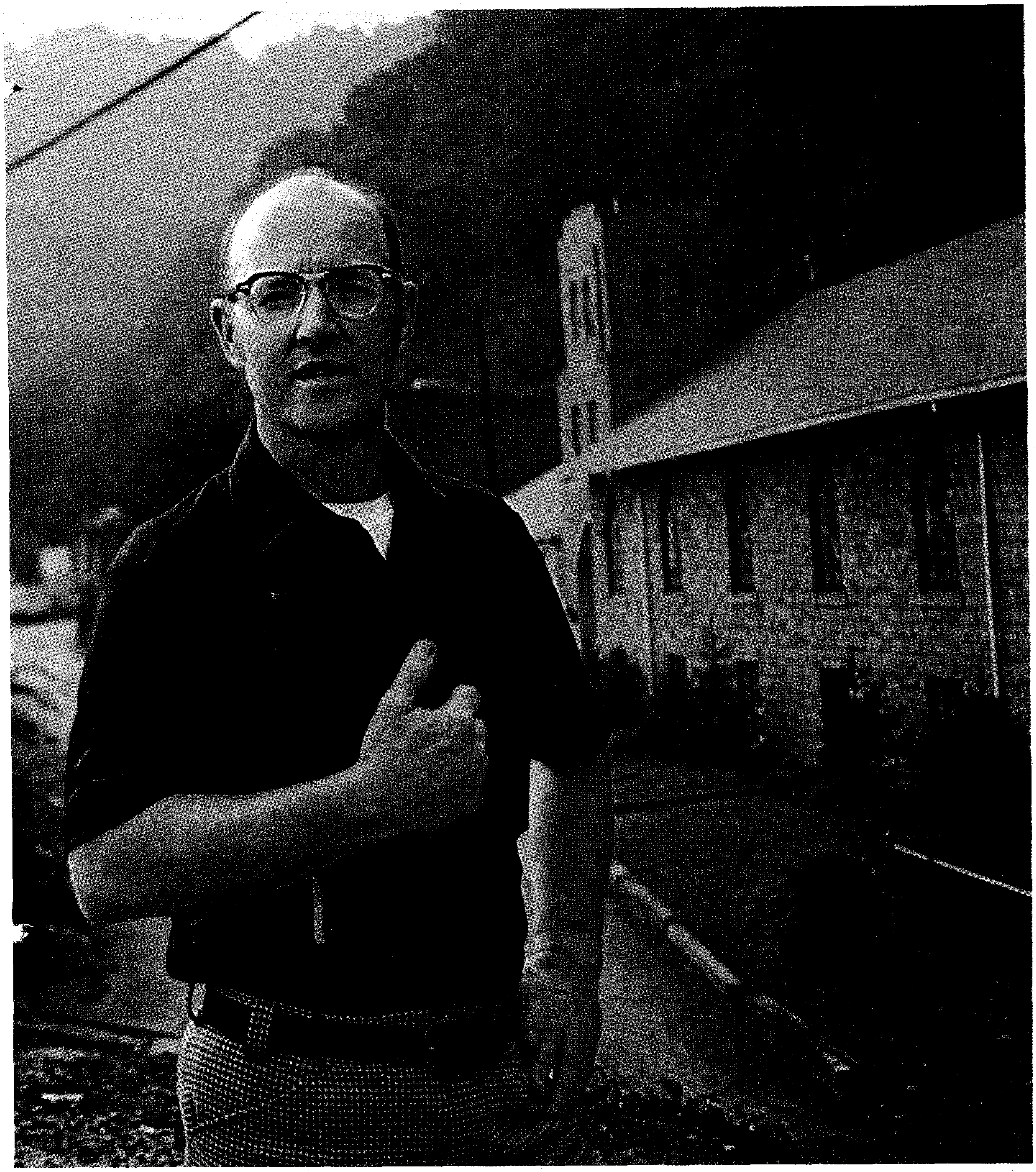

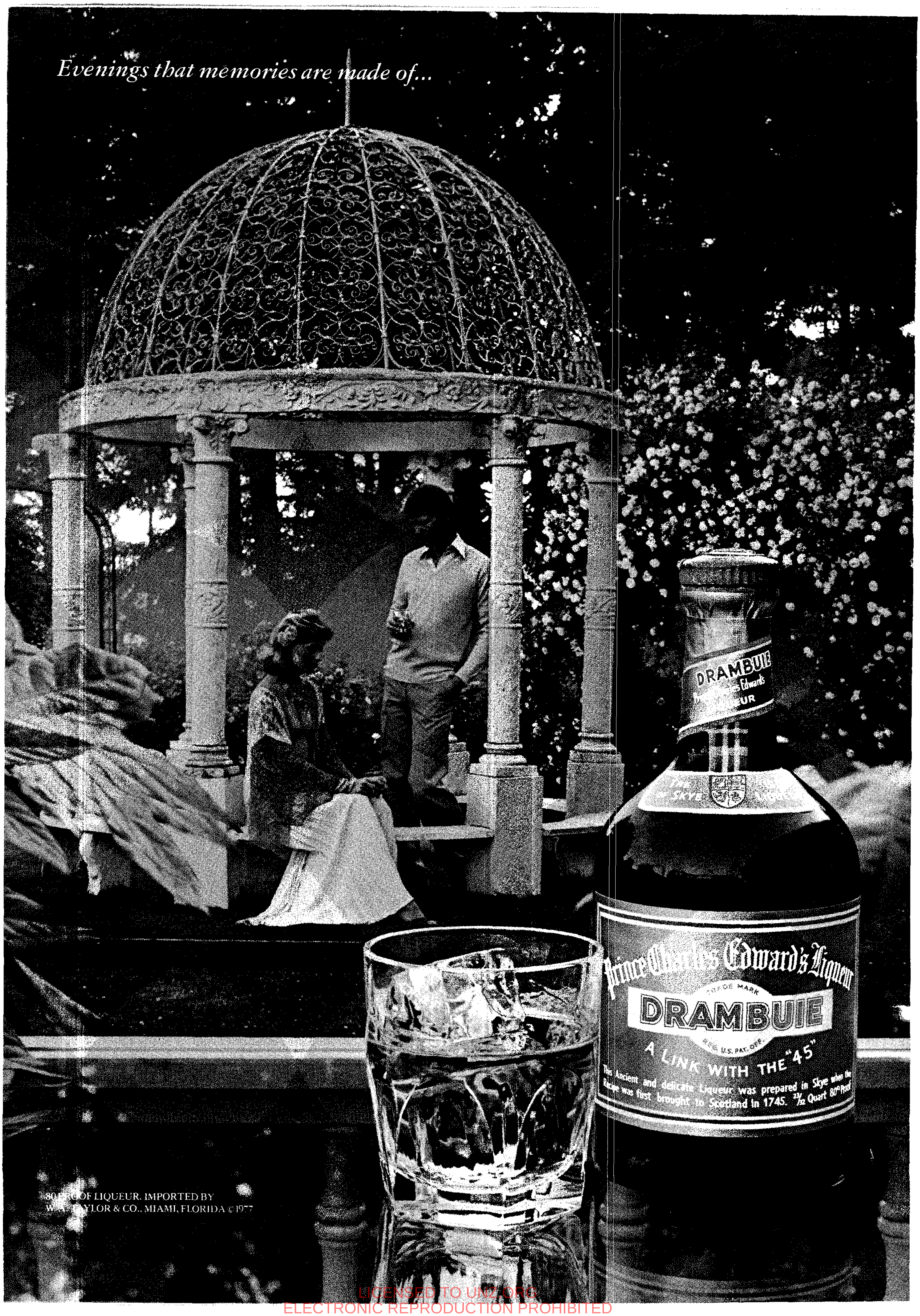
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lived its original iconoclastic exuberance. Designers who were at first content to express a generation's restlessness by working for manufacturers discovered that, however enlightened or trendy these seemed, they were only businessmen after all. Designers yearned to express their own uniqueness more than that of their age group. They began to set up on their own, and to make more expensive clothes. The center of fashion has now shifted from amateur street fashion and mass production to designers—who, with their professionalized individualism, bridge the gulf between the two. Clothing may remain cheap for the British, but fashion is expensive now. People concerned with the overall health of the British fashion industry are much concerned, these days, with helping exports and therefore with the process professionals refer to as "upgrading." This involves teaching and encouraging manufacturers to produce fewer things of better quality—to the standard that is in demand abroad. Stores and shoppers at home either will adjust to this internal change in the industry by buying better British clothes less often or will continue to buy cheap clothing, but discover that it has been imported from the sweatshops of Korea or Taiwan. Original fashion designers, stronger and more mature than they were five or ten years back, and with a product of high quality which they are very sure they want to make, are beginning to be courted again, on different terms, by clothing manufacturers, whose confidence in cheapness and sameness has been shaken by a depressed domestic market. Faced with reduced orders from the giant stores, the owners of small factories that once hummed with the production of a single style of inexpensive pajamas now look with renewed respect on the breakaway design talents. For all their defiant "artiness," these look enviably self-confident, and they are manifestly on to something. If their inventions are too odd and too costly for the provinces, they still find customers in London. More important yet, the designers hold the key to a product that is in demand abroad. In response to the discovery that quality can be profitable, the cycle of an industry begins to change.

Current British fashion has grown out of the country's history and maintains an ineffably British character, but it thrives by turning its back on Britain and selling only to cosmopolitan London—which is like a separate nation—and by looking out to the rest of the world. In this respect as well as in price, British fashion of the seventies

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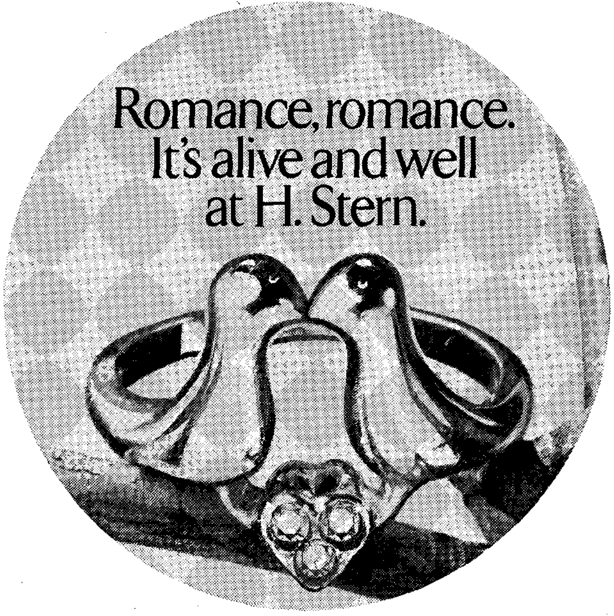

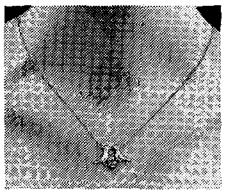

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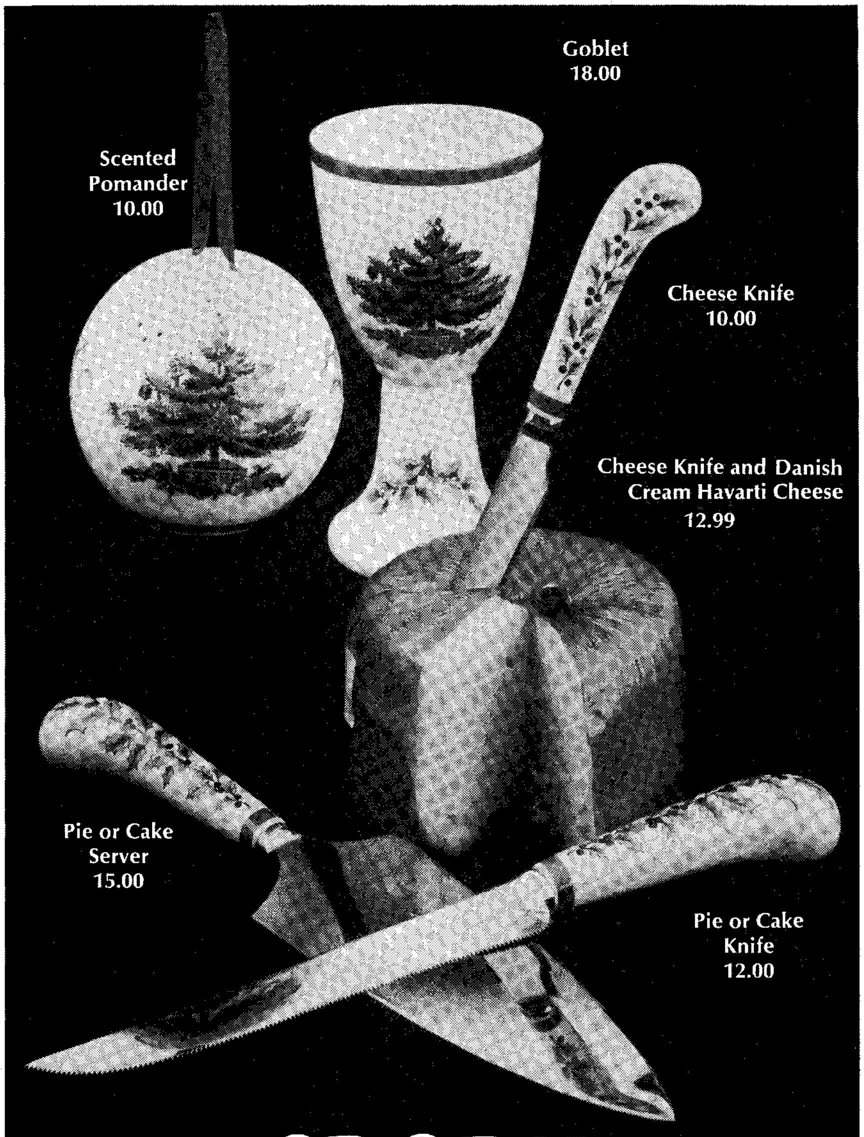
is distinct from that of the sixties, which was a celebration of provincialism as well as of youth. London has never ceased to show signs of lively prosperity—not even in the depths of the country's economic gloom some years back, before North Sea oil seemed a totally credible hope, and before London was invaded, like Rome by the Visigoths, by wave after wave of free-spending foreign visitors. Restaurants boomed, the price of fashion soared, and a good proportion of the customers for both continued to be British. Porsches, Jaguars, and Maseratis stood gleaming at London curbsides before beautiful houses whose drawing-room curtains, left open at the hour of dusk, framed visions of exquisite antiques or priceless Milanese modernity for the benefit of the curious passersby. (The display of wealth in any European capital is, admittedly, particularly striking by contrast with Manhattan, where stupendous fortunes hide far away from street crime in towers above Fifth Avenue, and few men in their sane senses will bump across the city's potholes in a thirty-thousand-dollar car.) Satisfactory explanations of persistent individual wealth are scarcely ever offered in England. Its source and nature must probably remain one of the many mysteries of the British economy, which has for so long frustrated the people who have to live with it and the governments that try to tinker with it. How did the crisis creep up on Britain, and what was the nature of the beast? Was it unique, or something that could happen to us all? Were inexorable economic forces to blame, or was it something more personal and psychological—the prejudices of managers, the blindness of politicians, or the aspirations of the working man? It has been said that all the important stories of the modern world become incomprehensible in time, and that of Britain over the past ten years will doubtless prove no exception. Meanwhile, there are signs of national hope and change.

THE notion that "small is beautiful" has had a powerful hold on the imagination of the British from the start of the Industrial Revolution, whose effects they have experienced longer and more intimately than any other nation in the world. E. F. Schumacher's examination of "economics as if people mattered" holds great appeal for the homespun and individualistic streak in the British character. William Morris set forth his vision of a utopian reversal of monstrous industrialism in "News From Nowhere," which was published in the eighteen-nineties. Life was to be simple, artifacts beautiful, and work fulfilling without the need for cash rewards. Faith in industrial, technological, economic, and even social progress has been still more severely tested in Britain than at the time of Morris's pipe dream, and more and more of its people are thinking of dismantling the machinery of progress. Every part of modern British society is under examination and challenge. Doctors complain of the unresponsive bureaucracy of the National Health Service; teachers and parents question the state educational system; workers are starting to wonder whether the giant trade unions are serving their best interests. The British have taken their doubts about the government in Westminster so far along the line that they are close to Devolution—the dramatic proposition that a country as small and as isolated as Britain should split itself up into even smaller and more isolated self-governing units.

If the liveliest members of the British fashion industry are leaning toward smallness not merely as an abstract artistic ideal but as a means of economic viability, it may well be that this tendency is symptomatic of change in the society as a whole. The textile trades have played a central part in the history of industrial and post-industrial Britain. When the cotton and woollen towns filled the valleys of Lancashire and Yorkshire, they marked England's move from an agrarian age to a mechanized one. The explosion of the industrial North, with the bustling philistinism of the "rags-to-riches" manufacturers and the fierce, proud neighborliness of ill-housed laborers, created something like a separate psychological nation within England, and a lack of sympathy between North and South which persists to this day. The failure of communication between, on the one hand, the weaving-and-spinning North and manufacturing Midlands (where the knitwear industry is largely based) and, on the other, London, where fashion ideas are chiefly generated, has undoubtedly hampered the development of the modern British fashion industry. The gap between the defiantly suspicious North and the effete and snobbish South is a class-ridden, peculiarly English divisiveness, which runs deeper than that between Paris and the manufacturing centers, like Lyons, that feed the French fashion industry from a provincial distance. In the early days of the textile industry in Britain, handweavers smashed the new power looms with a desperation that linked them to



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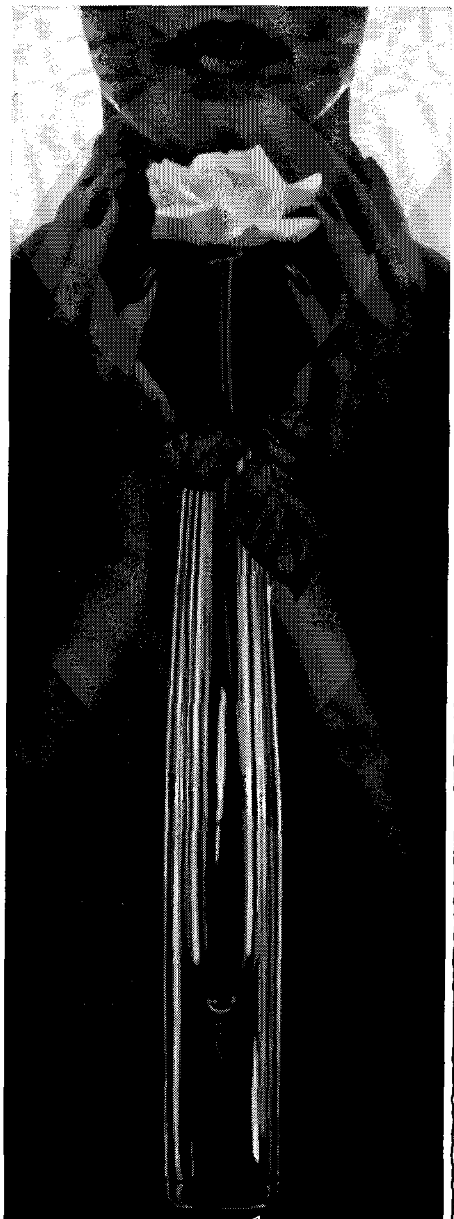
Chartism and the birth of the trade-union movement. Their trauma carries on, generations later, as a profound suspicion of new technology among workers in the contemporary British fashion industry. Out of the hardship shared by early workers in what William Blake called "dark Satanic mills" came the sense of community that gave rise to the Co-operative Societies—whose stores, offering reliable goods at unexploitative prices, were the philosophical forerunners of Marks & Spencer. As long as England boomed and the Empire provided a ready export market for its products, the British fashion industry boomed, too. The nineteen-sixties were a historical fluke, whose windfall benefits masked the faltering of the industry's cycle of endless growth. In the present decade, until the decline began to ease a year ago, the industry has been in a most appalling slump.

Some aspects of the clothing industry distinguish it from any other large industry in Britain, and may make the possibility of reform from within—an industrial version of Devolution—more genuinely feasible. Even as a mass-manufactured product, clothing has psychological significance for the person who wears it, and can speedily reflect his changing attitudes. And because the clothing industry has retained, despite centuries of mechanization and increasing shoddiness, a respect for craftsmanship, if not always the craftsmanship itself, it is possible to envisage a form of that industry in which job satisfaction takes precedence over faceless industrialism. One often wonders, in contemplating the tinniness of the ordinary new car in Britain, the tackiness of the average new house, the hideously tasteless flimflam of a new hotel, what ever happened to legendary British craftsmanship. It still exists, but its practitioners are getting older all the time, and are not yet being replaced in sufficient numbers by a younger generation seeking out its values after a generation of neglect. When a young British designer looks for outworkers to make up her beautiful hand knits, she is likely to find a group of rather elderly women; when a graduate of the Royal College has need of a splendid tweed, it will probably be an old man who will reach into his memory, dust off some ancient machine, and have a go. But craftsmanship is still alive to teach, and still, on occasion, capable of fire and pride. If the new designers are quick off the mark, they are just in time to benefit.

—KENNEDY FRASER

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)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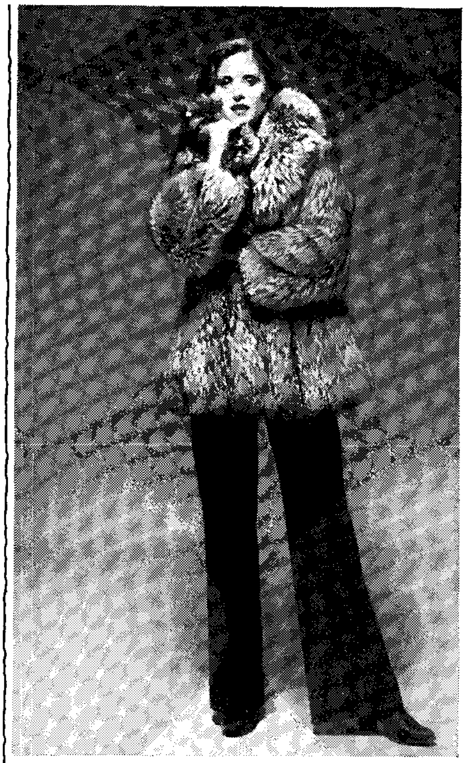
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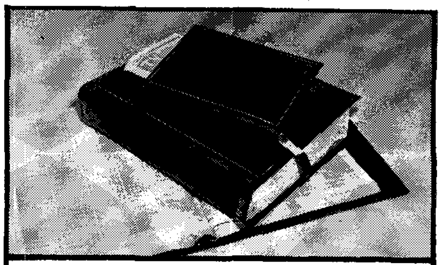
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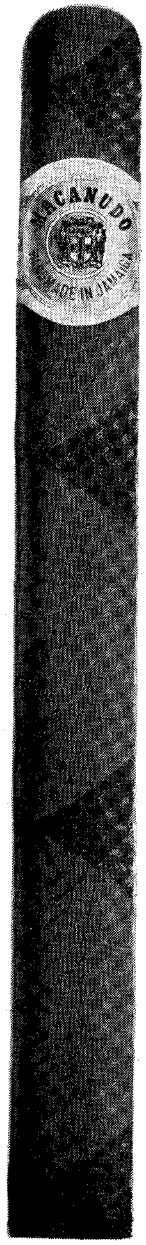
KEN RUSSELL uses Rudolf Nureyev in "Valentino" the way he used Twiggy in "The Boy Friend;" he gets the publicity value out of Nureyev's screen-acting début and doesn't worry about providing plausible material for him, giving him partners who will set him off, or protecting him. Twiggy was cast as a Cinderella, but with Russell as her godmother she remained a waif. Nureyev, however, despite his inexperience in speaking lines, is not a novice performer—and he knows how to laugh at himself. This is a movie about a legendary silent-screen idol whose voice isn't known (Rudolph Valentino died in 1926), played by a legendary dancer whose voice isn't known, either. Hearing Nureyev is something of an unveiling, and his effort to adapt his facial movements (the movements of someone who grew up speaking Russian) to an Italian accent gives his performance an extra, *cinéma-vérité* hazardousness. Nureyev doesn't have the bloom of Valentino, who was only thirty-one when he died. However, the disparity in age hardly matters; in a Ken Russell picture, the yowling characters aren't even recognizable as members of the human race. "Valentino" was shot in England and Spain, and there has been little attempt to match the sleekness of the remembered Valentino—the beautifully dressed, almond-eyed Latin in his California Spanish, Art Nouveau streamlined décor. Nureyev's high cheekbones, his imperious sniff, and the set of his full mouth are more reminiscent of Yul Brynner when he first played in "The King and I." Nureyev doesn't evoke Valentino, but from time to time he has a captivating, very funny temperament of his own.

Seen up close, Nureyev has a camp devil loose in him; he has the seductive, moody insolence of an older, more cosmopolitan James Dean, without the self-consciousness. His eagerness to please would be just right for frivolous, lyrical comedy, and he could play cruel charmers—he has the kinky-angel grin. With the right director—Bob Fosse to release his athleticism, or someone like Michael Ritchie, perhaps, to catch the fickle, contradictory shades of feeling and register his easiest movements—he could be a supremely entertaining screen performer. He's a showman through and through. He has the deep-set eyes of a Zen archer: the public is the target. At the ballet, one may be too aware of him as a personality, yet what can be faintly distasteful there—his being a star before he's a dancer—is what makes him a full presence on the screen. He has to be photographed carefully: his nose (ski run, pointed, with flaring nostrils) is problematic, and when he's tense or the lighting is bad, he gets that jaded-gigolo look of Alain Delon. But he doesn't have the mime's mask-like expressions that wreck most dancers as screen actors, and his justly celebrated "Blakean torso" is never rigid. He moves with the élan that dancers are supposed to have but usually don't, and when his face is relaxed, he suggests what Sabu should have grown up to be—a smiling, primitive-sophisticated rajah. His narcissistic menace is more complexly amusing than Valentino's famous smoldering menace. It's this narcissism that makes him (like James Dean) seem untamable—a "natural" rebel.

The surprise of Nureyev onscreen (although one should have guessed it from his work on the ballet stage) is how generous this narcissism is. He wants to give out; that has to be why he sets himself such a sweatshop schedule of performances with one dance company after another. Now thirty-nine, he must have considered that the movies could provide him with a new outlet. There's choreography, or directing a dance company, of course; but could a man who loves to perform as much as Nureyev does function successfully behind the scenes? He's old for a *premier danseur* but not for a movie actor. (Burt Lancaster, for example, made his first movie when he was about thirty-four; Pacino was thirty-one when he caught public attention in "The Panic in Needle Park;" Bogart didn't hit his full stride until he was in his forties.) Nureyev's generosity extends even toward the dancing required of him here, which, despite Russell's own dance background, is staged insultingly. The initial number—a tango, with Valentino, as a dance instructor, teaching Nijinsky (Anthony Dowell)—is photographed from much too far away, and others are so cheaply conceived that Nureyev is featured tapping or whizzing around to show off his speed, as if he were the José Iturbi of dance.

There is no artistry left in Ken Russell's work. By now, his sensationalist reputation is based merely on his "going further" than anybody else. And he doesn't even hold that record anymore: much better filmmakers have surpassed him in naughtiness. His films have become schoolboy Black Masses—a mixture of offensiveness and crude dumbness—and that is about the only attraction they may have. Russell takes people we're already interested in and makes them homosexual, grossly perverse, and rotten. Attaching the names of actual people to his sadomasochistic fantasies makes those fantasies easier to finance—gives them a publicity value that is highly exploitable, and a nasty inside-joke, turn-on appeal: flaming anti-faggotry. "Valentino" is a five-million-dollar graffito that will circulate around the world. What Senator Joseph McCarthy did to people's reputations is nothing compared with what Ken Russell does, and if his victims aren't around to lose their livelihoods, neither are they around to defend themselves. Whatever his legal rights, what gives Ken Russell the moral right to turn Alla Nazimova, the Stanislavski student who became the closest equivalent that the American theatre has ever had to Eleonora Duse, into nothing more than a cheap, vengeful, blackmailing bitch? As Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts" in 1936, Nazimova gave the greatest performance I have ever seen on the stage, and my parents, who had seen her thirty years earlier, said that even then she was the finest actress they had ever seen. Although Nazimova's full qualities didn't come across in movies, my mother—in 1936—could still describe details of Nazimova's work in her 1916 début film, "War Brides." This transplanted woman brought a new purity and realism into American acting; she took away the clutter and made it more spiritual. There is corruption to be satirized in any period of the past, but there are also elements that represent a continuity worth preserving—it's all we've got to respect. If on the basis of an experiment that failed—Nazimova's production of "Salome," which Natacha Rambova (who was married to Valentino at the time) designed in the manner of Aubrey Beardsley—a great actress is to be turned into a vain, shallow fool, then what is there to protect Laurence Olivier, say, or Martha Graham, or Jean Renoir? Leslie Caron, who plays Nazimova, is made up to look so much like her that the impersonation amounts



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to cannibalization of her reputation. And though Russell's own wife is the costume designer on this film (as on most of his other films), he has no feeling for Natacha Rambova (played by Michelle Phillips), who was a superb Art Nouveau designer, influenced by Léon Bakst and Erté. In the film, when Natacha is with Valentino, she doesn't look him in the eye; she's always looking away—to telegraph us that she's a lesbian. Russell uses the possibility of a liaison between her and Nazimova as if that meant they were both coldhearted skunks.

The "recklessness" that McCarthy was accused of is too mild a term for Russell. Spitefulness is almost the sole emotion in "Valentino." The film exempts the figure of Valentino himself; in Russell's thinking, artists are egotist monsters, so in order to be sympathetic this Valentino has to be a farmer at heart—a young man who wants only to grow oranges. (If anything can be stated with certainty in this life, it is that *nobody* becomes a movie star who wants only to grow oranges.) Russell, the chief defiler of celebrities of the past and present, has the incomparable gall to attack Hollywood and the American public for their callous exploitation of this orange-lover. Everybody is out to defame Valentino's manhood; there seems to be a national vendetta against him. Jesse Lasky and Fatty Arbuckle and many others (a preponderance of them Jewish) are shown using and abusing Valentino, and people waltz around a prize ring, gloating, as he is punched to a pulp and hemorrhages while trying to defend himself against the charge of effeminacy. Then, when he dies as a result of this (apocryphal) fight, they smash through the glass windows of the funeral parlor to get at his flesh. Yet these sadomasochistic rampages, and a jail scene with Valentino smeared in vomit and forced to soil himself, aren't as essentially ugly as a prolonged sequence having to do with the shooting of Valentino's role in "Monsieur Beaucaire," in which Nureyev is kept in a powdered wig, pasty white makeup, dark lipstick, and a beauty mark. This sequence is a textbook example of a director's sadism toward his own star: Nureyev looks wizened, prematurely aged—a gruesome parody of effeteness. A movie director who casts Rudolf Nureyev as a simple farmer and then shoots an extended sequence with the star nude, seen from the rear with his buttocks spread, as he grapples with the teasing Natacha, is doing things just for the obsessive hell of it. What's destroying Russell as a director is that his spitefulness includes the people he works with; he's turning the camera *against* them. There isn't even any fantasy logic left.

THE only honest sound I heard during the two hours and eighteen minutes of "Equus" was the snoring of the man in the row behind me. In this film version of Peter Shaffer's play, there are eight long soliloquies in which Richard Burton, as the psychiatrist, Dr. Dysart, does his elocutionary thing, sitting at his desk and talking right to us. Burton can't be accused of slacking off; he's intense as all getout. He gives an acting exhibition—a demonstration of how a laundry list can be turned into Shakespeare. He turns his lines into tongue twisters to rush us to the big ironies, squinching his eyes in pain. It's like Charles Laughton reading from the Bible and counting the house. Burton must be telepathic—his voice seems to rise in volume during every walkout; by the end of the movie, he sounds hysterical. The case that has shattered Dr. Dysart's defenses and made him long for an escape from his provincial existence—a loveless, barren marriage with a dentist—is that of a local teen-ager, Alan Strang (Peter Firth), a part-time stablehand who has blinded six horses. Investigating the crime, the Doctor discovers that Alan comes from a repressive, overprotective background in which religion is a pressure point between the boy's antireligious father (Colin Blakely) and his devout mother (Joan Plowright). Alan has transformed her Christ worship into equine worship. He has been praying to a picture of a horse above his bed, a picture that replaced the Christ image his father tore down, and his worship of Equus is passionate and sexual. The night he blinded the horses, he had been in the stables trying—for the first time—to make love to a girl. In short, he is Oedipus, who, having disobeyed his horse gods, has blinded them instead of himself.

Dr. Dysart assembles all this Oedipal data at a slow crawl. The anxious, self-protective parents reveal self-incriminating details reluctantly. The owner of the stable (Harry Andrews) is upset and angry; his answers to the Doctor's questions are slowed down by much clenching of the jaw. Hesther, the magistrate (Eileen Atkins) who brought Dysart into the case, sees how it torments him ("You're going through a rotten patch at the moment. I'm sorry . . .") and persuades him to stick with it. Their scenes together have the measured, clipped archness of wartime British movies. Dysart: "You're really quite splendid." Hesther (leaving): "Famous for it. Good night." There's all this *acting*—these immaculate, orotund performances; each character has to reveal his sore spots, his tensions, and his basic decency. It takes so long for them to reach their little climactic revelations that they've been given busywork domestic chores to do while they talk about themselves—leaves to rake, objects to carry from one room to another. And when we finally move on, it's back to Dysart at his lectern, linking Alan's case to ancient Greece and to Dionysian mysteries. (When a movie character starts invoking mythological deities, the movie is in trouble.) The dramatic conflict in the movie is meant to be in Dysart, who can cure Alan of his horse obsession only by taking away the boy's worship and his ecstasy—the passions that the sterile unbeliever Dysart envies and dreams of experiencing. In "Equus," psychosis is passion and creativity, and the cure, which it is Dysart's professional duty to bring about, is cold conformity.

With most analysts having adjusted to the slowness of the puny changes they are able to effect—or in states of depression because of doubts about whether even those changes will last for long—Shaffer expects us to believe in psychiatrists as castrating soul surgeons. Dysart says that he cuts from children "parts of individuality repugnant to this God [of the normal] . . . parts sacred to rarer and more wonderful Gods." Much of the film is of this order of very classy gibberish about dualities. "Equus" was a stylized theatre piece, and there is not a detail that does not make a point. Yet underneath the Oedipal and homosexual aspects of Alan's case there is another—unacknowledged—layer in the material. When Dysart first meets Alan, the boy, refusing to speak, sings the jingle "Double your pleasure/ Double your fun/ With Doublemint, Doublemint/ Doublemint gum." Dysart, the shrewdie, asks, "By the way, which parent is it who won't allow you to watch television?" And so we're set in a Freudian frame of reference. But Dysart never asks why *Doublemint*, and when Alan's mother says that the boy was "fascinated" by the word "equus" because "he'd never come across one with two 'u's together before," that isn't explained, nor is Alan's assertion that his God, Equus, tells

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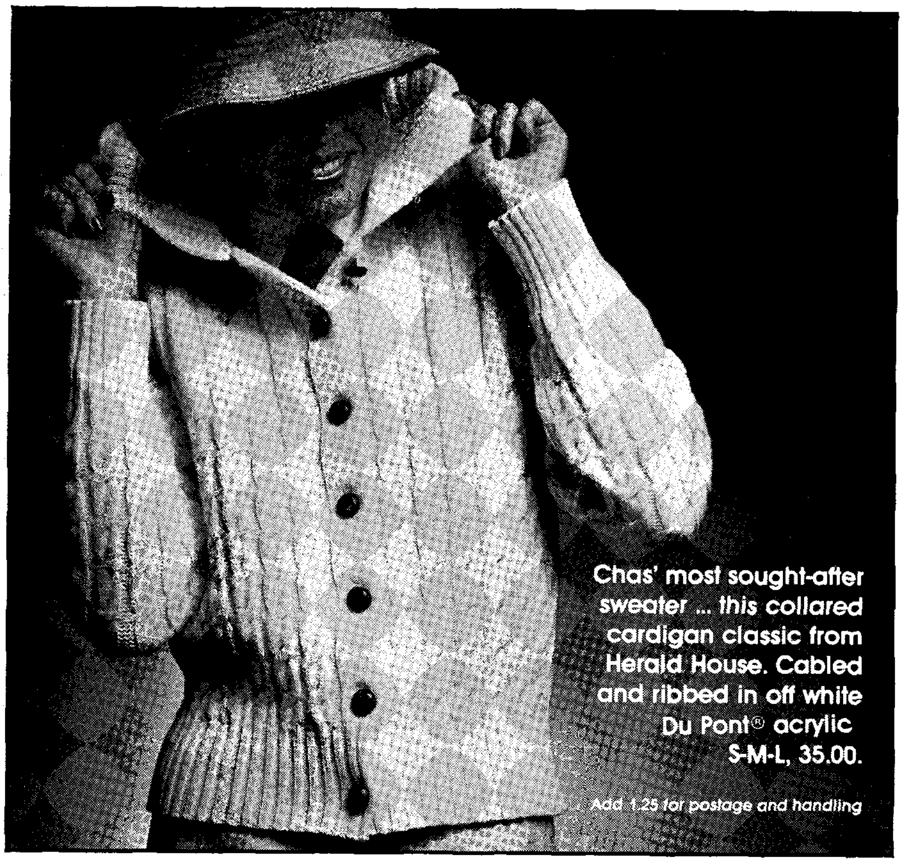

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him that "two shall be one." What this doubling wordplay and the talk of horse and rider as two male halves have to do with Alan, the stableboy, isn't at all clear. Peter Shaffer, who is the twin brother of Anthony Shaffer, the author of "Sleuth," has got a twinship fantasy mixed in with the horse-blinding case. "Make us one person," Alan cries to his horse God. (This confusion—widely discussed in articles on the play—remains unchanged in the movie.) With all Dysart's self-flagellating pomp about the terrible thing he's doing in cutting away part of Alan so he won't be able to "gallop anymore," he never gets out of his mythological fanciness. It's always the boy's God he's killing. But a boy wouldn't have to be cut apart from his God. Shaffer has the Doctor preventing two from being one—separating them forever. Why else would he see the analyst as a knife wielder? The script spectacularly overestimates Freudianism and is terrified of it.

Sidney Lumet has directed the film with extreme care, and the cinematographer, Oswald Morris, has shot the orgasmic boy-and-horse night gallops very elegantly. But Lumet has made a mistake in working up to a big semi-realistic climax; as Alan, confessing everything to the Doctor, purges himself by recalling his blinding of the horses, we are shown it. And who knows whether this has been faked well or badly—who wants to look at it? By then, you're numbed anyway, from counting out the rhythms of the actors' words and pauses. The sensitive-important-picture pacing is like a black armband; the refined classical score, by Richard Rodney Bennett, is all too appropriate. Alan's face has the curly-lipped, flaccid sensuality of the young Dylan Thomas's, which leads one to expect wild, slovenly, dithyrambic emotion; but Peter Firth's performance has long since been worked out on the stage—his schizophrenic is almost as starched as the rest of the characters. The film sets Shaffer's worst ideas on a pedestal, and Burton, looking appropriately ravaged by the intellectual agony of thinking so many ornate thoughts, keeps spewing them out. "Equus" suffers from literacy—the movie sickens and dies from it.

—PAULINE KAEL

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FROM his seventeenth year, most of George Malinow's life has been spent in penal institutions. At present, he is one of eighteen hundred and fifty-five inmates at Green Haven, in Dutchess County, which is one of New York State's five maximum-security prisons. He is unlike the majority of his fellow-prisoners in that he is white, middle-aged, and comparatively well adjusted to being, as prison psychologists say, "institutionalized." In recent years, he has controlled the violence that marked an earlier period of incarceration. He has made no effort to escape since 1945. Rather, he has devoted himself to such hobbies as painting on glass and writing letters, mostly to correspondents whom he has never met. To save his correspondents embarrassment, Malinow takes care not to let the world know that he is a prisoner. At Green Haven, one must put a return address on the letters one mails out. The customary way of writing this address is:

George Malinow, #17386
Drawer B
Stormville, New York 12582

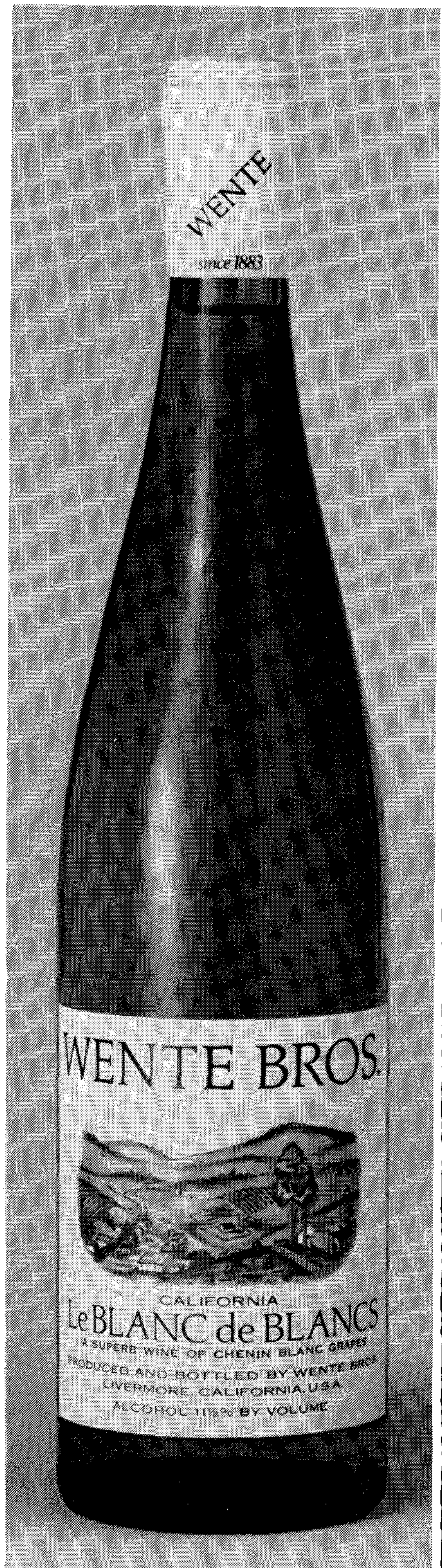
That isn't the way Malinow does it. He prefers the dollar sign to the capital "S," and writes:

George Malinow
Drawer B—17386
$tormville, N.Y. 12582

Malinow doesn't do this just when writing to people he doesn't want to have know he's in prison. He does it when writing to friends and pen pals who know exactly where he is. "I don't want my friends to be embarrassed," he says. "Maybe their mailmen don't know they're writing to a prisoner, and maybe they don't want them to know. The way I do it, it looks like a box number." Malinow is courteous in prison. When he has a visitor, he always makes sure that the visitor is provided with coffee, and keeps refilling the cup, so the coffee doesn't get cold. On the rare occasions when he has been free, he has always displayed exceptionally good manners; for example, he believes in surrendering his seat to a woman in a crowded subway. To the guards at Green Haven as well as to his fellow-prisoners, Malinow seems an old-fashioned figure. He speaks in the "dese"s, "dem"s, and "dose"s of his Brooklyn youth, and the young black criminal speaks in the jive dialect of Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant. Nevertheless, they have more in common than would at first appear, including their early background. "The kids now say they come from the ghettos," Malinow says. "When I was growing up, we used to call them slums."

Malinow (his and other names have been changed) was born in a frame tenement house in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn on September 10, 1920. His father, Paul Malinow, a Polish immigrant, died when George was about two. Malinow has no memories of his father and little knowledge of him. He doesn't know when his father came to the United States, or how he earned a living, or whether the family's name may have been Malinowski or Malinowicz in the old country. His mother, Helena, was already married when she came to the United States. Her maiden name was Huss. Malinow knows as little about the Husses as he does about the Malinows. "It wasn't the custom in a working-class family to hold dem frivolous types of discussions with the children," he says. "There were too many practical matters to worry about."

George Malinow was by far the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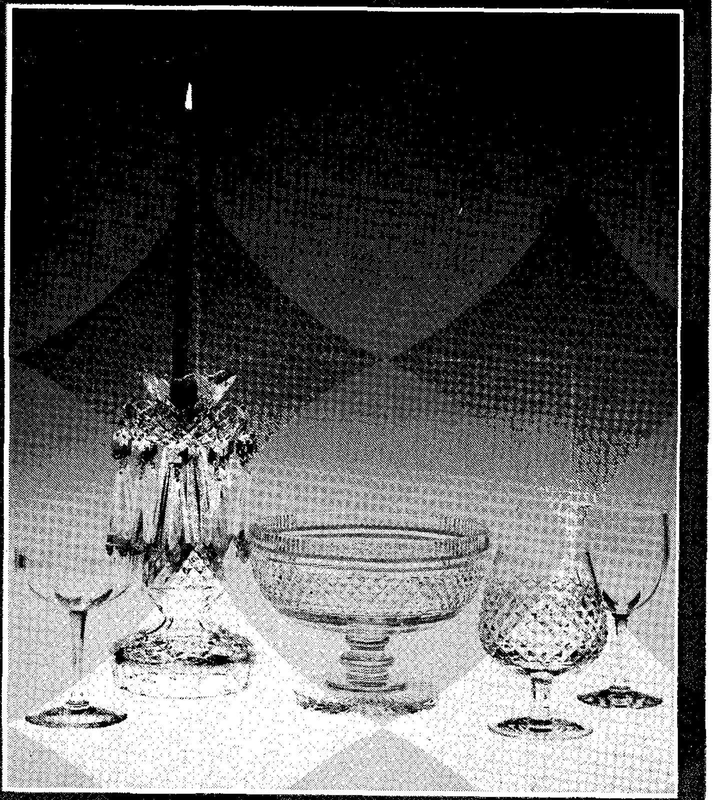
youngest of Paul and Helena Malinow's three children. His brother, Nicholas, was born around 1907. Nicholas returned to Poland as a child to live with one of his grandmothers, married and settled down there, and went back to Brooklyn only once, on a brief visit. Malinow hasn't seen him since 1927. When Malinow was last out of prison, in 1966, he heard that his brother was back in this country. He intended to try to find him but didn't get around to it during his seven weeks at liberty. Malinow's sister, Marianne, was born in 1911 or perhaps 1912. "She must of been eight or nine years older than me, because when I was still a little kid she was already working and keeping company," he says. Marianne married a heavy-drinking man of German ancestry, Franz Muller, and became a heavy drinker herself. The Mullers had two sons and two daughters and any number of turbulent fights before they went their separate ways; the four Muller children were raised in Catholic orphanages and foster homes. A couple of years ago, while Malinow was checking a list of inmates who had just been transferred from Clinton to Green Haven, to see if there were any old-timers on it, he spotted the name William Muller. That was the name of one of his sister's sons. Malinow had last seen that nephew in 1943, when Malinow was in the Army and the nephew was a child. He sent a friend over to ask this William Muller a few questions about his family; his answers proved that he was Marianne Muller's son. Malinow was as pleased to see William Muller in prison as a doctor might be to go to a medical convention and meet up with a long-lost nephew who had become a physician. "He's a good kid," Malinow says. "He makes great money as a bridge painter when he's out. He owns a hundred-and-twenty-seven-foot boat. He's here only because he had a little misunderstanding with a girl he was living with and beat her up. He broke her jaw. He told me he didn't really mean to hit her so hard. The girl's mother liked Billy and didn't want her daughter to prosecute him, but the girl was mad because he'd hurt her face. She asked him why he hadn't broken her arm instead, and made a big thing of it." It is characteristic of Malinow to minimize the crimes of people he likes. Muller is serving a seven-year sentence for assault, his third serious crime. At the age of forty, he has spent seventeen years in prison. Muller had heard he had an uncle who was "away." He, too, was glad to find a relative in prison. He is proud of his uncle's good reputation ("He's never turned state's evidence"), and has made him some frames for his glass paintings, and, when Malinow was pressed for time, has even ghost-painted some pictures that Malinow wanted to give to friends. Both Muller and Malinow lost track of Marianne Muller many years ago.

When Malinow was about five, his mother remarried. Her second husband, Thomas Kanfer, was also a Polish immigrant. As a child, Malinow was told that Kanfer was not his real father, but he didn't let that bother him. He called Kanfer "Pop" or "Papa" and regarded him as his real father. "I would never have thought of using the word 'stepfather,' " he says. "I couldn't have had a more devoted or loving father. My mother slapped me occasionally. My father never hit me in his life, and there were God knows how many times when I deserved a good walloping."

Helena Huss Malinow Kanfer was described by a parole officer who visited the family several times between 1940 and 1942, when Malinow was being considered for release from his first prison sentence, as "haglike," "excitable," and "inclined to dominate the household." William Muller remembers her as "a tough old Polack." Malinow prefers to remember her as a kindhearted, unfortunate woman. He recalls that when he was a little boy, accompanying his mother on her neighborhood errands, and she saw a stray kitten in the snow, she was apt to pick it up, put it in her black leather shopping bag, and take it home; there were usually three or four cats and a dog in the Kanfer household. Helena Kanfer, a short, slight woman, suffered from asthma, but she worked at night cleaning office buildings. Malinow is bitter about the hard work she had to do, and claims that the low-paying drudgery shortened her life by fifteen years. His mother died in 1949, at the age of sixty-five. Her death was ascribed to high blood pressure.

When Kanfer first came into Malinow's life, he was a chef at a hotel in Manhattan. It was a good job to have in the mid-twenties, when food purchases took a large portion of a poor family's income. On holidays, Kanfer's boss sent him home in a big car with baked chickens or turkeys for the family. Sometime around 1928, Kanfer fell down a flight of stairs at the hotel while carrying an armful of crockery. He never fully recovered from his accident and was never again able to work as a chef. He went to work for a display-fixture company in Brooklyn as a night watchman, a low-paying job that he kept until he retired, in 1941. His salary throughout the nineteen-thirties was eighteen or twenty dollars a week. Once Kanfer became a night watchman, the family ate less well. Breakfast consisted of milk and toast; lunch consisted of bologna or liverwurst sandwiches and soup; dinner—day after day, year in and year out—was goulash or another kind of stew. "We never went hungry, but we didn't have the food we wanted," Malinow says. "The only good meals I remember were at Christmas and Easter. Then we had kielbasa and ham—a real feast—and we looked forward to coloring eggs from one Easter to the next." Malinow remembers Kanfer, who died in 1952, at the age of eighty, as a gentle person. When his wife got angry and started to shout, Kanfer left the house and stayed away a few hours, until her anger subsided, on the theory that the presence of two people was required for an argument to take place. Kanfer would sometimes take young George on outings—to the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, to Coney Island, to parades. "My mother never became an American citizen, but my father did," Malinow says. "He loved this country. He was very patriotic. He insisted on flying a flag from our window staff on every American holiday. He was a quiet man, but once in a while, when he had a glass of Polish vodka, he became moody and sentimental and spoke to me like a grownup. He had once been a chef on ocean liners. He would take out a suitcase and show me packets of letters tied up in ribbons—the envelopes were beautiful colors and the stamps were from many foreign countries—and he would tell me how good it was to travel and what a good chef he had been."

Malinow's childhood was spent in a series of modest four-room apartments in Greenpoint. The kitchen of each of these railroad flats, which were all within an area of a few blocks, contained a sink, an old-fashioned wood-and-coal stove, a tub—in which George took a bath every Saturday evening—and an icebox. George's chores included emptying the pan into which the ice dripped. One of the apartments had a toilet in the hall outside and gas lamps; the others had electricity, which was turned off when the family couldn't afford to pay the electric bills. Sometimes George had a bedroom of his own, sometimes he slept on a foldaway



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bed in the living room. “The nicest object my parents owned was their brass bed,” Malinow says. “It gleamed. It made me think of golden castles.” Malinow’s early wardrobe for everyday wear was limited to a pair of plain pants, a couple of shirts, and a pair of sneakers or old shoes. Twice a year—before Easter and again before Christmas—he got a new dress suit, or a jacket and a pair of good pants, and a pair of new shoes. He wore his dress outfit to church on Sunday morning—if he went to church. The Kanfers were regular churchgoers, and Malinow made his First Communion, but he seldom attended church. “I’ve never had a religious nature,” he says.

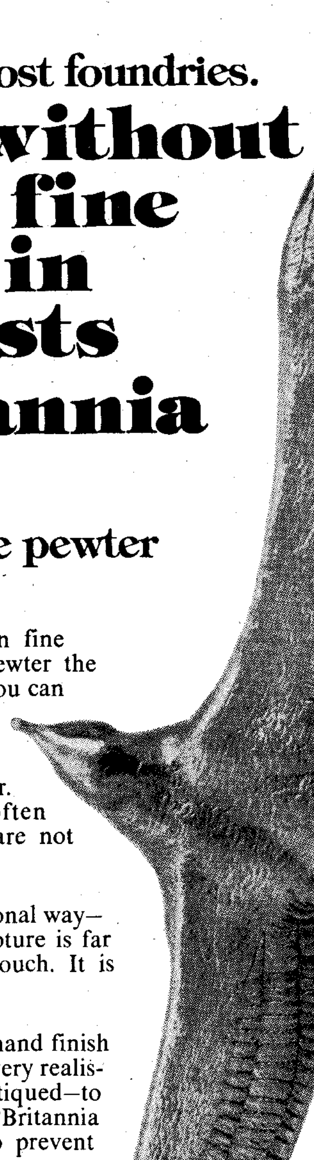
Most of the people in Greenpoint were working-class poor, but some of the men had better-paying jobs than Kanfer and enjoyed more worldly goods. When Malinow saw boys who were better dressed than he was, and visited homes where steaks and chops and roasts appeared frequently on the table, he didn’t like the contrast. “I wondered why some families had so much and some so little,” he says. “It didn’t seem right that some kids had three pairs of pants, including white flannels, and white shoes.” When he was about ten, he and a group of neighborhood boys started stealing. They all knew older kids who stole. “In our neighborhood, crime wasn’t a novelty,” he says. The boys stole wood from a nearby lumberyard, lead pipe and brass knobs from condemned houses, and coal from the barges that docked along the Greenpoint waterfront. “Some places had watchmen, but there’s a limit to the amount of watching a watchman can do,” Malinow says. “We got away with a lot without getting caught. That made me get in the habit of stealing.” Once in a while, neighborhood policemen did catch the boys stealing. “The cops would form a double line and offer us a choice,” he says. “Either we could go through the line and take a beating or we could go with them to the station house. I always took the beating. It was better than facing the family in court.”

The boys sold the stolen goods and split the proceeds, occasionally netting as much as forty-five dollars apiece for a day’s stealing. Malinow usually spent some of the money on himself—he bought himself clothes, he went to the movies—and some on food for his family: “cakes and hams that would last us a whole weekend.” He often brought cash home for his parents. He knew they wouldn’t condone his stealing, so he kept his source of revenue to himself. When he put twenty dollars on the kitchen table and his mother asked him where he had got the money, he sometimes told her he had earned it working on the docks, and he sometimes (for the sake of variety) told her he had won it betting on a dice game. She had forbidden him to gamble, and reprimanded him for having disobeyed her, but whenever he asked her if she wanted him to return the money he’d won, she said no, leave it there, just don’t do it again. During his thirty-six years in prison, Malinow has periodically been asked why he stole as a child. He considers the question tiresome, because the answer is perfectly obvious to him and he thinks it ought to be equally obvious to others. “I stole because stealing was the only means available to me to obtain what I needed and what my family needed at home,” he says. “I would not have stolen if I had come from a middle-class family rather than from a poor family.” When it is pointed out to him that many poor people don’t steal, he is not flustered by this idea. “Why is it that some people see a burning building in which women and children are trapped and just watch the flames, while others see the building and risk their lives to dash in and try to rescue the women and children?” he says. “Everyone reacts differently. Some fathers can see their children eating bread for supper. Others can’t, and go out to steal so their children can eat better. But I’m not condemning my father for not stealing. He was a righteous, religious, law-abiding man. Whenever I think of him, I think of his high morals. He was outstanding. But he had the immigrant mentality—‘We’ve always been peasants, we’ll always be peasants.’ There was no point in asking him about better food; he would have said we were doing our best. That wasn’t good enough for me. I’m not saying stealing is right. I’m saying what drove me to it.”

Malinow liked school until he had to study algebra. To dodge this hateful subject, he started playing hooky and running away from home for a few days at a time. In the spring of 1935, he ran away to New Jersey with three friends. One of them, a boy called Pete, despised his mother. Before the boys left New York City, Pete wrote his mother a letter telling her in profane language what he thought of her.

Pete's handwriting was not good. Malinow's handwriting was as legible when he was a teen-ager as it is today, so when Pete asked him to address the envelope, he did. The four runaways hitchhiked to New Jersey on the back of a truck. They were picked up by the police in a small town near Hackensack a couple of days later and were sent back to Brooklyn. Pete's mother had turned the letter over to the police and had signed a complaint against her son. The four boys were taken to Children's Court. A handwriting expert asked them for samples of their handwriting. The expert ruled that Malinow had written part of the letter as well as the address. The judge, ignoring George's protestations of innocence and his parents' pleas to let him stay at home, sentenced him and Pete to three months in the Catholic Protectory in the Bronx, a place for juvenile delinquents. The two other boys were allowed to go home. At the Catholic Protectory, George and Pete had to study their regular school lessons during the day, and received religious instruction in the evening. There was only an hour or two in the afternoon for recreation. Malinow loathed the rigid supervision. "The brothers killed us with prayers," he says. "They had us praying coming and going. What kid likes to say his prayers when he doesn't have to? The brothers were much more brutal than the neighborhood cops. If you laughed or giggled when you weren't supposed to, they hit you across the face with a ruler or beat you with a leather strap. That three months in the Catholic Protectory—it seemed like ten years to me—was a bad turn in the road. It made me very bitter. I returned home hating authority. I'd been punished for something I knew I hadn't done. I didn't come out thinking of behaving better. I came out thinking of getting even."

As teen-agers, Malinow and his friends had branched out into stealing assorted goods from empty factories and warehouses and from sealed freight cars in Long Island City's railroad yards. His first arrest as a juvenile came six months before his stay in the Catholic Protectory, when he was fourteen and was caught breaking into a restaurant. He was given probation. He didn't like having probation officers come to his home and school to check up on him, he didn't like having to travel by trolley to downtown Brooklyn to make his probation reports, and he didn't like the sternness of the probation officers or their custom of keeping him waiting "in an unfriendly atmosphere" for half



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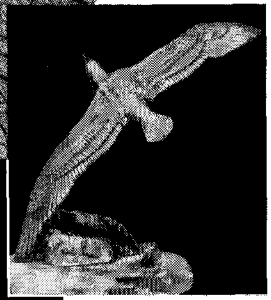

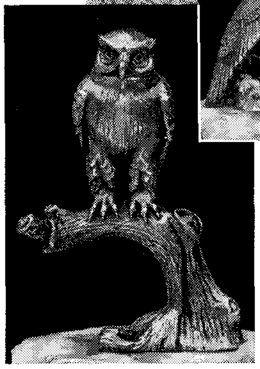

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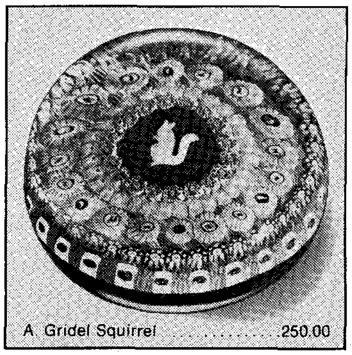
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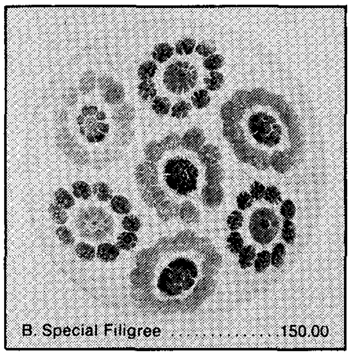
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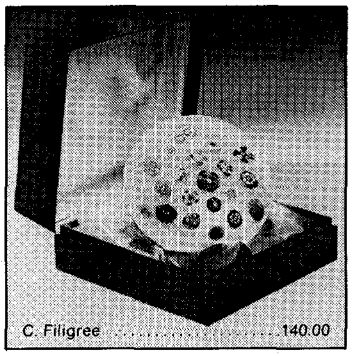
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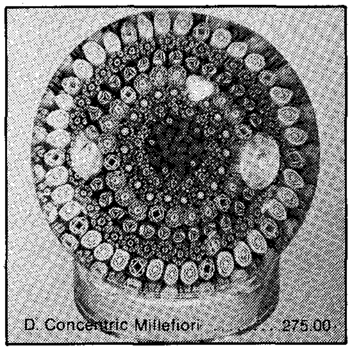
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an hour to see them, but probation never prevented him from stealing. He got away with his crimes more often than not, although he was brought into court a number of times for violating probation. "Whenever I got into trouble, my mother smacked me and my father explained why what I'd done was wrong," Malinow says. He didn't mind the smacks, but he dreaded his father's use of psychology, so for a day or two he would resolve not to steal again. After a few days, however, he would feel a need for something that he or the household lacked, and he would find himself out doing exactly what he'd planned not to do. "I don't believe any parent could have kept a child like me from running away or stealing," he says. "I was a stubborn Polish kid."

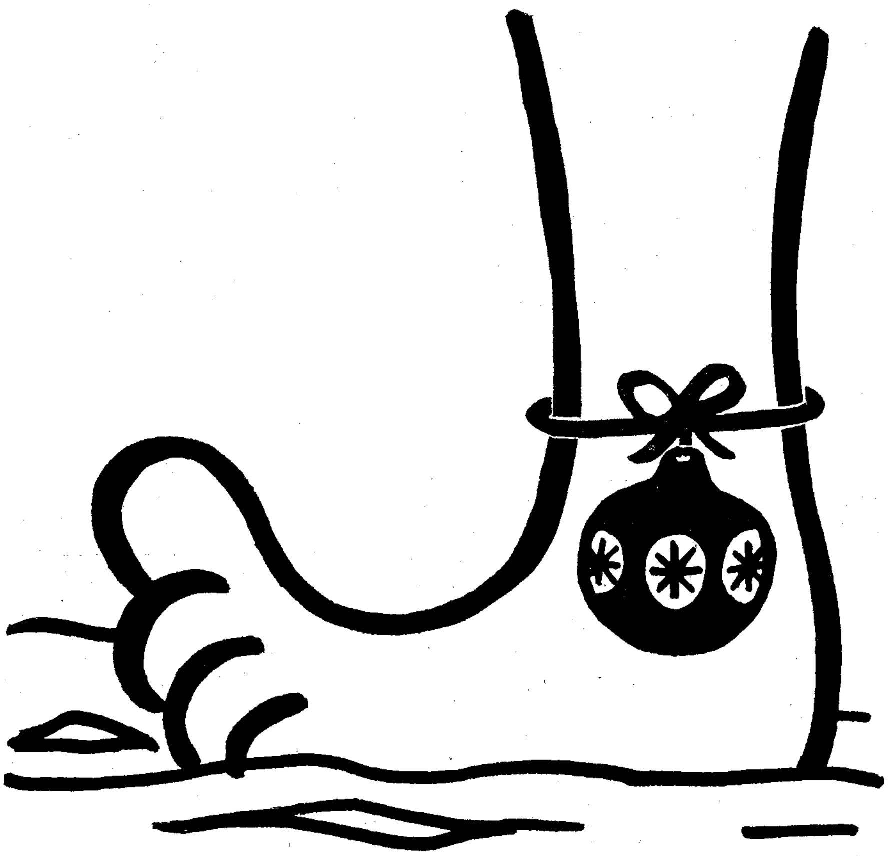
When Malinow was next arrested—in July, 1937, for breaking into a vacant house with a neighborhood pal named Fred Giritski—he had completed his first probation sentence, dropped out of school, and quit his first regular job. He had finished the eighth grade at the age of fifteen, in June, 1936, after being left back several times for absenteeism. He spent the summer of 1936 alternately working as a delivery boy for a delicatessen and stealing coal. In the fall of 1936, he enrolled at a vocational high school. He had applied for working papers, which came through in September, very shortly after his sixteenth birthday, and he then dropped out of high school. "I had a mental block against school," he says. "My mind was on financial matters." In the fall of 1936, he got a job as a shipping clerk, at eleven dollars a week, at the display-fixture company where his father was a night watchman, a block or two from home. He soon found the job boring, and felt that it had no future. He had no desire to subject himself to the sort of life his father was leading, no wish to wind up a poor old man. Stealing was easier and more lucrative, so after a few months he quit. In July, 1937, he and Giritski were indicted for burglary in the third degree and grand larceny in the second for breaking into the vacant house but were allowed to plead guilty to petit larceny. They received suspended sentences and two years' probation. Eleven months later, Malinow got into his first serious trouble with the law.

IT had rained during the day, and there were puddles on the streets of Queens on the evening of Sunday, June 12, 1938. At ten-thirty, Michael Dillard, twenty-two, and his fiancée, Evelyn Scott, also twenty-two, were sitting in Dillard's father's new Buick sedan, which was parked outside the house of Miss Scott's aunt and uncle, in Astoria. The young couple were going to be married in August and were happily making wedding plans. The evening was muggy, and the car windows were open. Miss Scott's home was in Sag Harbor, farther out on the Island, where she had just been given a bridal shower, but she was working as a secretary for a department store in Brooklyn and was living temporarily with her aunt and uncle. A number of shower gifts—sheets, towels, glasses, and kitchen utensils—and some of Miss Scott's summer dresses were stacked on the back seat of the car. Dillard, a pharmacist, was about to drop his fiancée off and drive on to his home, in Nyack, where the couple planned to live after their marriage. His parents would store the gifts and the dresses for the next two months.

Dillard and Miss Scott were saying good night when an object that unpleasantly resembled a gun appeared in the car's left front window. The left back door opened, and four young men scrambled in, seating themselves on top of the dresses and shower gifts. The intruders told Dillard to start driving and not to try anything funny. Dillard and Miss Scott both felt metal objects in their backs. There was a tavern on the corner, and Miss Scott assumed that the four had held it up and were simply using the sedan as a getaway car. At first, she was not terribly frightened. She had the presence of mind to slip off her diamond engagement ring and put it in her mouth as they rode along; the streets were dark, and she figured that the four young men wouldn't see what she was doing. She also removed a dollar bill from her handbag and slid it into her sandal. She was reaching into Dillard's pocket to extricate his wallet when one of the boys saw that she was moving, warned her to keep her hands up, and pushed the gun harder into her back. The prospective bridegroom was ordered to drive from Astoria to Jackson Heights to Long Island City. After about half an hour, he was ordered to stop in a lonely spot directly under the Queensboro Bridge. Two of the boys pulled Dillard out of the driver's side of the car, and two pulled Miss Scott out of the passenger side. At that point, she began to fear for her life. In the shadows of the bridge, the boys frisked Dillard and relieved him of his watch, his class ring, and his wallet, which contained his driver's license and his father's car registration as well as twelve dollars. He asked the boys if he could have his license back. They handed him the wallet minus the cash. Meanwhile, Miss Scott was robbed of her watch and her handbag. The boys tried to take a ruby ring she was wearing, but they succeeded only in scratching her finger; the ring was tight, and they couldn't get it off. As Miss Scott was wondering what the four would do next, someone in a nearby apartment turned on a light. The light seemed to startle the boys, who clambered back into the car and sped off.

Miss Scott and Dillard started to climb a stairway in one of the bridge towers to the trolley platform overhead. Miss Scott was so shaky and the stairway was so long that she didn't think she could make it, and said as much to her fiancé. He said he would not leave her there alone, and urged her upward. On the platform, a trolley car stopped for them. When they told the driver what had happened, he refused to take their nickel fares out of the dollar bill that Miss Scott had preserved, telling her she might need it. He let them off at the precinct station house across the bridge. The police there told the couple they couldn't help them; according to police regulations, the couple would have to report the crime to the precinct closest to the spot in Astoria where it had begun—but they were persuaded to send out an alarm for the stolen car, and they did drive Dillard and Miss Scott to Astoria. At the Astoria station house, Miss Scott and Dillard said that the four robbers looked and sounded as if they were from the slums—their faces were hard, their manners rough. The couple had scarcely finished their account of the robbery when they learned that the car had been found, wrapped around a light pole just a few blocks from where they had been let off. They were driven back to Long Island City to identify it. Some of the shower gifts had been thrown from the car as the boys fled, and lay in the muddy street. Miss Scott's clothes hadn't been touched, but whatever shower gifts hadn't been discarded were gone; in their place was a black imitation revolver that police described to reporters as "an exact replica of the real thing." It was five o'clock on Monday morning before Miss Scott got back to her aunt and uncle's house.

A few hours later, the story of the robbery was front-page news in several newspapers. "NYACK YOUTH, GIRL ABDUCTED AND ROBBED," "THUGS GET GIFTS OF ENGAGED PAIR," "FIANCÉE KIDNAPPED, OUTWITS



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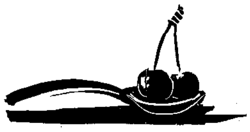
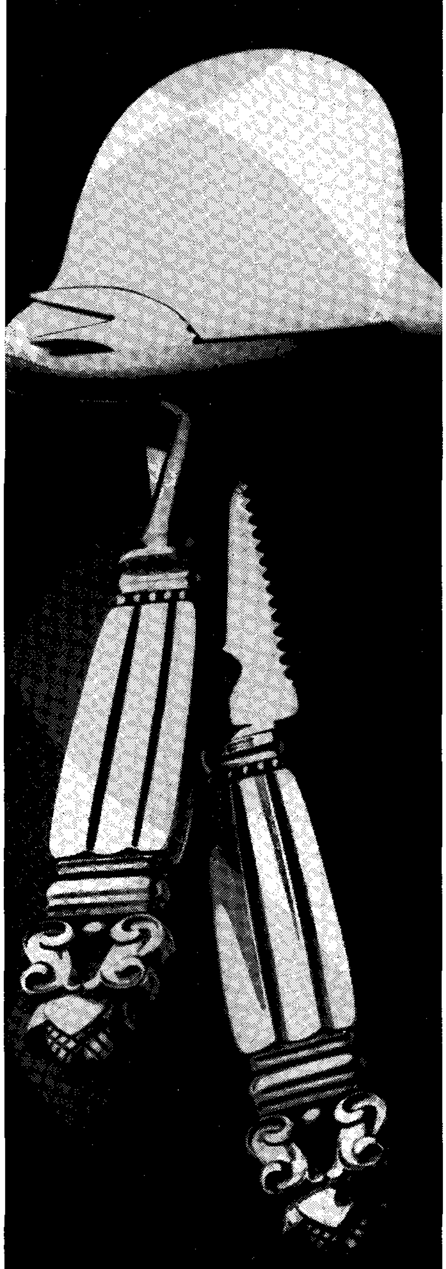
BANDITS,” the headlines said. Miss Scott became more and more apprehensive as she read the newspaper accounts of the crime. She was afraid that the thieves would be furious at reading about the diamond ring that had eluded them, and would return to claim it. (The papers had also provided her aunt and uncle’s address.) She went back to work a day or two later, escorted by her cousin, her cousin’s boyfriend, the boyfriend’s brother, and the police, but she suffered from nervous indigestion. A week later, her uncle called her at work with some good news. The four young men who had robbed her had attempted to hold up a car in Jackson Heights. The driver, who turned out to be an off-duty policeman, had chased them off after they robbed him. Later that night, as they were loitering on a corner in Jackson Heights, they aroused the suspicions of two radio-car patrolmen, who stopped them for questioning. One of the four leaped over a wall and ran away across a cemetery; the three others were taken into custody. They were armed with cap pistols that looked like real guns. After some questioning, the three boys—Fred Giritski, seventeen; Louis Stokowski, eighteen; and Charles Preniszni, eighteen—all from Greenpoint, admitted the “shower holdup” and several other holdups of couples in parked cars. Giritski betrayed the name of the fourth robber: George Malinow, seventeen, who was arrested a few hours later at his parents’ apartment, where he was sleeping soundly. He, too, confessed to the Dillard-Scott crime and to some other robberies. It was the first but by no means the last time Malinow was informed on. He later took what comfort he could from the fact that Giritski, who had been promised preferential treatment for giving him up, received the same sentence he and the two others got.



The four boys—all but Stokowski were on probation at the time of their arrests—were held without bail. In late June, they were indicted for first-degree robbery, first-degree grand larceny, and second-degree assault. On July 13th, they were allowed to plead guilty to second-degree robbery. On July 15th, they were sentenced to five to ten years in state prison. Miss Scott and Dillard went to court for the arraignment and the sentencing. The boys’ parents were also in court, and looked “as if they would have killed you if they could have got hold of you,” Miss Scott said later. “They seemed as poor, as shabbily dressed, and as tough as their sons.” Miss Scott thought at the time that five to ten years in prison wasn’t long enough for the fright she and her fiancé had experienced, but primarily she was relieved that the boys were being taken out of circulation, so that they couldn’t come back to bother them or anyone else. Miss Scott and Dillard were married on August 21, 1938; she felt glad to get out of Queens. The Dillards eventually had five children, and the family lived quietly in Nyack, where Dillard owned a drugstore, until his death, in 1962. Mrs. Dillard still lives in Nyack with her youngest child. She has never again been the victim of a crime.

Dillard’s father carried adequate insurance on his eight-hundred-dollar 1937 Buick, which was almost totally demolished, and was able to replace it with another new Buick at little or no cost. The Dillards never got any of their cash, shower gifts, or jewelry back. Their watches and his class ring had been pawned. The pawn tickets had been redeemed a day before the four boys were arrested. These financial losses were small and were quickly forgotten, but it was ten years before Mrs. Dillard stopped suffering from nervous indigestion; today, looking over her yellowed newspaper clippings and talking about the thirty-nine-year-old crime brings back unpleasant memories. She suspects, however, that she was luckier than most 1977 robbery victims. “The boys weren’t drunk or high on drugs, and the guns weren’t real,” she says. “Still, the robbery was a nightmare. About the best thing I can say about it is that we didn’t wind up in the river. I sometimes wonder what would have happened if that apartment light near the bridge hadn’t suddenly gone on.”

Malinow’s recollections of the 1938 crime are much hazier than Mrs. Dillard’s, and he says he has forgotten many of the details that the newspapers of the day printed. He doesn’t remember that Miss Scott saved her diamond ring by putting it in her mouth, he doesn’t remember touching the shower gifts or pawning the jewelry, and he doesn’t remember admitting that he had robbed any other couples in parked cars. “That was our first and only parked-car couple,” he says. It is characteristic of Malinow to minimize the crimes for which he has been arrested. He does remember that Miss Scott and Dillard were “an average couple in an average car, nothing outstanding.” He says that he stole the car for excitement, because



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it was summertime and he wanted to go joyriding, and that he and his friends only robbed Miss Scott and Dillard on the spur of the moment. The explanation he gives for the crime in 1977 is at variance with the explanations he gave while doing time for it, between 1938 and 1942. In those years, he told prison officials and parole investigators that he had committed it because he was out of work, couldn't find a job, and needed the money. "I thought it would be better to say I did something for money than for excitement," he says now of these earlier explanations. When he is asked about the robbery of the off-duty cop (whose money was taken but not his car, and who was hit over the head by one of Malinow's companions), he has trouble at first remembering the crime at all. When he finally does recall it, he admits that the motive for that crime, which took place a week after the Dillard-Scott robbery, was money rather than excitement. "By that time, we did have urgent needs," he says. "We had to pay for some clothes we had at the dry cleaner's, and we had an urgent need to go to a tailor shop and get some trousers pressed, and we had a need to buy dress shoes. We all wore out shoes like crazy on the docks. But the couple in the car—that was just childish skylarking. That one I do regret." Even more than Mrs. Dillard, Malinow chooses to look back on the positive rather than the negative aspects of the crime. "We didn't rape the girl or injure the fellow, as kids do today," he says. "We only got a few dollars and some nonsense jewelry. It wasn't even worth the effort. We didn't consider the consequences." On July 18, 1938, three days after they were sentenced, Malinow and his three associates were sent to Sing Sing to begin facing the consequences. He believes to this day that the punishment was too severe for the crime. "We should have been sent to a reformatory or a state training school for a short time," he says. "We weren't given that type of consideration, simply because our parents were poor. None of us had money to pay a lawyer. If my people had had five hundred dollars, I'd have gone to a children's reformatory for six months. If they had had twenty-five hundred dollars, I'd have walked home with a suspended sentence. We had nothing, so we were sentenced to five to ten years in state prison."

THE earliest photograph that Malinow has of himself was taken upon his arrival at Sing Sing in the

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summer of 1938. The photograph shows a boy with light eyes, set far apart, thick eyebrows, and ears that stick out—a boy who looks younger than his almost eighteen years. His hair, thick and dark, is cut in the working-class style of the day, long on top, short on the sides; a few strands fall willfully over his forehead. He is wearing a suit jacket and a white shirt. His tie hangs loosely at the collar; the knot looks as if it had been made by someone unaccustomed to dealing with ties. There is a what-next expression on his face. "I was very frightened when that photo was taken," Malinow says. In 1938, what prior knowledge Malinow had of Sing Sing came from a few James Cagney movies he'd stolen the money to see and from a few older men in Greenpoint who had done time there. Actually being in Sing Sing was worse than the Cagney films or the Greenpoint Sing Sing alumni had suggested. Shortly after his arrival, Malinow was assigned a number. The number troubled him. "I wasn't used to hearing, 'Hey, Nine-five-three-oh-six, get over here,' " he says. "It took me a while to listen for the number to be called and a while to know the number was me. I was used to being called Georgie." He quickly memorized his Sing Sing number, and now he can recite from memory most of the ten prison numbers he has had over the past thirty-nine years. He got a Social Security number in 1936, when he went to work, but he does not know it by heart, perhaps because he has had little occasion to use it.

In 1938, Sing Sing, then a maximum-security prison, was divided into two parts. The old cellblock, which had been constructed in the eighteen-twenties, was down near the Hudson River. The new cellblock, built a century later, was farther up the hill. Like all new arrivals, Malinow was assigned to the old cellblock. He remained there for seven months and three weeks—a period of time he remembers with such precision because the average time spent down the hill was six months. He resented every extra day beyond that. The old cellblock had small, narrow cells that he thought were like dungeons. The stone cell walls were damp. The cell doors were made of latticed metal with small openings. The cells had no windows and only one bare bulb for illumination. They lacked toilets. Each inmate had a bucket. He carried out his wastes each day, emptied and rinsed the bucket, and brought it back. The cells stank. They were filthy. Rats and mice, bugs and lice thrived

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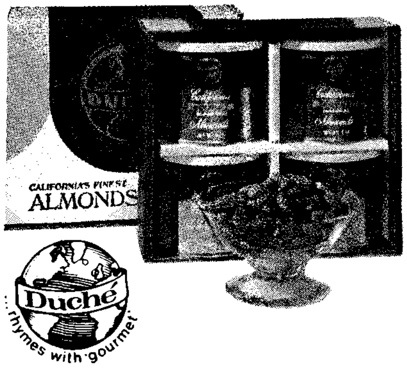

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in the dank and the gloom. The bed had a hard mattress. The bedding was a ragged blanket with a sour odor; a lumpy pillow; and one or two tattered sheets. (The cells up the hill were relatively spacious and bright, and were furnished with such amenities as toilets.) The food provided at Sing Sing was little better than the cell. Two or three pieces of potato or a carrot, a pea, and a bean floating in what tasted like dishwater were the only clues to whether the dishwatery substance purported to be potato soup or vegetable soup. In retrospect, the food at home wasn't so bad. If it was plain, it was at least well flavored, plentiful, and served, Malinow says now, "in a colorful European atmosphere."

Malinow was kept busy during his first few weeks at Sing Sing. While going through the reception process, he was given various physical and psychiatric tests. The doctors found him to be in good health. His I.Q. was average—exactly a hundred. The psychiatrist diagnosed him as having a "psychopathic personality." While he was still on the reception block, confined for twenty-four hours a day except to go to the mess hall, to church, or to the hospital or the school building for the various tests, some Greenpoint acquaintances called on him. These men, inmates who had already been at Sing Sing for some time, left him a few magazines to help him pass the time in reception. They gave him a knife and some advice for the future. Once he was out of reception, he was to wear the knife strapped to his arm at all times. He was to use it the first time an older man made sexual advances toward him, or he would be branded a "punk" and taken advantage of for the rest of his stay in prison. With the help of these neighborhood acquaintances, Malinow got a desirable job as an apprentice in the prison printshop, which printed letterheads, forms, and reports for the Department of Correction and other state agencies.

The confinement of the reception block was followed by the tension of being out in the general population. Soon after Malinow went to work in the printshop, where he was broken in on a hand-fed press and went on to learn how to handle an automatic press, a sexual pass was made at him. He used his knife to fend it off. He was not sexually accosted again, but he wore the knife strapped to his arm for the balance of his stay at Sing Sing. "In 1938 and 1939, Sing Sing was a wide-open prison," Malinow says. "There was much more booze, money, and gambling then than there is today, and there were frequent stabbings. The prison was overcrowded. It had twenty-six hundred or twenty-seven hundred inmates. You had old-time inmates doing big time, and they had to do something. The guards knew what was going on and didn't interfere too much. They got a share of the money. There was nothing normal about life there. You never knew when you got up in the morning if there was going to be a knife fight. Everything was in doubt. The only place you could relax was your cell. I hated the constant harassment and surveillance. We were counted, frisked, marched from one place to another, and made to show our passes and identification cards from one end of the day to the other. A few weeks in state prison, experiencing that type of tension and harassment, might have done me some good. They should have made my stay very harsh and very brief. If I could have left after a few weeks, when I was still afraid I couldn't endure it, I might never have come back. After you're there longer, you not only see that you can make it, you also come into contact with older, experienced criminals who teach you things that increase your chances of returning."

Every criminal's life story seems to include the line "I learned everything I know about crime at ——," the sentence being finished with the name of the first prison to which that particular criminal was sent, so it isn't any wonder that the line appeared recently in a Woody Allen parody of a burglar's autobiography. Unlike Woody Allen readers, Malinow sees no humor in the line. When he says he learned everything he knows about crime at Sing Sing, he is speaking in absolute earnest about his own experience. If the line is a cliché, and therefore ready-made for the parodist to mock—well, many things become clichés because they're true. While poverty serves as Malinow's rationale for his childhood stealing, Sing Sing serves as his rationale for becoming a professional criminal, and no one can persuade him otherwise. At Sing Sing, his new prison friends convinced him that it was foolish to be sent to state prison for stealing a few dollars with a toy gun when armed payroll robberies were so much more lucrative. They offered him lessons in payroll robbery. They taught him how to obtain a gun, how to hold a

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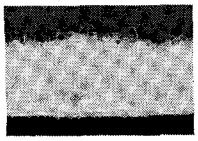

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gun steady for five minutes, where the members of a holdup team should position themselves, how to knock out a watchman or a guard with one's bare hands, how to determine which payrolls were worth taking, and other useful professional skills. "When I first went to Sing Sing and I listened to those guys, I thought to myself, Who do they think I am—John Dillinger? But by the time I left I felt capable of taking an armored car single-handedly," Malinow says. He was to put this knowledge to use fourteen years after he acquired it.

The guards and the civilian supervisor in the Sing Sing printshop were pleased with Malinow's work and attitude. He was a fast learner, he was dependable, and he behaved well. They were ready to teach him how to operate a Linotype machine, predicted a good future for him as a printer, and offered to help him find a job when he got out. Payroll robberies captured Malinow's imagination more than Linotype machines and hand-fed presses. He liked the printshop well enough, but he didn't like being at Sing Sing at all, and thought he could improve his lot by transferring to Wallkill, a small, experimental medium-security prison in Ulster County for first offenders, which offered a diversity of vocational training. He wanted to try living in the "country," and Wallkill was regarded as an easy place from which to make parole on your first try. Malinow succeeded in getting himself transferred to Wallkill in December, 1939.

He was immediately happier as No. 2,232 at Wallkill than he had ever been as No. 95,306 at Sing Sing. "Going from Sing Sing to Wallkill was like coming out of a desert into a lush rain forest," he says. To Malinow, Wallkill's buildings looked "just like Oxford University" (he has never seen Oxford or a photograph of it), and he liked his small room in one of the Gothic buildings. Sing Sing was the dirtiest of the prisons in New York State and one of the oldest. Wallkill was immaculate, and just seven years old. At Sing Sing, many of the inmates were hardened old-timers with long sentences. Most of Wallkill's five hundred inmates were young men serving short sentences; Malinow never felt it necessary to carry a knife there. The inmates at Sing Sing wore coarse, drab gray uniforms. The inmates at Wallkill wore snappy-looking dark-blue shirts and pencil-striped poplin trousers that held a sharp crease. Sing Sing's guards were mostly stern men who wore blue uniforms, as the police did. The Wallkill guards dressed in khaki in summer and forest green in winter and looked more like soldiers. Their courtesy almost made Malinow forget they were prison guards. "If one of them was handing me a letter and accidentally dropped it, he'd apologize," he says. "They didn't have to say, 'George, I'm sorry,' but they did. They were trained with a different outlook. They said 'please' and 'thank you,' and they didn't call you by your last name or your number. They listened to your problems and complaints." In the summer, Malinow swam in Wallkill's pool. He had ample time to frequent the hobby shop, play volleyball and basketball, stretch out on the grass, and even acquire his first case of poison ivy. He and three of his friends cooked on an outdoor barbecue and grew vegetables, flowers, and melons on a small piece of land they were permitted to cultivate. He studied for and received his Roman Catholic confirmation at Wallkill. Thomas Kanfer travelled to Wallkill by bus several times during his son's two years and two months there, and deposited a dollar or two in his account on each visit. Malinow says he dissuaded his mother from visiting, because she was too emotional. Helena Kanfer, who spoke broken English and could write only in Polish, dictated an occasional letter to a bilingual neighborhood friend; letters had to be in English so the prison censors could read them. A number of men at Green Haven attribute their crimes to the fact that their parents didn't love them. Malinow is not one of those. "My parents loved me as much as anyone else's," he says. "They hoped I wouldn't go to prison, but they knew people in the neighborhood sometimes did go to prison and they accepted it. They stood by me when I was sent away, to the best of their ability. My father believed in his country right or wrong and in his son right or wrong. My parents never said we had hope and you disappointed us. They were sorry about what happened, but they didn't make an issue of it with me."

Wallkill offered its inmates a choice of trades, among them carpentry, barbering, masonry, blacksmithing, welding, and auto mechanics. Malinow couldn't foresee any of these trades as a long-range career, but he could foresee being a car owner, so he wanted to take up auto mechanics. Some of the men in Greenpoint owned cars and didn't know how to repair them. He had heard them complain about the high cost of mechanics' work. He didn't want anyone to charge him thirty dollars to fix a

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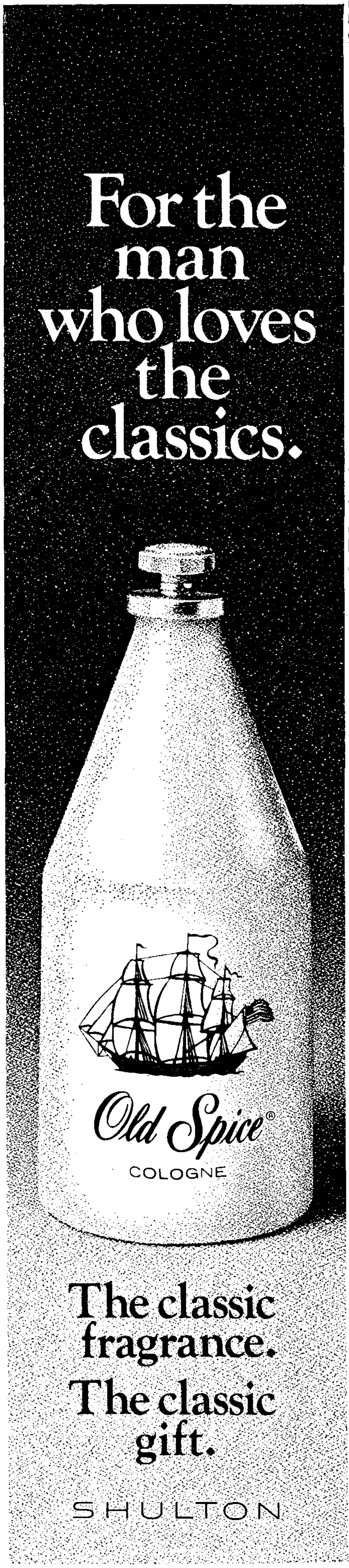


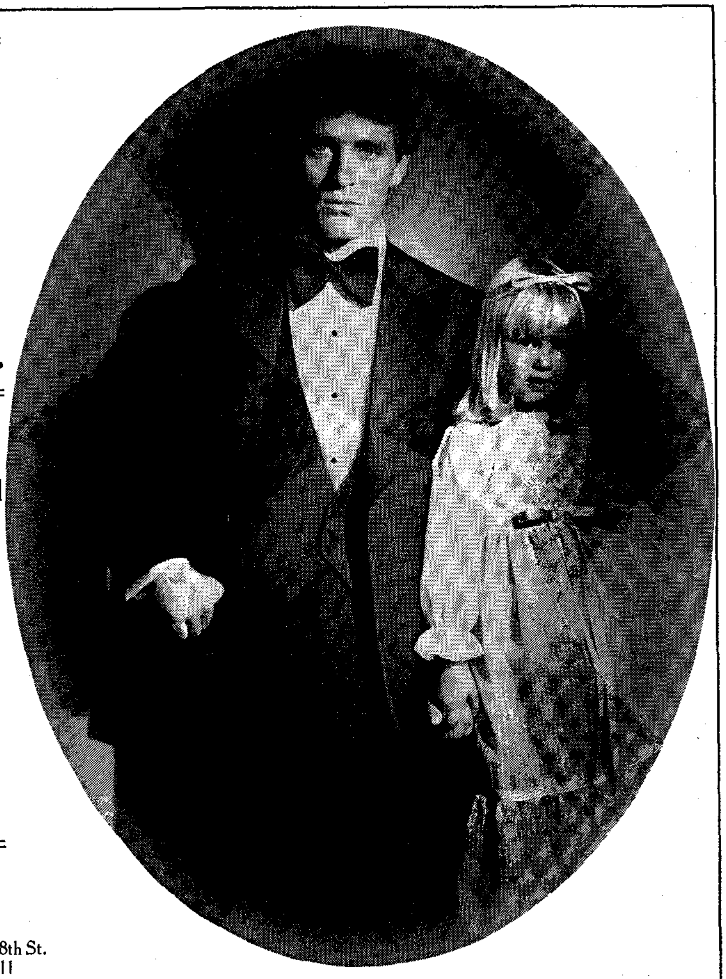
broken generator that might or might not have been broken. His second choice of trades was welding; he was curious to learn how to use an acetylene torch—a skill that would come in handy if he should decide to have a go at safecracking when he got out. After the obligatory six months' work on the prison farm then required of all new Wallkill inmates, Malinow was assigned to the auto shop.

Malinow studied auto mechanics from June, 1940, until his release from Wallkill, in early 1942. The courses were taught by well-qualified civilian instructors, who used up-to-date equipment. He also took academic subjects of his choice. His grades in these subjects ranged from straight A's in English to straight B's in mathematics and business law to a mixture of B's and C's in blueprint reading and science. He also received B's and C's in auto mechanics. By the time he was released, he had completed over two thousand hours in motors, brakes, carburetors, electrical units, and the like. Every three months, the instructors entered his grades and their appraisals of him on his record. A few of his quarterly reports in auto mechanics describe him as an average student with just a fair ability to reason, and a person who was somewhat easily led by others, but as a rule the adjectives applied to him are favorable: "respectful," "industrious," "self-reliant," "neat," "well liked," and "coöperative" are the most frequent. Since he didn't lose any "good time" in prison—that is, time credited to an inmate for good behavior—he became eligible for release on parole in November, 1941, after serving three years and four months in prison, two-thirds of the five-year minimum sentence. He was scheduled to appear before the Parole Board in October, 1941, and it often took several weeks for a man to be released after the Board granted him parole.

In the months preceding an inmate's appearance before the Parole Board, prison personnel prepare a pre-parole summary for the parole commissioners to scan when they call the inmate in for his brief parole hearing. Malinow's physical condition was noted on his pre-parole summary as good except for a little nearsightedness in his left eye. The description that the Wallkill prison personnel gave of Malinow in 1941 was almost identical to the description they had given of him when he came to Wallkill two years earlier. "Inmate is a short, thin, boyish-appearing youth with pale complexion," his record reads. "He is a weak, ineffectual person, who very obviously has not developed emotionally or intellectually, insofar as judgment is concerned. It is noteworthy that this inmate came to prison when he was but seventeen years of age, and apparently confinement has not had too much effect upon him in the sense that it has not given him any more insight into the nature of his conflicts with the law and the reasons therefor." The prison personnel observed that Malinow would have to serve six years and eight months—that is, until the maximum expiration date of his five-to-ten-year sentence—under parole supervision, and doubted whether "a man of his makeup and background" would be capable of satisfactorily completing such a long period of parole supervision. In his favor, however, they said he had completed vocational training at Wallkill which might make it possible for him to get a better job than he had been qualified for in the past. Also in his favor, they added, was the fact that he had adjusted well to Wallkill and had profited from its programs, in contrast to his co-defendants. Fred Giritski had been sent from Sing Sing directly to Attica, but Malinow's two other co-defendants, Charles Preniszni and Louis Stokowski, had also been sent from Sing Sing to Wallkill. Preniszni and Stokowski had behaved so badly at Wallkill that they had been transferred to Great Meadow, a maximum-security prison. (All of Malinow's co-defendants got out of prison in late 1941 or early 1942. None of them ever got into trouble with the law again.)

In 1941, before a man could be released on parole he had to submit a residence and a job to his prison parole officer, which had to be investigated and approved by his parole officer on the street. Malinow said he intended to live at home, so a parole officer in Brooklyn visited his parents' apartment several times before his release. Although Malinow had told one of his pre-parole interviewers that his mother planned to settle in Hempstead, Long Island, after his release, "to remove him from the influences which exist in his former neighborhood," it was obvious to the investigating parole officer that Helena and Thomas Kanfer didn't have the slightest intention or possibility of moving. Shortly after Malinow was sent to Sing Sing, the Kanfers had moved to yet another four-room railroad flat in the heart of Greenpoint. One bedroom was used to store old shoes and raglike clothes. The furniture in the second bedroom consisted of a double bed with a soiled mattress and a double mattress on the floor. (The remembered brass bed of George's childhood had been discarded several moves earlier.) The rent for the apartment was thirteen dollars a month. Kanfer had recently retired from his twenty-dollar-a-week night watchman's job. The Kanfers were living on his twenty-five-dollar-a-month pension and a supplementary ten-dollar-a-month allowance from the Home Relief Bureau. The Kanfers' son-in-law, Franz Muller, was temporarily in a mental hospital. His wife, Marianne, and the Muller children—whom she was about to commit to a Catholic home—were often at the Kanfers'. Helena Kanfer and her daughter argued constantly; the parole officer observed that Kanfer, whom he described as a quiet, well-dressed, but ineffectual man, had the wisdom to stand on the sidelines, seemingly inured to their pointless bickering. Mrs. Kanfer made it clear to the parole officer that she was eager for her son's release and that whatever money he earned would be helpful to the family. The parole officer reluctantly approved the filthy Kanfer apartment as Malinow's residence—although it was "decidedly substandard"—because it was the only one available to him and because his financial assistance was needed there. He doubted whether any "coöperative supervision" by the parents could be expected.

In September, 1941, Thomas Kanfer tried to help his son get a job as an auto mechanic, but the prospective employer didn't send the requisite letter formally offering him a job, so Malinow appeared before the Parole Board a month later without a definite job offer. The Board decided that Malinow deserved parole, because of his good record at Wallkill; he would be released as soon as he had an approved job. In December, 1941, Malinow spotted an ad in the Brooklyn *Eagle* for a job as an auto mechanic at Famous Frank's, a small firm in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn, and wrote to apply for it. The firm's owner, Frank Perino, sent him a letter offering him the job, at fifteen dollars a week. The parole officer who went to check on Famous Frank's reported that the firm appeared to be reputable, the job offer sincere. Malinow went back to the Parole Board with the approved job in early February and was granted parole. On February 24, 1942, he was registered for the Selective Service. On February 26, 1942, he was paroled from Wallkill. His auto-mechanics instructor's final entry on his record



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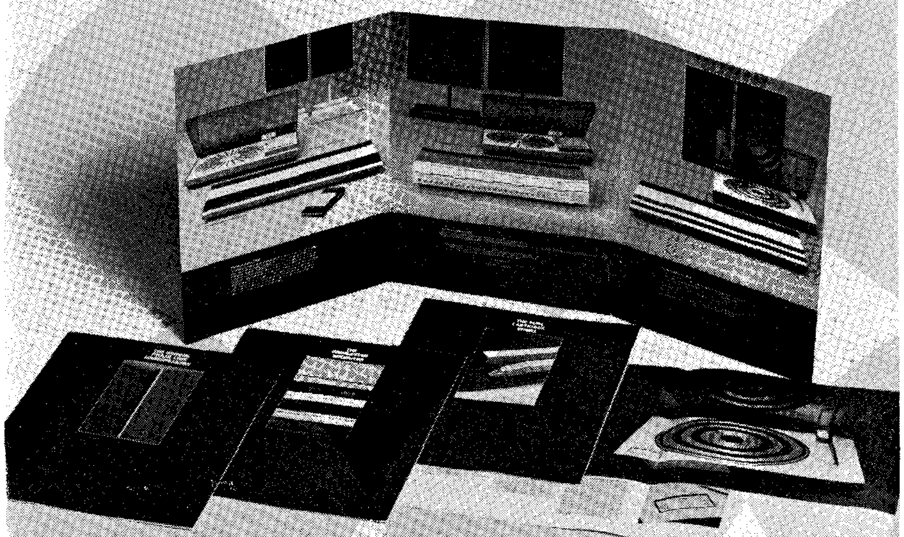

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MALINOW left Wallkill with $56.30 in his pocket, $36.30 from his prison earnings and twenty dollars' "gate money" from New York State. He had been paid ten cents a day to attend auto-mechanics courses and had been allowed to spend only half of his pay in prison. The rest had been set aside to be given to him upon his release. He took a bus to New York City and a subway to the parole office, in lower Manhattan, where he made his mandatory arrival report, and then took the subway home. He was both joyful to be out of prison and dismayed to see how much his mother had aged and how poor her health had become during the three and a half years he had been away. He was as eager to help his parents financially as they were to be helped. Malinow reported for work at Famous Frank's, but his job lasted just a few weeks. His "good chance of becoming a mechanic" was undermined by the curtailed gasoline shipments and the gasoline rationing that followed Pearl Harbor. "There weren't many cars on the road for mechanics to work on in early '42," Malinow says. "It was bad timing." Before Famous Frank's went out of business, Perino helped him get a job with an auto-wrecking firm right next door. The work proved to be dull and didn't make use of Malinow's Wallkill skills. He disliked the long trip from Greenpoint to Bay Ridge, and often fell asleep going home on the subway at night. While working for the auto-wrecking firm, he ran into a boyhood friend who was working at a laundry closer to Greenpoint, and got a job there, for slightly more money.

Malinow soon decided he would rather join the Merchant Marine, which offered an even better salary, a bonus for going into dangerous war zones, and a chance to make additional money playing dice or betting on shipboard dice games and selling cigarettes, bought cheaply aboard ship, for a good price in Europe. By then, he had already decided that his presence wasn't helpful to his aging parents. "What could I do by being around but give them aspirins or Alka-Seltzer?" he says. "I could send them money from wherever I happened to be." The United States government was then recruiting seamen, and Malinow hoped that he would be accepted. He applied, and was turned down because he couldn't read enough of the eye chart with his left eye. He decided to look

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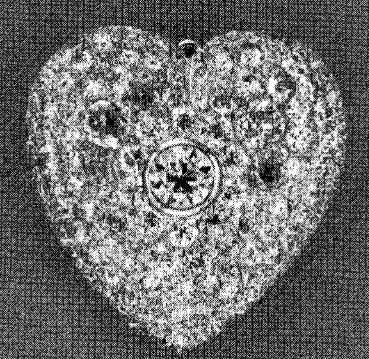

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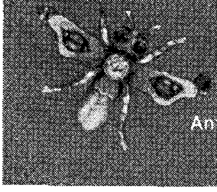

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into the possibility of shipping out with a private line, and in late April he obtained his papers as ordinary seaman, wiper, cabin steward, messman, and utility man. He went to lower Manhattan in search of a freighter to ship out on. He couldn't get a job aboard a freighter; the only opportunities to ship out at that particular moment were aboard tankers. The photographs of flaming tankers he saw on the walls of the Standard Oil of New Jersey office on State Street and the conversations he overheard at the union hiring hall about the certain death that awaited seamen on tankers that were torpedoed ("When she gets hit, everyone is done for. Even the water catches fire") dissuaded him from signing aboard a tanker. "I wasn't suicidally inclined," he says.

Malinow quit the laundry job over a difference of opinion with the foreman, and got a job as a molder at an electric company in Greenpoint. He found the machines he had to work with noisy and the gauge-reading he had to do repetitious. He worked the night shift and was paid twenty-five dollars a week. By the spring of 1942, many of the boys he had grown up with were in the service. People were boasting of their sons in the service, and Malinow imagined that they were staring at him and wondering why he wasn't doing his part. He began to feel out of place at home. He volunteered for the Army in May, arranged to have his parole reports suspended in early July, was inducted into the Army on July 22nd, and entered active duty in early August, at Camp Upton, New York. Whenever Malinow talks about his state of mind during his first few months out of Wallkill, he always insists that the twenty-six good months at Wallkill didn't undo the damage that had been done him during the seventeen bad months at Sing Sing, and he curses the judge who sent him to Sing Sing instead of to a boys' reformatory. He also says that Wallkill was the best prison he has ever been in. "Many young men who were sent there benefitted from it and never went back to prison," he says. "There should be twenty constructive prisons like it, but today there isn't even one. Wallkill is now just another medium-security prison, and doesn't segregate first offenders or offer any exceptional training. Wallkill had the effect of partially redirecting me and lessening some of my bitterness. I could have worked at the electric company at night, to fulfill my parole requirements, and gone out stealing during the day, but I didn't. In-

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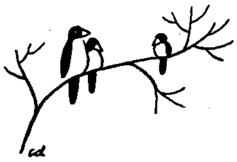
stead, I volunteered for the Army."

Private George Malinow, No. 32410969, was sent to the Quartermaster Corps training center at Camp Lee, Virginia, for basic training and motor training. He was in fine physical condition and didn't mind the long, hot marches on the drill field as much as some of the other recruits did; only the sight of the M.P.s and the authority they represented angered him. He was sent from Camp Lee to an Army Air Forces unit at Brooks Field, on the outskirts of San Antonio, where he was put to work repairing jeeps and trucks. He enjoyed the great variety of people he met in the Army, and found the Southwestern drawls and twangs appealing. He was unaware of having an accent himself until his new friends expressed their pleasure at his "dem"s and "dese"s and "dose"s and began calling him Brooklyn Georgie. After a few months in San Antonio, Malinow and a few other soldiers were sent to the Atlanta Motor Base for several months of advanced motor training. In Atlanta, Malinow met a pretty blue-eyed blonde. He was able to spend every weekend with her and to do well in his classes with little studying, as a result of his Wallkill training. When he got back to Brooks, he was granted his first furlough. He went home to see his parents, who admired his uniform, and then he stopped off on the way back to Brooks to see his girl in Atlanta. He returned to Brooks a day and a half late but talked his way out of a penalty. He decided that he wanted to go back to his girl in Atlanta and that he wanted to go overseas. The only way to accomplish both objectives was to apply for the paratroopers, who had their training center at Fort Benning, Georgia. To his chagrin, the paratroopers didn't accept him, because of his left eye. While waiting to learn whether he would be accepted by the paratroopers, Malinow says, he passed up a few chances to be sent from Brooks Field to North Africa or the Mediterranean, but after his rejection by the paratroopers there were no other immediate opportunities for overseas service available to him there. "My mental attitude started to deteriorate," he says. "I lost complete interest in everything." On July 22, 1943, precisely a year after he was inducted into the Army, Pfc. George Malinow was given another furlough. He was supposed to return to Brooks Field at the end of eighteen days.



Malinow went home to Brooklyn, where he found a shortage of able-bodied young men on hand to fill an abundance of jobs. He went to work on the docks, loading trucks and ships. The pay was adequate. There was also a shortage of able-bodied young men for young girls to date, and his social life flourished. He didn't go to Atlanta to see the blue-eyed blonde. He didn't reapply to the paratroopers, although he had heard that they had lowered their physical requirements. He didn't return to Brooks Field when his eighteen-day leave was up. Instead, he stayed in Brooklyn. He stayed there even after the Army sent letters to his parents' home warning him that the penalty for desertion could be death. He stayed there even after the M.P.s came around looking for him. He intended to turn himself in and pay the price for having overstayed his leave—someday. All the time he was AWOL, he wore civilian clothes but never removed his dog tags. He thought that this technicality would help to keep him from being charged with desertion. He had heard that the penalty for being AWOL a few days was the same as for being AWOL several months—a period of time in the stockade—so he kept postponing his return to the Army. August sailed by, and then September and half of October.

On the night of Friday, October 15, 1943, Malinow went out partying with a group of young men and women. A certain amount of drinking was done by all. The group proceeded from house to house, dropping one partygoer off here, picking up another partygoer there. Malinow didn't know or care who owned the 1942 Studebaker that served as their means of transportation. He felt like staying out after the others had called it a night, and took the wheel of the car. The last two people in the Studebaker were Malinow and a girl. He let the girl off at her house in Brooklyn in the early hours of Saturday, October 16th, and then fell asleep in the car. When he woke up, he started the car. It was drizzling, the roads were slick, and he says that the visibility was as limited as his sobriety. (Whenever he is in a melodramatic mood, Malinow says he got drunk on weekends while AWOL because he faced the terrible possibility of dying overseas upon his return to the Army.) The Studebaker skidded and collided with a police radio car. The sound of the crash sobered Malinow up. He had no driver's license or car registration, and figured his best bet would be to

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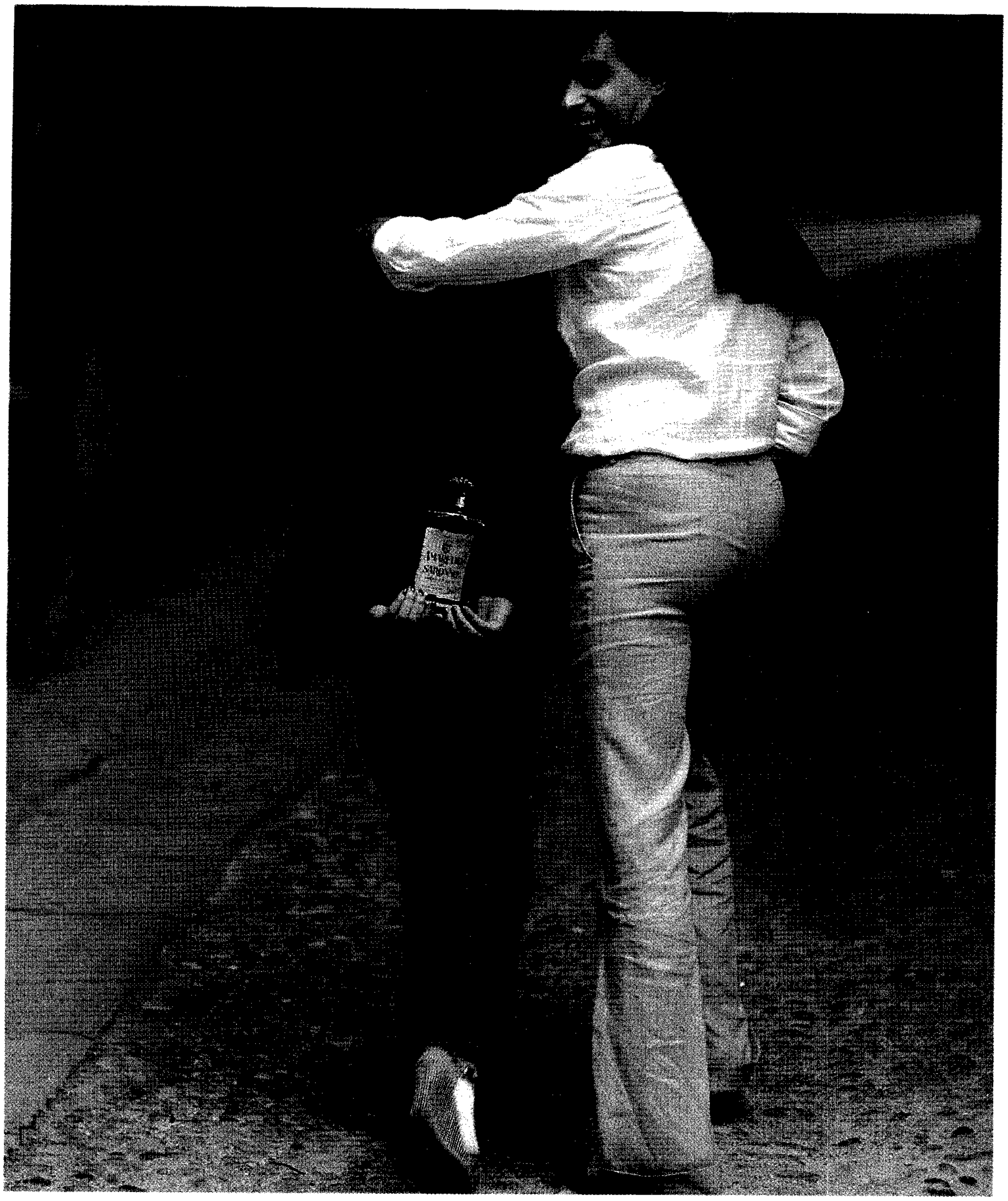

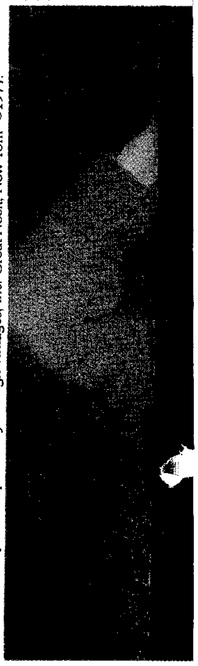

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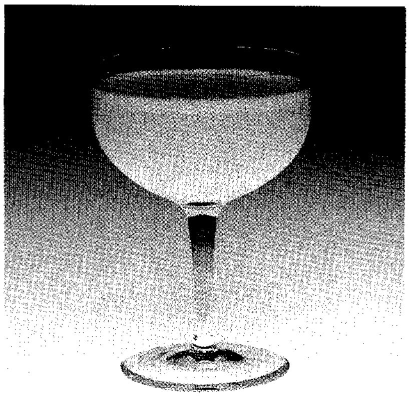

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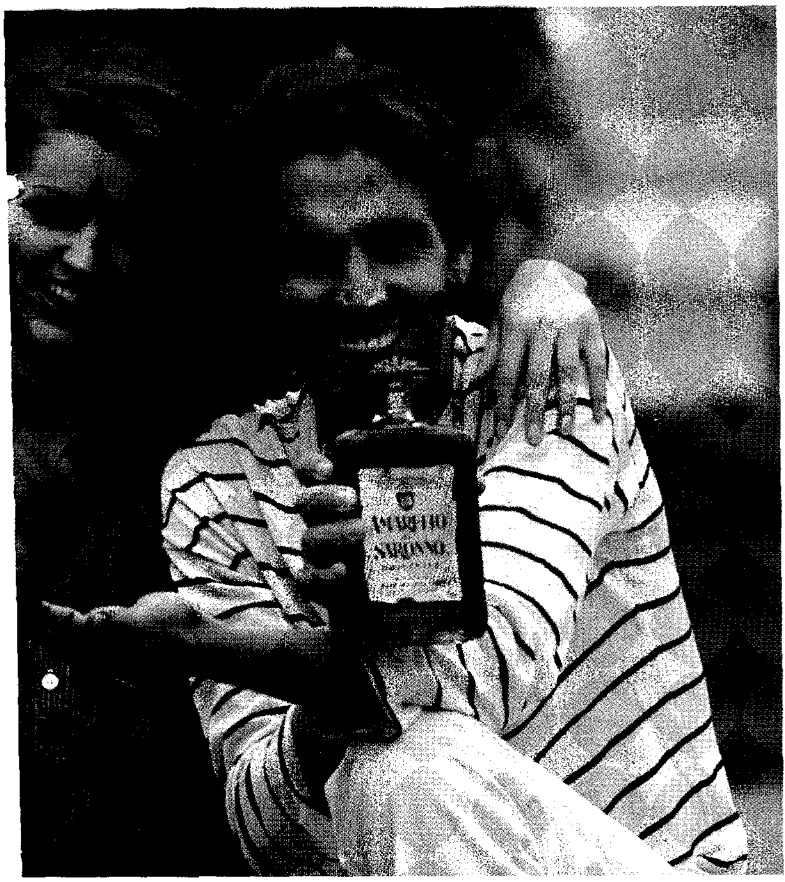

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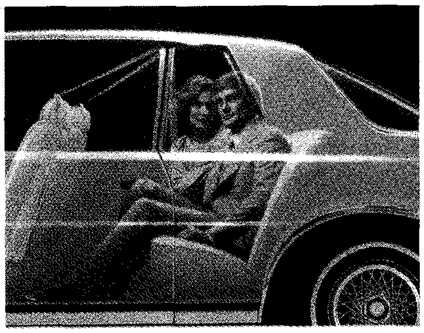


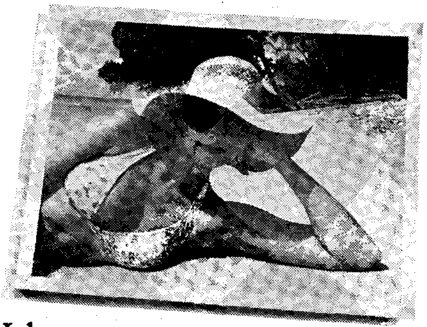
take off as quickly as possible. In the accident, the car's right front fender was crushed against the right front tire. The tire wouldn't turn. By the time he realized that a quick getaway was not possible, one of the two policemen in the other car was standing alongside the Studebaker, ordering him out. Believing himself to be in only minor trouble for being unable to produce the driver's license and the car registration the policeman asked for—"some traffic type of offense I could talk my way out of"—Malinow got out of the car. The policeman found a .38-calibre pistol on the floor of the car, near the driver's seat. Malinow hadn't seen the gun earlier; he suspected that it had been put under the car seat by one of the guys he had partied with, and that it had slid out from under the seat as a result of the collision. He knew he was now in for a lot of trouble. He was taken to the station house for further questioning. Malinow's memory of what happened after he got to the station house is vague. The one thing he insists he remembers is that he was alternately beaten and cajoled by the cops as they unsuccessfully attempted to elicit information from him. Malinow's record, however, preserves what he claims not to remember.

When the police asked Malinow to account for his presence in the Studebaker, his first explanation was that he had borrowed it from his brother-in-law. A little later, he said that a person known to him only as Whitey, whom he had met at a grill, had asked him to drive the car to a certain place and leave it there with the keys in it. He couldn't supply Whitey's last name, his address, or any other information about him. The police had learned that the car had been stolen three days earlier. At 7 P.M. on October 13th, a man named Harry Eisen had parked his Studebaker outside his home, in Long Island City, had gone inside to change his overalls, and had come back fifteen minutes later to find his car missing. The license plate on the car when Malinow crashed into the police radio car wasn't Eisen's; the plate on the Studebaker on October 16th had been stolen from another car. Malinow persistently disclaimed any knowledge of the car or the gun, which proved to be an unregistered, unloaded, inoperable American Bull Dog pistol.

Malinow was taken from the Brooklyn station house where he had been questioned to Queens, the borough in which the car had been stolen. He was held without bail in the Queens County jail as a parole violator. He was indicted by the Queens County grand jury for grand larceny in the first degree. (The Studebaker's value was seven hundred dollars.) His accomplice was listed on the indictment as John Doe. On December 13th, he pleaded guilty to attempted grand larceny in the second degree. Four days later, he was sentenced, as a second-felony offender, to two and a half to five years in state prison. On December 22nd, he was sent from Queens to Sing Sing. A warrant charging him with violation of Section 1897 of the penal code (the gun law) was placed in his file.

Malinow was declared a parole violator as of February 26, 1942, the date he left Wallkill. When he was released from Wallkill, he owed the Parole Board six years, three months, and twenty-seven days—until June 23, 1948, the maximum expiration date on his original five-to-ten-year sentence. He would now have to serve that six years, three months, and twenty-seven days in prison, starting on December 22, 1943, the day he was returned to Sing Sing. Only after he finished doing that time—on April 19, 1950—could he begin to serve his new sentence. He would have to serve at least twenty months of the new sentence—two-thirds of the two-and-a-half-year minimum—before he would first become eligible for parole. The earliest he could hope to get out of prison again was the end of 1951.

When Malinow was arrested in 1943, he simply insisted that he hadn't stolen the car and knew nothing about the gun. When he was asked about the crime upon his return to Sing Sing, he first gave a long-winded justification for being AWOL—a catalogue of frustrations that included having been turned down by the government as a Merchant Marine recruit, not having been able to advance himself in the Army, and not getting to fight overseas. He then said he had committed the crime to get money to spend on his furlough and to get back to his Army base. He now says he thought that money would be the best motive from his point of view in 1943, just as it was in 1938. "They weren't looking for logic, they just wanted something on paper," he says of his Sing Sing interrogators. "So they wouldn't worry about the fact that someone who had allegedly stolen a car for money would still be riding around in it three days later." His 1951 Clinton pre-parole report shows that he was



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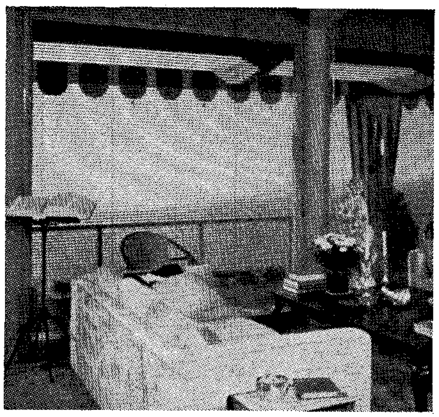

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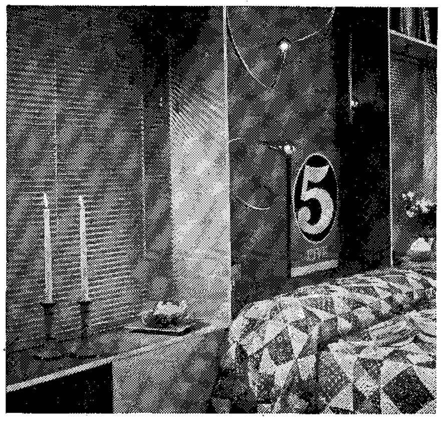

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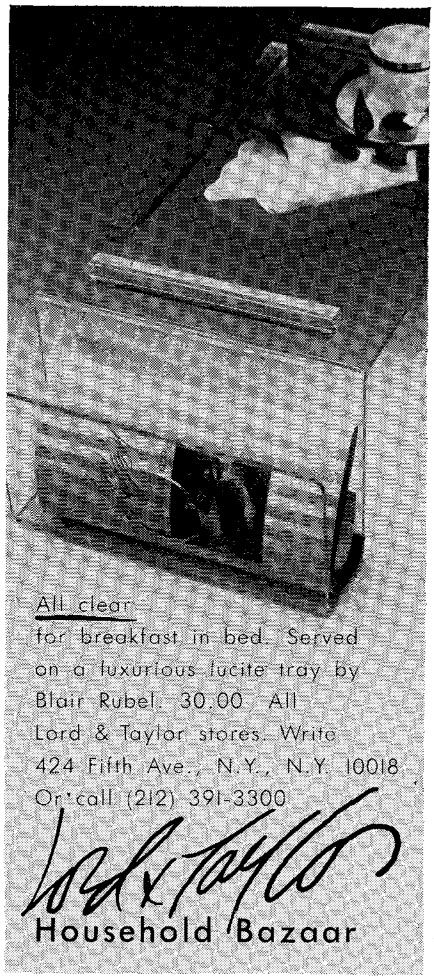
still making the same excuses for being AWOL that he made in 1943—that, indeed, he does in 1977. As for the theft of the car, he said in 1951 that he had come over the bridge from Greenpoint to Queens, was drinking heavily in Long Island City, and took the car to get home in a hurry. "I thought this was the best thing to say in 1951, because the one thing the Parole Board doesn't want to hear is that you're innocent," he says. "I'd only have hurt myself if I'd said I was drunk and didn't know who had stolen the car. I was found in it—there was no getting around that—and I wasn't going to implicate my friends. By then, I'd done the time for the crime anyway. I knew the parole commissioners would just flip through my record quickly. I could safely say I'd stolen the car to get home in a hurry, even if it said elsewhere on my record that the car had been stolen three days earlier. I admit that most of the stories I told in prison were lies. I always resented the questions. The truth is that I was drunk. If I hadn't been, I would have slowed down when I saw the radio car. The last thing I'd want as an AWOL soldier and as an ex-con on parole was any contact with the police, much less a car collision with them. Incidentally, I had the right of way." There is nothing in Malinow's record to indicate that he was intoxicated when he was arrested in 1943.

THE number that Malinow became when he was brought back to Sing Sing in 1943, three days before Christmas, was 102,822. In reception, when he was asked his preference in assignments, he requested—and received—a job as a block porter. "I was only twenty-three, but I already had a different attitude toward incarceration," Malinow says. "I was no longer interested in acquiring a trade. I just wanted an easy job. A block porter spends about twenty minutes a day cleaning." Sing Sing in 1944 was still a grimy, cobwebby prison crawling with insects and rodents, but the old cells down the hill were no longer in use, and Malinow was immediately housed up the hill. Being in Sing Sing was easier for him the second time around not only because he didn't have to spend any time in the old cells but because he had already experienced confinement. There was nothing to adjust to. He wasn't approached sexually, he didn't deem it necessary to carry a knife, he didn't feel tense. He did feel depressed at the prospect of remaining in prison for the next eight years, so he spent



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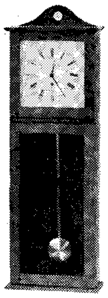

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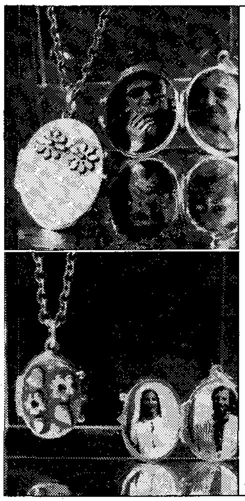

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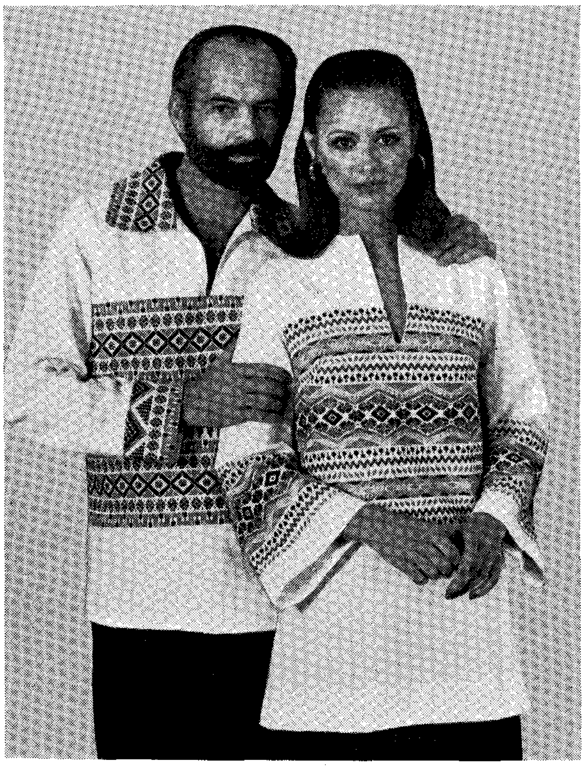
only a little of his leisure time shooting the breeze with his friends and a considerable amount of time contriving to escape.

Malinow's first escape plan involved painting two gray prison uniforms green, climbing over an iron fence close to a guard tower down near the waterfront with a friend, and swimming up or down the Hudson—depending on the tide—to freedom. When he dress-rehearsed this escape plan, one spring afternoon, he got over the fence without any difficulty while the guard's back was turned, and waited in the nearby hip-high weeds, with which he blended quite nicely, for his friend to follow him. He waited in vain. His friend chickened out at the last minute. Malinow climbed back over the fence. He told his friend he had just proved the feasibility of the plan, but his friend kept making excuses for not joining him in a second, and real, attempt. Malinow says that the weeds were cut shortly thereafter, so he didn't try that escape route again.

Malinow's second scheme necessitated getting down into one of Sing Sing's underground tunnels from one of the prison shops with several friends and following a steam pipe inside the tunnel to the prison powerhouse, which was outside the prison wall. There were more obstacles between the prison interior and the powerhouse, in the form of granite, brick, and cinder-block barriers, than the men had anticipated. Malinow was still thinking of obtaining crowbars and chisels to overcome the weakest of these obstacles when a third escape scheme presented itself—and misfired.

The third plan—one with which Malinow would entertain his friends in prison for the next thirty years—entailed getting from his cell down to the railroad tracks that ran parallel to the Hudson, by way of the abandoned old cellblock building, and hopping a freight train to New York City. Malinow's scheme involved removing a couple of bars from his cell, a couple of bars from the cellblock window, some bars from a passageway, and some bars from a window of the old cellblock, and leaving dummy bars in their places; getting a duplicate key to a certain tunnel gate; crawling through another tunnel; and climbing over an eight- or nine-foot-high retaining wall, not to mention getting his hands on a freight-train schedule. He acquired a duplicate key, but a friend of his, Fat Teddy, made the mistake of telling another inmate about the existence of the key. The inmate took this information



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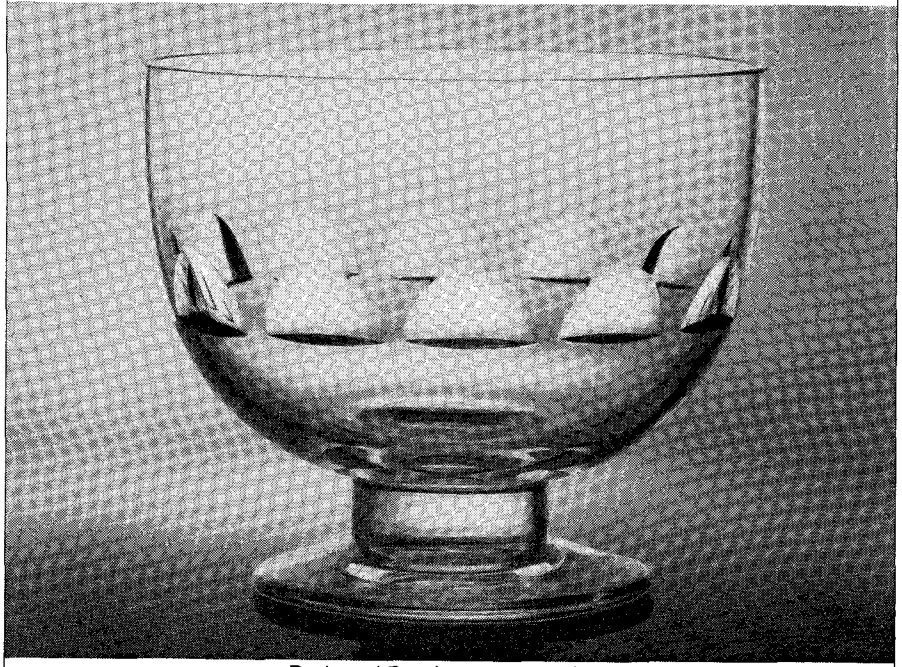

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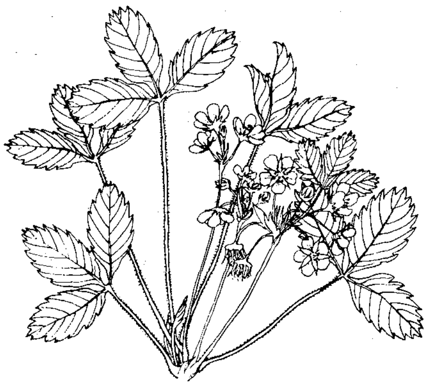

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to the prison authorities, who searched for the duplicate key, found it, and correctly surmised that it was part of an escape plan. Suspicion fell not only upon Fat Teddy but also upon his friend Malinow. "It was a case of guilt by association, and in this case they were right," Malinow says. The two men were questioned. They denied everything, but the prison officials decided to send them to Clinton on a disciplinary transfer anyway. On the afternoon of May 24, 1945, when Malinow and Fat Teddy came in from the yard, they were suddenly ordered to pack their belongings. They were put in handcuffs and leg irons and were driven, after dark, to a railroad station several miles up the Hudson from Sing Sing. Three guards escorted them on the all-night ride to Clinton prison, in Dannemora, sixteen miles from the Quebec border. Clinton was in the midst of several thousand densely wooded acres—inhospitable terrain for escapes.

Malinow was momentarily upset over the suddenness of his departure—none of *his* plans for leaving Sing Sing had included an escort of three armed guards or Clinton prison as a destination—but he was still glad to be leaving. He had assumed that even if he were a model prisoner at Sing Sing, he would wind up at Clinton, because in the nineteen-forties few men did eight years at Sing Sing. If he had to stay in prison, he preferred to go to Clinton. Sing Sing was a hard place to do a lot of time; it was too filthy, its food was too bad, it was too temptingly close to New York City, and its population was too transient. Clinton had many old-timers sentenced to "long bids," and was said to be an easier place to do time, cut off as it was from the outside world.

At Clinton, Malinow, No. 28,755, met up with numerous acquaintances from Sing Sing and Wallkill. He also proceeded to make many new friends, among them Bernard Czarnowicz and Patrick Halloran, with whom he was to be arrested in years to come—again documenting the cliché about the evils of criminal association in prison. Malinow was assigned to work in the tailor shop, which made uniforms for Clinton and garments for other state institutions, and he became a proficient sewing-machine operator. He found the tailor shop's guards to be rather decent and consistent, in contrast to many of their colleagues. Most of the other guards—men of French-Canadian descent who were destined

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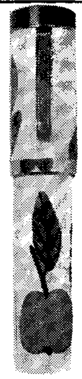

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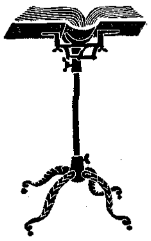
from birth to work at Clinton, Dannemora's principal employer—struck Malinow as clannish and brutal. Like many other men who have done time at Clinton, he insists that some of the Clinton inmates whose deaths there were attributed to suicide or heart attacks actually died of injuries from severe beatings they received.

Clinton had one virtue that Malinow appreciated: it was efficiently run. The men always went to the commissary and to the barbershop on their regularly scheduled days, and were taken care of promptly. They didn't get to the commissary, as men do at Green Haven in 1977, only to find a mob ahead of them, so that they would either have to wait their turn for hours or return on another day. "At Clinton, you always knew where you stood," Malinow says. "You got up in the morning and went through your daily routine like a robot. You even set yourself a precise schedule for your daily chores, like rinsing out your clothes on Tuesdays and Thursdays from four-thirty to five."



Weekdays at Clinton were primarily for work; weekends were for relaxation. The men spent Saturdays and Sundays in the big yard, where they gathered in small groups called courts. Membership in a court was by invitation only. The courts had their own tables, lockers, and stoves (made of fifty-gallon oil drums), where the court members cooked, ate, drank, stored their food, played cards, and talked about the women they had known or dreamed of knowing and about the one big score that would make them rich and really free. The yard looked like a hobo jungle. Each court had its own turf; one trespassed at one's peril. In the mid-forties, the majority of New York State's prison population was still white, and the courts were segregated. Blacks had courts of their own. "We had a much better calibre of men—black and white—in prison in dem years," Malinow says. In the nineteen-forties, large packages could be sent to prisoners. During his years at Clinton, Malinow received no packages—his mother became critically ill, and died in 1949, and his father was hospitalized for severe arthritis shortly after her death—but some of the other men in his court received fifty-pound and hundred-pound packages from their families and shared them with him.

Clinton's climate was famously cold. It was known as the Siberia of America, and as a place where there were two seasons—winter and July. Even during the fleeting summer, there was no night recreation in the yard, and the men were locked in at five o'clock. They listened to their earphones, read, wrote letters, and turned in early. Silent time started at 7 P.M. Lights-out was at 11 P.M. Some of Malinow's Clinton friends returned to prison in the nineteen-sixties and seventies, when there were many evening diversions, and lights could be kept on all night, and they stayed up until one or two o'clock. These men say the time went faster in the nineteen-forties and fifties, because the days were literally shorter. Being cut off from the outside world did make the time easier to do, Malinow says. The men were not permitted to make phone calls. Newspapers were scarce. They had few visitors: Clinton was a long, expensive journey from New York City, where a great many of the inmates were from. According to Malinow, the two saddest days at Clinton were Mother's Day and Christmas. "At Christmas, the chimes of a local church pealed 'Silent Night' across the valley, and you became sort of sentimental," he says. "You thought of people on the outside and wondered what they were doing, whether you really wanted to be thinking those thoughts or not."

During Malinow's first couple of years at Clinton, he kept out of trouble. He was written up just twice for misbehavior—once for being insolent to a doctor (for which he was keeplocked, or confined to his cell, for fifteen days), and once for having a contraband stove and six yards of shirt goods in his cell. On this occasion, he had to pay for the material, which he had appropriated from the tailor shop so that he could make shirts for some friends who needed them.

On September 17, 1947, Malinow was caught stealing shirt goods and cutting them for coat linings. When material was plentiful, the tailor-shop guards looked the other way and let the inmates help themselves to a few yards. At that particular time, material was in short supply. A friend had asked Malinow to make him a coat lining. Malinow was eager to oblige, so he cut the material he needed from a roll. "It wasn't a big deal, but the guard was afraid there would be a stampede on the material if he let me get away with it, so he wrote me up," he says. This time, the principal keeper, or P.K., not only made Malinow pay for the stolen material but also took away his job in

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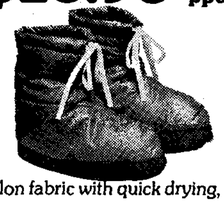

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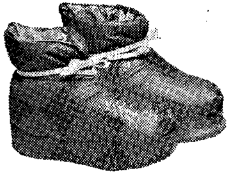

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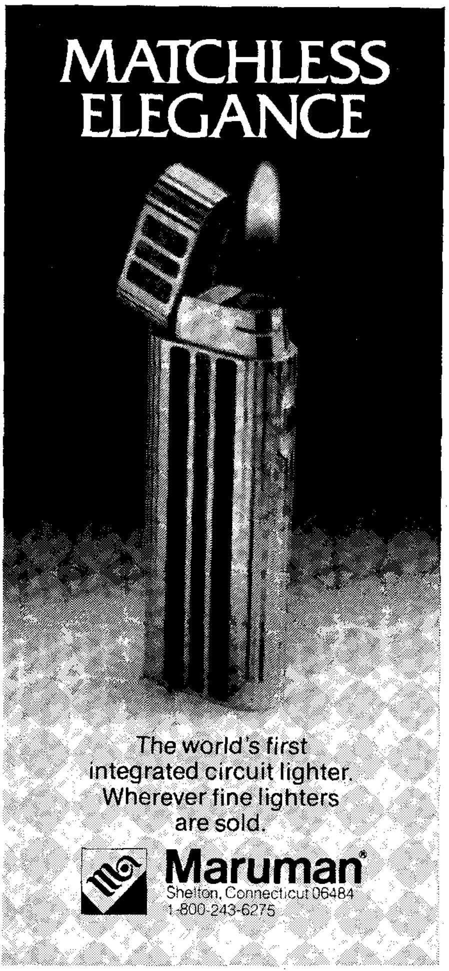
the tailor shop and assigned him to the cotton shop.

There were many places at Clinton where Malinow would have been willing to work. The cotton shop was not one of them. The air in the cotton shop—where raw cotton was spun, carded, and woven into cloth—was so filled with lint that many inmates assigned there had developed lung trouble. It was one of the most dreaded spots at Clinton. Malinow knew that someone had to work there. He thought of the cotton shop as a place for "unfortunates—those who were limited in expressing themselves or those who were meek about sticking up for their rights." He didn't feel that he belonged in either category, and he didn't believe that the theft of a few yards of cloth warranted a transfer to the cotton shop. He refused to work there and asked to be keeplocked. The P.K. told Malinow he would soon be begging to work in the cotton shop. Malinow was determined to prove him wrong. After he had spent a month and a half keeplocked in his cell, the P.K. called him out and asked if he was ready to work in the cotton shop. He said he wasn't. On November 24th, the P.K. had him moved to the segregated company. The segregated company occupied the bottom tier of E block, the block closest to the actual segregation building, where men were locked up for offenses more serious than an unwillingness to work.

The inmates in the segregated company, which faced the segregation building, were locked in their cells twenty-three and a half hours a day. They were let out half an hour, for recreation in a small yard of their own; once a week they were also allowed out for showers. They spent the time in their cells playing games like Twenty Questions, they played chess and checkers on boards on the floor between their cells, and they flooded their sinks, taking improvised baths, but they spent most of their time doing legal work. In the nineteen-forties, it was a keeplock offense for two prisoners to help each other with their cases, but that didn't stop the men in the segregated company. "What could they do to us?" Malinow asks rhetorically. "We were locked up anyway." They studied lawbooks, prepared writs, and acted out cases, taking a position and then trying to attack that position from a district attorney's point of view. While Malinow was at Clinton, he wrote to the Parole Board to request that his year in the Army be credited to the delinquent time he owed; the request



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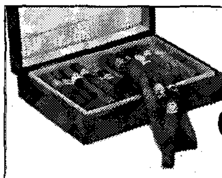

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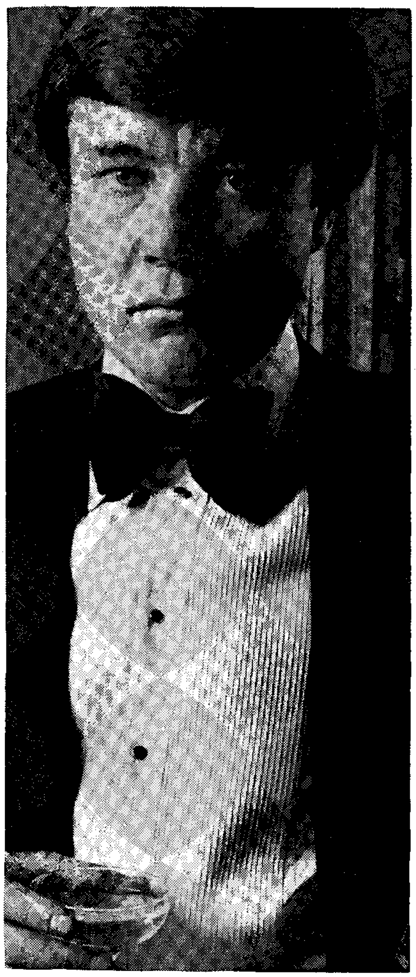
was denied. He later wrote to the Parole Board claiming that his 1943 conviction was illegal, because the Army had jurisdiction over him then, and not a civilian court. The Parole Board replied that while Malinow was in the Army "parole was merely suspended insofar as making regular reports to a Parole Officer or to this division," and that "this did not relieve us of the responsibility of declaring you a delinquent for any misconduct while in the service."

One evening in February, 1948, after Malinow had been in the segregated company for several months, there was a loud argument over whether the cellblock windows should be open or closed. Three of Malinow's acquaintances were taken to the segregation building for making excessive noise. Malinow's punishment for his share of the noisemaking was only the loss of his earphones for ten days. One night a while later, his three friends in the segregation building called down to him and several others in the segregated company and suggested that they join them up there to discuss a particularly interesting legal case. The quickest and surest way to get to segregation was to hit an officer, so that was what Malinow and the others did. They grabbed the nearest weapons—Malinow's was a tray with a piece of pie on it—and were quickly taken to segregation. On his way to segregation, Malinow received the beating customarily given to any inmate who had had the temerity to assault an officer. When the P.K. read the reports on the men from the segregated company who had gone to the segregation building, he put two and two together and got four. The men who had been dispatched to segregation earlier for making noise were transferred back to the segregated company; the new arrivals from the segregated company stayed in the segregation building. Malinow spent a month and a half in the segregation building. He was then sent back to the segregated company, where he remained for a year.

One day in May, 1949, a middle-aged Irishman in the segregated company was telling Malinow and some of the other younger men about the good old Prohibition days. He was describing the silk shirts and the pin-striped suits he had bought with his bootlegging proceeds. The men who worked in Clinton's woodyard locked on—were assigned to—E block, one tier above the segregated company. The galleries were open, and conversations carried. DeLorenzo, an Italian inmate who worked in the woodyard, made some



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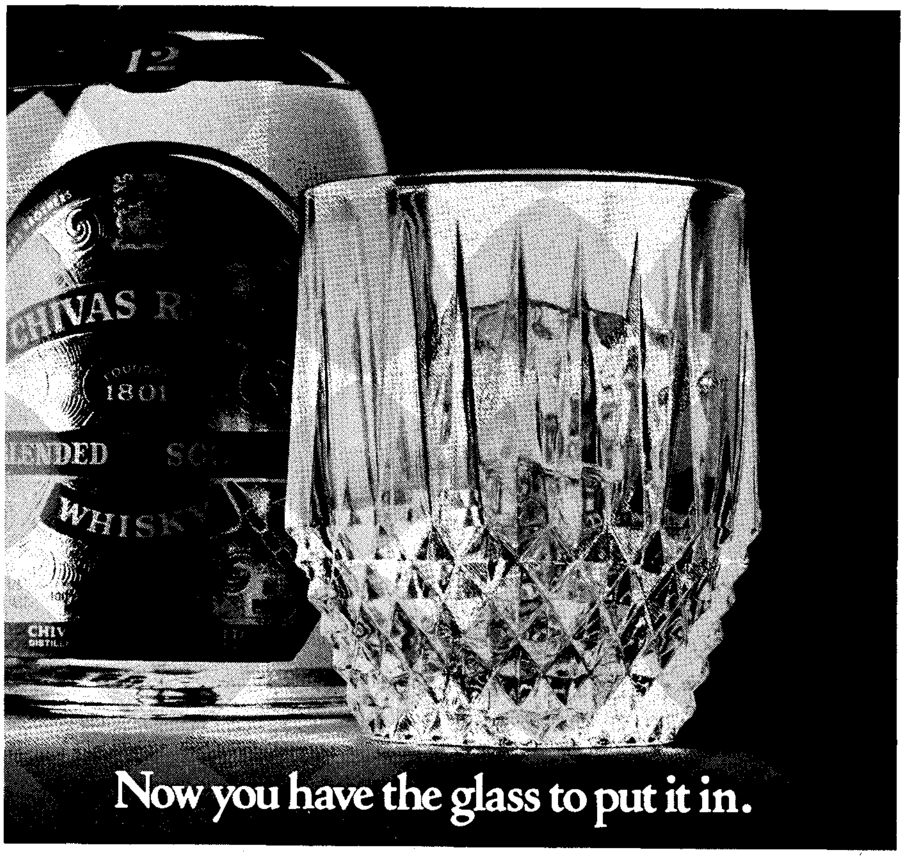

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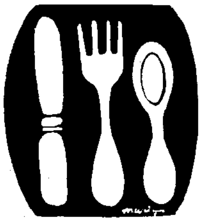
snide remarks about the Irishman and his fine clothes. The Irishman cursed DeLorenzo, but DeLorenzo's remarks kept coming. Later that night, after lights-out, DeLorenzo slammed his locker door a few times to make noise. The Irishman didn't want to let the remarks and the locker-slamming go; to do so would be regarded as a sign of weakness. Malinow said he would take care of DeLorenzo for the Irishman, because he was younger and stronger and could do more damage to DeLorenzo. "The old man was a very dear friend," Malinow says. "You only get respect in prison if there are serious repercussions for messing with you." Malinow couldn't take care of DeLorenzo while he was locked up in the segregated company. He asked to see the P.K.—a new man, who had replaced Malinow's former adversary—and said he had decided he was ready to go to work. He requested a job in the woodyard, which he was given. He was assigned to a cell just a few cells away from DeLorenzo's. Malinow worked in the woodyard two days. On the evening of the second day, he caught DeLorenzo unawares on their tier and hit him over the head with an L-shaped piece of iron before a guard could intervene. Segregation was full, so Malinow was taken back to the segregated company. He was let out a short while later, when DeLorenzo went home—"a nervous wreck," Malinow says with pleasure—and he returned to work in the woodyard, where he spent his time sawing tree trunks into small pieces for the tower guards to use in their wood stoves.



Malinow was never in segregation before or after this 1947-49 period in Clinton. "Looking back on those two years, I sometimes marvel at myself and ask myself whether that hotheaded kid was really me," he says. "That was the only time I ever assaulted a guard or an inmate. I was still in my twenties, and I was very frustrated. There were times when that bid at Clinton was really hard—when dinner was bread and jelly or bread and a piece of heated bologna for nights on end. During the four-day Green Haven strike in August and September of 1976, some of the young inmates complained of going stir crazy. I spent two years in a cell at Clinton. I always learned to adjust to my circumstances." Malinow left Clinton only once between 1945 and 1952—to visit his mother in the hospital in New York City when she was critically ill. She died a year or so after his visit, and he was asked whether he wanted to go to her funeral. He didn't. "I preferred to remember my mother alive," he says. After he had worked in the woodyard for some months, Frenchy, one of the two guards who had escorted him on the hospital visit to see his mother, offered him a job as a block porter. Frenchy, who was in charge of a block, had been very courteous to him on the trip, so he accepted the job. He later returned to work in the tailor shop. "Those seven years at Clinton under rigid conditions went by very quickly," Malinow says of his stretch at Clinton. "Some of the old-timers, men who had been sentenced in the nineteen-twenties, when sentences were much longer—thirty to sixty years for first-degree robbery wasn't uncommon—taught me the trick of doing time. They told me never to think of my sentence as a whole but to do it one day at a time. They said that if you concentrated on the day you were up, soon the many days and years ahead of you would be behind you. They were right. The seven years went by like three and a half."

IN mid-1951, Clinton's officials began to prepare a pre-parole report on Malinow, just as the Wallkill officials had done a decade earlier. The warden observed that Malinow's conduct during his years at Clinton had varied greatly. "At times he has been easily disturbed, resentful of authority, and even assaultive," he wrote. "At other times, including the present, he has been well behaved. For the past two years his conduct and adjustment have been good. He is working steadily, and he is coöperative and courteous." The P.K. echoed these views and added that his present supervisors in the tailor shop "state that he is a very good sewing-machine operator and that he shows no signs of laziness." The P.K.'s report continued, "On the contrary, he does his own work well and takes it upon himself to help others in their work." The prison chaplain reported that Malinow had "fulfilled his religious duties and obligations," and the prison doctor noted that the twenty-ninety vision in his left eye had been corrected to twenty-twenty with glasses. The prison psychiatrist's diagnosis of Malinow was "without psychosis; neurotic character with psychopathic traits, egocentric, emotionally unstable, and immature." His intelligence now tested above average—113—but the psychiatrist gave Malinow, who was about to turn thirty-one, a men-

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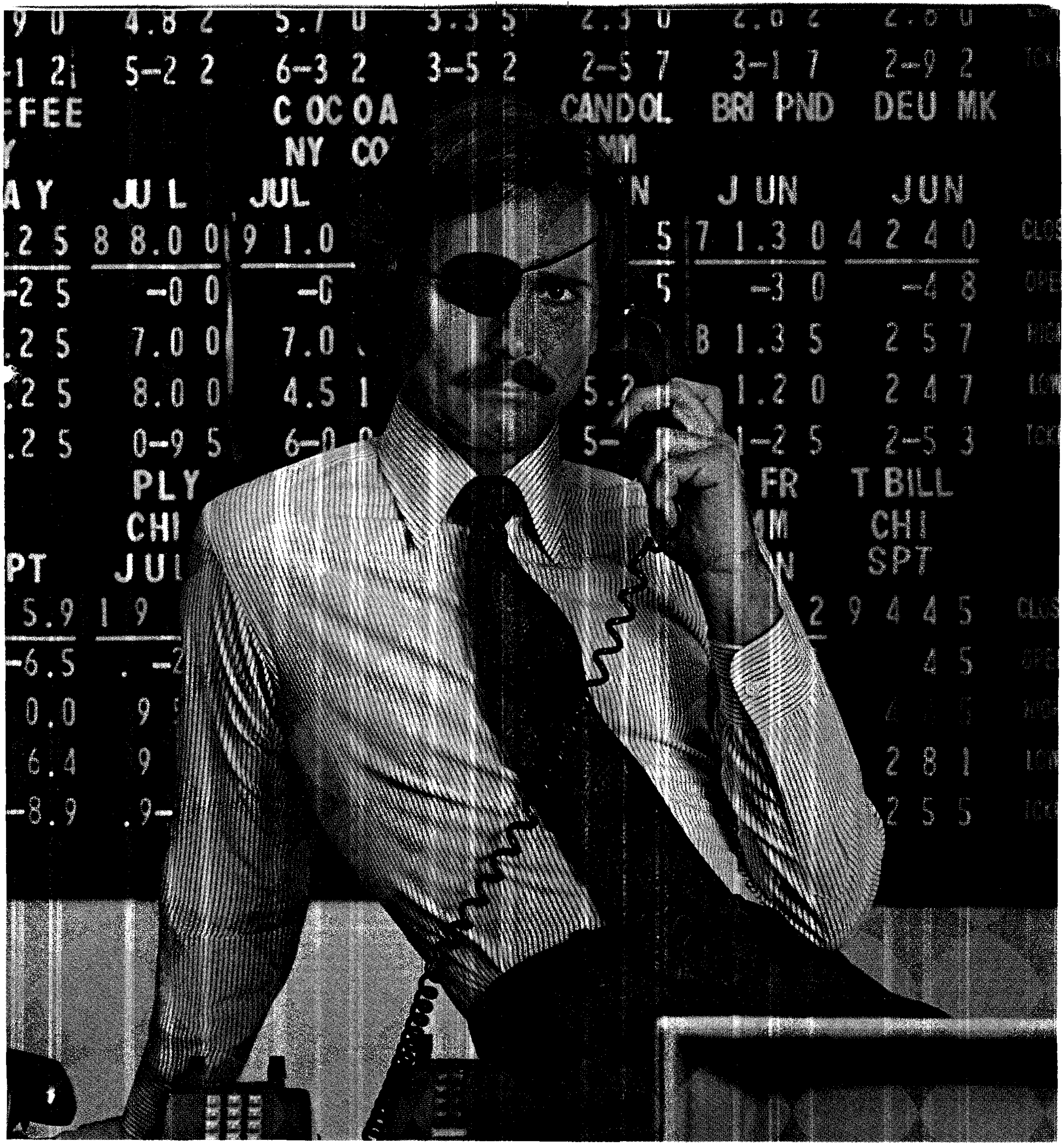

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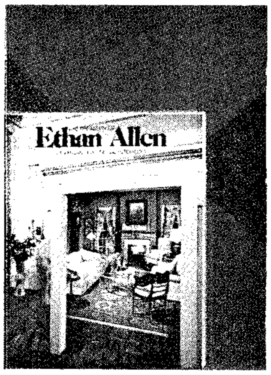

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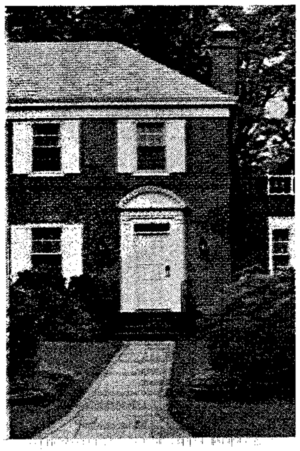
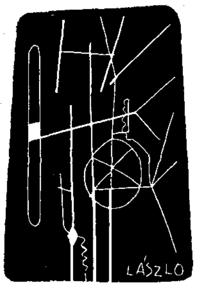


tal age of seventeen. "The prognosis for a satisfactory socioeconomic adjustment and a positive and consistent change in his patterns of behavior appears doubtful," the psychiatrist concluded. "He has . . . an intellectual insight into his way of life, but has difficulty in curbing himself, in controlling his impulses in emotional situations." (Fifteen years later, when Malinow was tested again, his I.Q. had gone up a few more points; his emotional age had stayed the same as it was in 1951.)

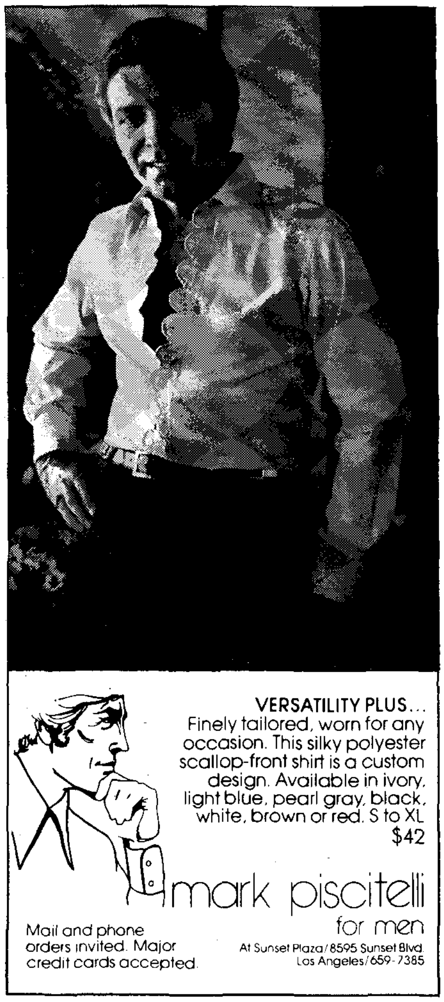
Because of the warrant charging Malinow with possession of the Bull Dog pistol, on file from 1943, no employment program was submitted to the Parole Board when Malinow appeared in October, 1951. The parole commissioners took less than two minutes to grant him parole, as of November, to meet the warrant only; otherwise, he was to reappear at the January, 1952, meeting of the Board. In mid-November, the gun warrant was withdrawn by the magistrate who originally issued it. Malinow asked to meet with the Board before January, because his father was seriously ill. He saw the Board again in late November, still lacking a job, and was told to come back with a job in six months or less. He spent the next few months job-hunting by mail. He had already applied for a job with a rubber company, but when his parole officer got in touch with the manager and apprised him of Malinow's criminal background the manager refused to hire him. Malinow then wrote to the president of the National Maritime Union of America, who wrote back that there was employment for men with seamen's papers provided their records were not too bad. The parole officer didn't consider this letter a definite job offer. In January, 1952, a trucking company offered Malinow a thirteen-dollar-a-day job as a platform loader. When the parole officer went to check on it, he found that the trucking company was suffering a post-Christmas and New Year's lull in business and could give Malinow only one or two days' work a week. The parole officer disapproved this job offer because he didn't consider the work enough "to keep the inmate gainfully employed." Malinow kept writing. He received an offer from a man in the building-service-employees union. The parole officer looked into this possibility and learned that the man had two strikes against him: he was involved with an inmate who had recently been discharged from Clinton, and he was involved in loan-shark activities among longshoremen. "I kept getting jobs, and the parole officer kept finding reasons to shoot them down," Malinow says.



In March, 1952, Malinow was offered a job for forty-three dollars a week (plus uniforms and two meals) at a restaurant at LaGuardia Airport. When his parole officer went to look this job over, he asked the acting manager, who had written to Malinow, how he happened to know him. The acting manager answered that he didn't know Malinow, he knew one of his friends; he declined to name the friend. The parole officer spotted a bar on the premises and told the acting manager that he would have to apply to the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board for Malinow to be employed there. The acting manager then admitted that he had heard of Malinow from his stepson, who was also serving time at Clinton, and withdrew the job offer, saying he had decided to keep the job for his stepson instead. (Malinow's parole officer advised his superiors to disapprove this offer when it was made, for "the double reason of the sale of alcoholic beverages and the collusion between inmates.") In April, Malinow saw an ad in a newspaper for a dollar-an-hour job as a busboy at the Blue Chip Buffet, a restaurant in the Wall Street area. The parole officer approved this job. Malinow appeared before the Parole Board again on May 28th and was granted parole. One of the three parole commissioners, who had noted where he was going to be working, said, "I hope you make good at that, because I go in there and eat sometimes." Malinow said he would do his very best to make good. Another of the parole commissioners, who knew where Malinow came from, pointed out that quite a few boys from Greenpoint had done time in prison, and advised him to stay away from Greenpoint. "Yes, sir," Malinow replied.

Malinow left Clinton on June 19, 1952, with $44.37 in his pocket—$11.93 less than he had had ten years earlier when he left Wallkill. He was grateful that the pocket was in a suit a friend had sent him, and not in one of the black suits made in the Clinton tailor shop for men going home. "When you perspired in those suits, the black dye ran across your shirt," Malinow says. "And when it rained, that cheap black cloth smelled to high heaven."

Malinow reached the city on the eve-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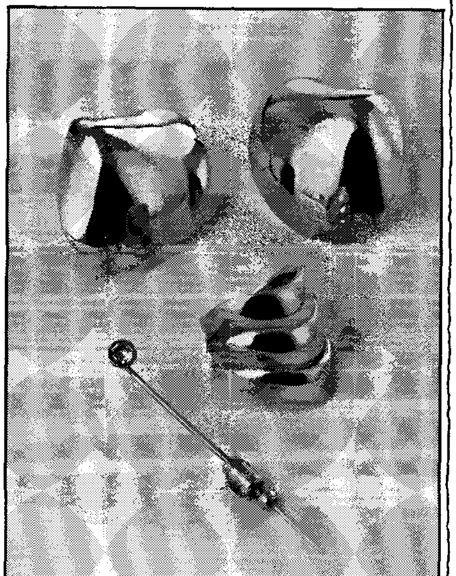

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ning of June 19th and spent some of his money for a room at a cheap hotel in Manhattan. On June 20th, he made his arrival report to his parole officer, who told him that under no circumstances was he to associate with Bernard Czarnowicz, one of his Clinton friends. Czarnowicz, who was three years older than Malinow, had a record that went back just as far. In 1934, Czarnowicz was arrested for burglary in the third degree; he pleaded guilty to unlawful entry and was given probation. In 1935, he was convicted of robbery in the second degree and was sent to Elmira; he was released in 1937. In 1938, Czarnowicz was convicted of robbery in the first degree and was sent to Clinton. While there, he got his 1935 conviction set aside on a legal technicality. He was then resentenced on the 1938 case as a first offender and was given time served. Czarnowicz was released from Clinton on April 17, 1952. As soon as he was out of prison, he sent Malinow a money order, using the name of a man who was on Malinow's approved correspondence list. An alert prison censor recognized Czarnowicz's writing and turned the letter and the money order over to the Parole Division. Czarnowicz's parole officer called him in, learned that he planned to see his close friend Malinow when Malinow got out, warned him against doing any such thing, and held him overnight. On June 20th, Malinow had no idea why he was told not to see Czarnowicz—he was unaware of the intercepted letter and money order—but he felt no compunction about disobeying that advice a few days later and going to Czarnowicz's apartment, in lower Manhattan, for dinner. "That rule about criminals not consorting is ridiculous," Malinow says. "How many noncriminals do you know after you've been in prison ten or fifteen years?"

Malinow didn't stay out of Greenpoint, as one of the parole commissioners had admonished. He had no family, so he was let out of Clinton on a furnished-room program. After one night in the cheap hotel and a few nights at a Y.M.C.A., he moved into a furnished room in Greenpoint. Malinow didn't wait on the parole commissioner who sometimes ate at the Blue Chip, either, and he certainly never tried his best to make good there. He took an instant dislike to his busboy's job, and admits that he regarded it simply as a "can opener"—a job that would get him out of Clinton. On his first day at the Blue Chip, Malinow was asked to clean tables, assist the salad man, and help

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the waiters get the customers their beverages (coffee, iced tea, beer) and their desserts. "Some of the people ordered French pastry," Malinow says. "That pastry has funny French names, and I mixed up the orders. The customers complained. I was ready to throw a tray at them, but that could have been a parole violation. The last straw was when the manager asked me to stay overtime to help clean the silverware. It was slave labor at slave wages. I was tired. I quit. I was glad to take off that silly white hat and jacket." On the subway, riding back to his rooming house, Malinow wondered what excuse he was going to give his parole officer for quitting. Then the felicitous thought came to him that he had had to handle beer at the Blue Chip. The following day, he went to see his parole officer, reminded the officer that he had said a parolee couldn't work in a place where beer or liquor was served, and was given permission to look for another job. He was soon hired to work in the aluminum department of an electrical-appliance factory, but was let go ten days later, although his work had been satisfactory, when the company learned of his prison record. He next took a job at a company that manufactured ship-hatch covers and fireproof doors, but soon quit, because the work was hard and dirty, the pay was average, and he came home at night covered with rust and too tired even to eat. One day in the fall of 1952, some ten years after he had taken out his seaman's papers, he decided to fulfill his boyhood dream of going to sea. In October, 1952, he shipped out from Philadelphia on a freighter carrying auto parts and other cargo. He worked in the engine room as a wiper. His ship called at Bremerhaven, Bremen, Hamburg, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, and returned to the United States a month and a half later. Malinow spent most of his shore time in Europe as most seamen have always spent their shore time in Europe—in bars and with women—but he also saw a cathedral or two and did a little shopping: he bought several cuckoo clocks and several blue-gray china vases. Upon his return from his overseas trip, he presented one of the clocks and one of the vases to Louise Drobny, a young woman he had started dating shortly after he got out of Clinton.

Not many people wrote to Malinow while he was at Clinton, but one who did was a boyhood friend named Ralph Drobny. Drobny's parents, who were Czechoslovakian immigrants, owned a bar in Greenpoint a block from the

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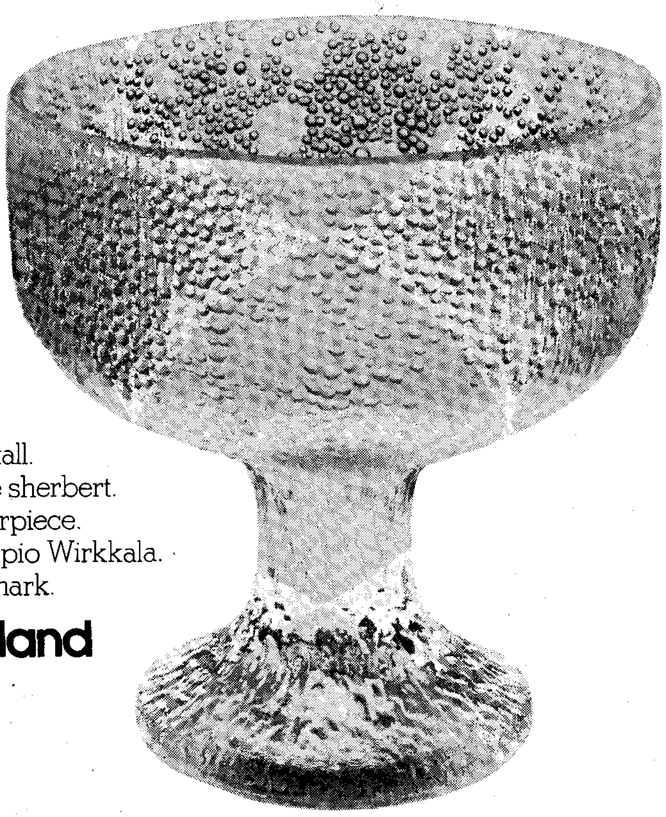

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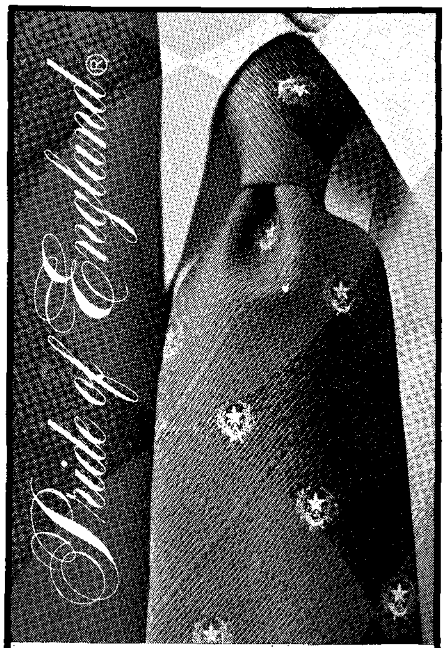

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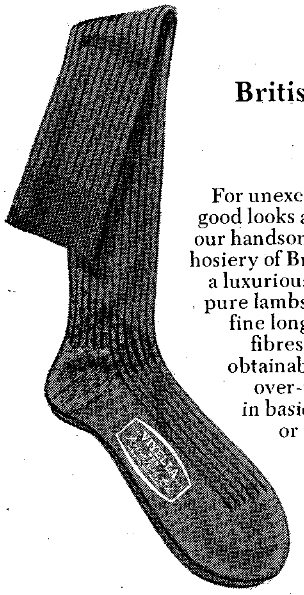
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docks. Each weekend while Malinow was growing up, Helena Kanfer gave her husband an allowance, most of which he spent on Saturday night at the Drobnys' bar, on beer, Polish vodka, and kielbasa sandwiches. The Drobnys had eight children. Ralph Drobny was Malinow's contemporary. Louise was nine years younger. When Malinow had last seen her, before going to prison in 1938, she was a child of nine. When he came out of Clinton, she was a pretty young woman of twenty-three. At the age of fourteen, she had hurt her head going through a subway gate; soon after the accident, she started getting epileptic seizures. She had several admirers, but whenever an admirer saw her having an attack of epilepsy he dropped her. The seizures, which occurred every couple of months, didn't frighten Malinow. He took Louise out often before he went to sea. When he returned, she let him know that his travelling made her unhappy. When Malinow is asked what the best times of his life have been, he quickly mentions his early childhood ("before I knew the difference between hot dogs and steak"), his year in the Army, and his brief time at sea in the Merchant Marine. "Seeing dem strange different lands was a thrill," he says, but that first cruise was his last. He decided to remain onshore. He moved back to his furnished room. In January, 1953, he got into Local 13 of the Mason Tenders union and started taking construction jobs to fulfill his parole requirements. Doing occasional construction work fitted in nicely with his main occupation—robbing. Malinow had pulled off a few robberies with Bernard Czarnowicz soon after his release from prison in 1952. In 1953, he pulled off some more.

"When I came out of Clinton, I needed money right away," Malinow says. "I couldn't see myself working at a hard job for seventy-five dollars a week and having nothing to show for it. I wanted a car, a home of my own, and some of the better things in life. I didn't want to have to budget or to live on the installment plan. The only way I knew how to get the kind of money I needed to live life the way I considered it worth living was by stealing. I didn't expect to get caught stealing and to be sent back to prison, but I accepted the risk. I knew there was a chance I'd go back. I didn't come out of prison saying I'd never go back. I only came out saying I was never going back for stealing eight hundred dollars. I was thinking in terms of five and six figures." Malinow estimates that in 1952 and 1953 he and Czarnowicz pulled off about fifteen successful robberies. Most of them were payroll robberies. A good score was fifteen thousand dollars, but sometimes, Malinow says, when they were pressed for money they had to pull a three-thousand-dollar job. He once calculated that he and Czarnowicz cleared—and spent—sixty-five thousand dollars the first year or so he was out of Clinton. His legal earnings during that time were $1,878.14. Once in a great while, if Czarnowicz was busy, Malinow did a robbery alone, and on one occasion he did a robbery with someone else, but his partner was almost always Czarnowicz. In February, 1977, Malinow wrote an account of one of the robberies he and Czarnowicz pulled in 1953. He calls his account "Pick Up and Carry."

> During a warm, sunny morning—during the early summer months of 1953, I and my partner were driving in a Queens area, at about 10 o'clock in the morning.
>
> During this drive—we noticed a fairly large new type of apartment complex red brick building, with an outside white sign—reading, "renting agency office," over the entrance doorway on the ground floor level.
>
> There were about 6 to 8 various persons (men and women) walking toward the entrance with some sort of small type white sheet of papers in their hands. My partner and I immediately sized up the situation as possibly being some office where they pay their rents. We drove around the block and parked a short distance away from this said renting office.
>
> My partner went in first by himself—to see how the office and general inside area looked like. He came out and told me that there were about 10 persons paying their rents to the cashier girl behind a counter. We waited about an hour, returned and I went inside by myself. When I entered past the solid wooden door, I found myself in a sorta corridor hallway about 15 feet in length which led into a large office type room with the cashier counter at the far end. There were 2 girls there at the time, taking the rent money receipts from the customers. They both were very busy and no one noticed me at the end of the line of people. There seemed to be about 15 persons in line at the time I was there. I looked over the entire office quickly to see how it was all laid out—(window, doors, position of cashiers, how many—female, male, etc.). I then left.
>
> We did not return until the following month, on the same day of the month that we both checked it out.
>
> It also again was a lovely sunny warm morning when we drove up the second month. We drove into the small parking area, in back of this renting office. We left the car doors shut—but unlocked. We walked up to the doorway in the

corridor. We put on our gloves, sunglasses, hats, collars of our work jackets up high and entered. No one noticed us—as all the people were in line—looking straight ahead—opposite direction to where we entered.

There were many people in line at this particular time, I'd say over 20, men and women of different ages. They all had cash bills held in their hands, in view.

My partner stood at the end we entered—I walked by fast toward the counter, past all the people. I did not pull my hand gun out as yet. When I reached the counter—I jumped over it, pulled my gun out. My partner shouted—"don't any body move! It's a holdup!" While he was talking—meanwhile I rushed into the small office at the side of the cashier's counter. There was only one older type office agent sitting behind his desk there.

I told him to come out, it's a holdup! He came out and I told him to face the wall (in the area of the 2 girl cashiers) and don't turn around. I told the 2 girls to do the same thing. Then I said to all the people lined up to pay their rents, listen, we are not here to take your money! We are only taking the company's money. They are insured so don't do anything foolish and you won't get hurt! I then noticed how nervous those people started to act—some were trying to pocket their cash, etc. I emptied out the cash drawers of all the money and put it all into a large paper bag. I then walked fast into the office and pulled out the phone wires—I ripped it off the connection socket.

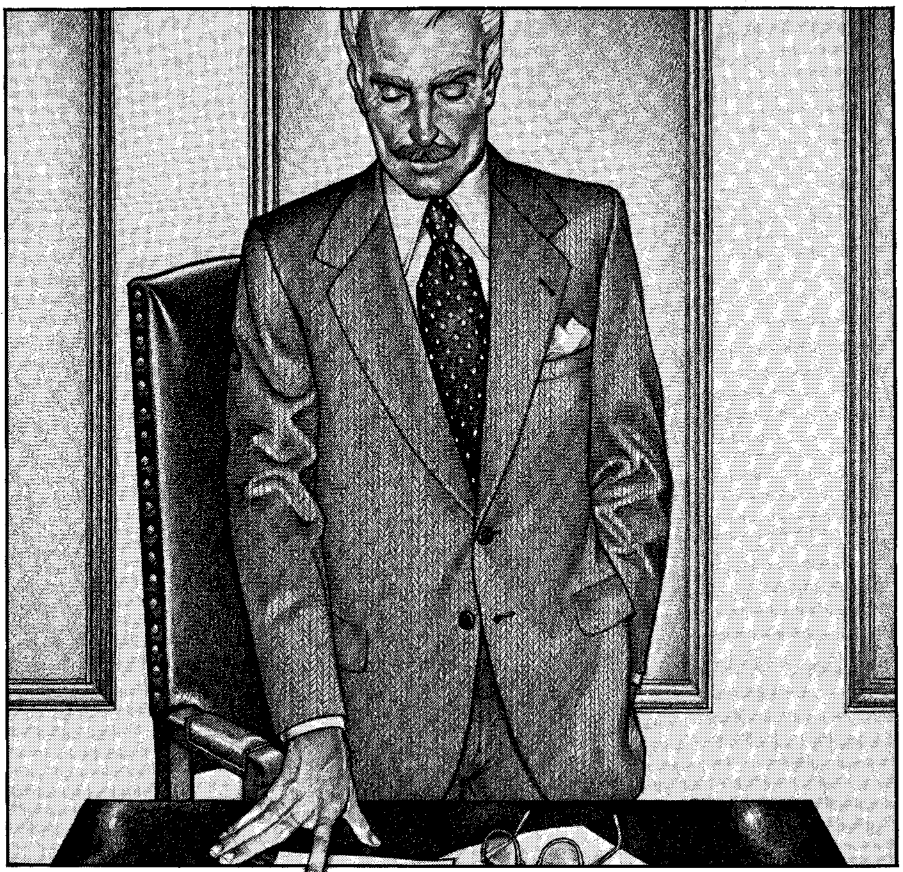
Then I jumped back over the counter. I again warned all the people—to relax, don't come out that exit door for 5 minutes else they'd get shot! My partner headed out first—started the car. From the moment he walked out—I counted to myself—20 slowly. Then I walked out. My partner started to roll (drive) the car and I hopped in the back seat. We drove average speed and made it safely to an apartment of another friend in Queens.

The money amounted to slightly over $9000. It was not the type of amount robbery we would go for but we both were low on funds so we pulled this robbery to give us a "breathing spell" so to speak where we could pay our bills, etc., and not be pressed for money in general.

The next morning—the local papers wrote up the events of the robbery. The persons who were in line—all stated that at first, they didn't believe the 2 holdup men would not take their money—as they said they wouldn't. But they were true to their promise. The cashier girls and agent (male) all also stated, that the 2 holdup men did not touch the money in their pocket books, and the male agent said that no attempt was made to take the money from his personal wallet.

The people all stated that whoever they were, they certainly didn't wish to take the working people's money—just only the company's money and they couldn't understand why.

My partner and I laughed after we read the story. My partner said—"George, if some of the guys we both know—knew this about us, they'd say we are fools, for bypassing the other



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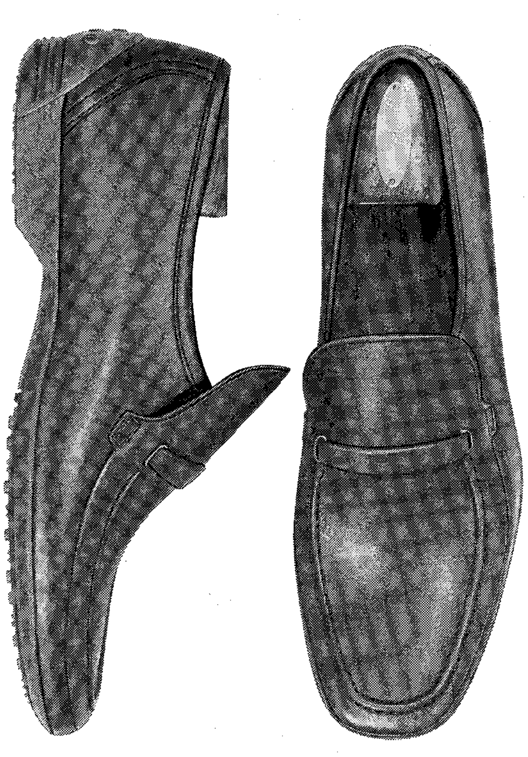

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money these people all had as no doubt it amounted to another 1 or 2 thousand dollars!" I replied—"Well—let them live by their code—we'll live by ours! I will not steal money from the working people. I did so as a youngster and I regret it as I didn't know any better. Now I'm a grown man and my parents were poor. I know what it is to be poor. That's why I'll never hurt or steal from the working class. My mother paid premiums on insurance policies for all of us—for coffins and burial plots—for years. Once, during a difficult time, she couldn't pay the premiums for a few weeks. The insurance agent told her the policies had lapsed and couldn't be reinstated. All the money she'd paid in was lost. To me that's stealing, not at the point of a gun but stealing nonetheless. The insurance companies stole from the poor people for years—so now, let them part with some of their such profits!" My partner laughed and said—"George, no one would believe this of us!" I said—"so who the hell cares! I live by my principles and that's all that matters to me. Your principles are identical to mine—that's why we're partners!"

Malinow says that he and Czarnowicz were never caught in the act of robbing, and that he wasn't afraid of being identified later by someone he had held up. "I was always camouflaged," he says. "Sometimes I just had dark glasses, a workman's cap, and my jacket collar raised high, but sometimes I'd have a fake mustache and nose or wear heavy makeup." He takes pride in the fact that he never hurt anyone during a robbery (although he says he did fire his gun once or twice getting away from the scene of a crime). When he is asked what he would have done if an office agent or a woman cashier had pushed an alarm or pulled a gun, he says he would have shot them. "I always warned people that if they didn't resist they wouldn't get hurt," he says. "Now, if after I've warned them they do something foolish and I have to shoot them, that's their fault." When he is asked how he would have felt if someone had died of a heart attack while being robbed, he says, "I would feel bad any time something happened to someone as a result of something I did, but I have my needs just as other people have theirs, and that wouldn't stop me from robbing. By the same token, would they have felt bad if a cop had come by while I was robbing them and the cop had shot me in the head?" Malinow says that he knows stealing is wrong but that a lot of wrong was done to him when he was sent to Sing Sing "as a child of seventeen." When it is suggested to him that two wrongs don't make a right, he replies, "Neither does one wrong uncorrected make a right."

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Carry" robbery, Louise Drobny and George Malinow became engaged. He bought her a diamond engagement ring. Just as Louise's epileptic seizures didn't bother Malinow, his criminal record didn't bother Louise: she felt she could change him after their marriage. Some of her sisters and brothers-in-law had misgivings about Malinow, although he often gave them expensive gifts and sums of money. Louise's parents were pleased that someone wanted to marry her, and were delighted when Malinow insisted on paying for the entire wedding—for the things the bride's family traditionally paid for as well as for the things the bridegroom's side of the family traditionally paid for. Malinow says he wanted to pay for everything because of his independent nature and so that no one would think he was marrying Louise because of the Drobny's money.

Malinow went with Louise to choose her wedding gown. He liked an expensive dress of French lace. When she hesitated because of the price, and kept looking at less costly gowns, he told her, "Don't take second class. You only get married once. You take the expensive one or I don't marry you." He paid for the bridesmaids' dresses, their lingerie, and their bouquets. Louise and Malinow were married on a hot Sunday afternoon in July, 1953, in a double-ring ceremony at a Catholic church in Greenpoint. Malinow had wanted Czarnowicz to be his best man, but when Czarnowicz learned that the best man had to sign the marriage license he declined the honor; he felt it imprudent to supply his parole officer with written proof of the fact that he and Malinow were consorting. Ralph Drobny was the best man. Czarnowicz and another friend, Steve Francisco, who was in the numbers business, were ushers. Louise's younger sister Dorothy was the maid of honor. No members of Malinow's family attended the wedding. He had gone with Marianne Muller to see their father in the hospital once after he got out of Clinton, but she was still drinking heavily, and he had lost track of her. His father had died in late 1952, while he was at sea. There were about a hundred and fifty guests at the wedding, including most of Louise's large family.

Limousines that Malinow had hired drove the bridal party from the church to a photographic studio. The Malinows' wedding photograph shows Louise, an attractive woman with dark hair and a sweet smile, looking tiny and trim in her long, lacy white gown. Malinow, his thick hair wavy and

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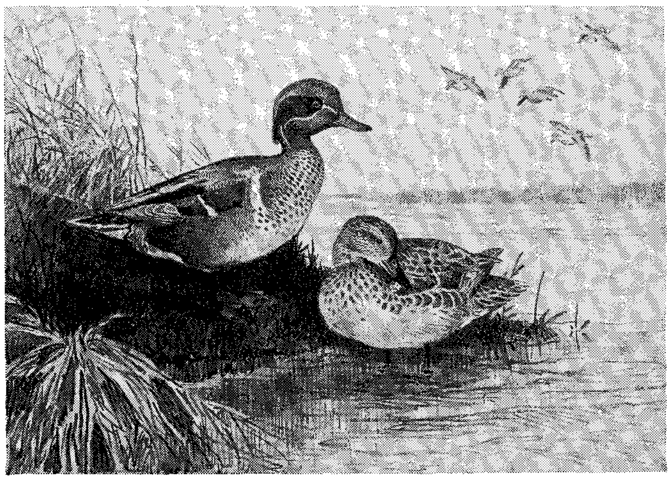

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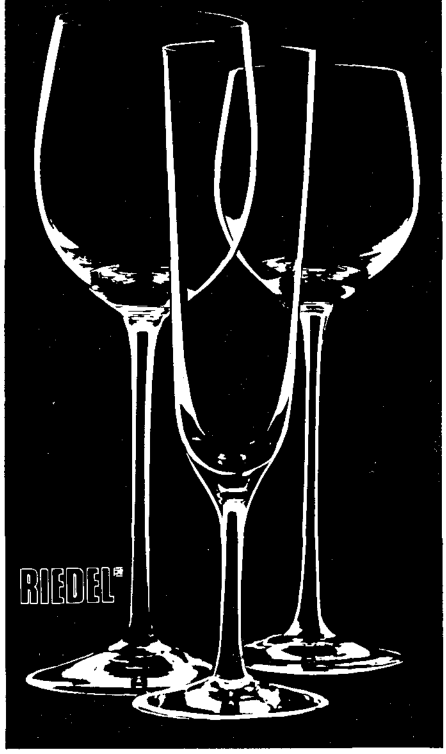

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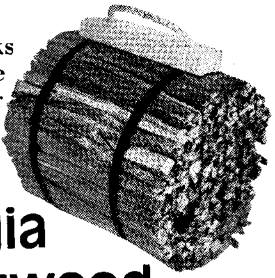


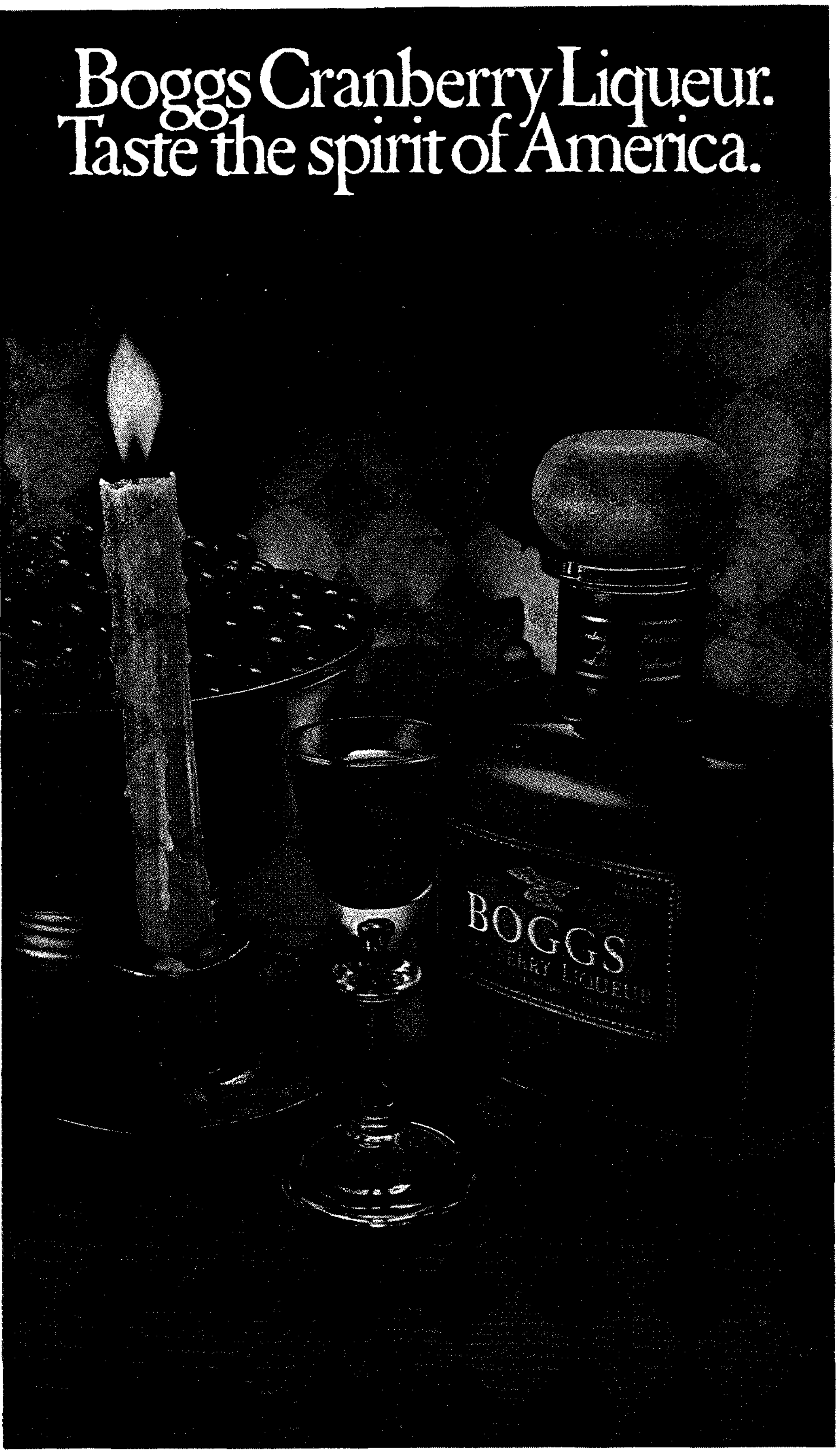
black, looks taller than five-eight standing next to her, proud and handsome in a rented white tuxedo jacket. From the studio, they proceeded to their wedding reception, at the Hofbrau Haus in Queens, where Malinow had rented a private room for the sit-down dinner and dancing. Later that night, the bridal party went to the Copacabana. Louise and George Malinow spent their wedding night at her parents' apartment; they fell asleep counting the money they had received as wedding presents. The next morning, Malinow phoned for a limousine. It took them to the Port Authority Bus Terminal, where they boarded a bus for Pennsylvania. After a few days at a pleasant resort in the Poconos, Malinow decided that being without a car on his honeymoon was inconvenient, so he returned to the city by bus and picked up a secondhand car he had had Louise buy the previous February, and drove it back to Pennsylvania. Louise couldn't drive, because of her epilepsy, and Malinow's parole officer didn't allow him to have a license, much less a car, but he had been driving Louise's car since she got it, sometimes with her knowledge and sometimes without. He occasionally used it on his robberies. The Malinows liked the couple who ran the resort where they were staying, so when Malinow returned to Brooklyn to get the car, he also picked up the cuckoo clock he had brought Louise from Europe and (with Louise's approval) gave it to the couple as a gift. The honeymoon was supposed to last two weeks, but the Malinows had such a good time in the Poconos swimming, riding horses, and playing shuffleboard that they stayed for three weeks.

Louise's parents had moved out of their apartment some time before the wedding. After the Malinows returned from their honeymoon, they lived briefly with the Drobnys in their new apartment while they fixed up the Drobnys' old apartment. The Drobnys' bar was on the first floor of the building they moved into. Louise's sister Vera and Vera's husband, Stanley Novotny, lived on the second floor. Louise's sister Barbara and Barbara's husband, Janos Hodak, lived on the fourth floor. The newlyweds got the third floor, which had one large bedroom for them and one small bedroom for Louise's sister Dorothy. Malinow remembers the fun they had painting the apartment together and choosing blond furniture for it. Czarnowicz remembers that Malinow insisted on the best of everything. "Anyone else would have bought a three-hundred-dollar refrigerator. George bought an eight-hundred-dollar refrigerator. Anyone else would have considered a four-hundred-dollar television adequate. George bought a twelve-hundred-dollar TV. He was always a big spender." Malinow senses that some people don't approve of his high-spending ways, but he thinks his attitude toward money is much more sensible than theirs. "I know people who eat peanut-butter sandwiches for years so that they can put money away for a rainy day or for their old age," he says. "After a few years of that kind of eating, they wind up with stomach trouble and have to spend thousands of dollars on a noted surgeon for an operation. So what did they accomplish? Money isn't for hoarding. It's for spending and for making people happy. Money is just money."

The Malinows' first three married months were happy, although their in-laws gave them little privacy. Malinow, who believes that husbands should treat their wives like queens, brought Louise bouquets of roses and boxes of candy on Sunday, making some of the sisters jealous and some of the less affluent brothers-in-law resentful. If he has any regrets about his brief time with Louise, it is that he was critical of her menu planning. "We'd have steak on Monday, and maybe on Thursday she'd give me steak again, with a different sauce and different vegetables," he says. "I'd ask her if she was crazy, giving me the same meat twice in one week. Later, when I was back in prison, making myself bologna sandwiches, I appreciated all the cooking and cleaning and washing Louise did. There I was, a grown man, in a cell scrubbing T-shirts and rinsing soap out of socks. A man outside ain't going to be doing that." Because of her epilepsy, Louise spent most of her time at home. Malinow was often out. Sometimes he worked on construction jobs. Sometimes he did strong-arm work for the man who had got him into Local 13 of the Mason Tenders, and who was its business manager. Sometimes he was out robbing or planning robberies. Malinow tried not to let Louise see his gun. Once, when she did, he told her he needed it for protection from other criminals. Louise had grown up around men on the waterfront who carried guns, and wasn't overconcerned. Once, when Malinow thought the police were on their way up the stairs to his apartment, he handed Dorothy a large roll of bills to hold for him. She thought it was play money.

Louise believed that her husband was working regularly and earning more than the fifteen or twenty dollars a day he made on a construction job. He told her that he was also engaged in finding buyers for friends who had hijacked cigarettes and whiskey to sell, and that he was getting a percentage for his services as middleman. She was upset when he occasionally stayed out all night, and would call Czarnowicz at six in the morning to ask him if he had seen George. Malinow's parole officer had even less knowledge than Louise of what Malinow was doing. Malinow was making his monthly reports faithfully, and, as far as the parole officer knew, was working regularly. The officer wrote in Malinow's record that he lived in "a very nicely furnished home" and "displayed a very courteous and co-operative attitude." Neither Malinow's parole officer nor Czarnowicz's knew that in October, 1953, the two men, both members of Local 13, were working on the same construction site. At that time, Malinow, Czarnowicz, and another friend had their eyes on a half-million-dollar payroll. Malinow often speculates that if that robbery had been pulled off he would have gone straight. "If I had got my one-third share of it, I don't think I'd ever have had to steal again, provided I used the hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars wisely in a business venture," he says. "I think I could have run a business successfully, and lived moderately well on the fifteen-hundred- or eighteen-hundred-dollar-a-week profits. Many of my friends are ex-criminals who got a big sum of money, pulled out of crime, and are now doing well in legitimate or semi-legitimate businesses. But it didn't work out that way for me. When the half-million-dollar payroll finally went, Bernie and I were back in jail. Our friend pulled off the job with two other guys. For us, the timing was off."

ON Tuesday, September 22, 1953, a warm, sunny day, Eloise Fortune, a bookkeeper for the Devon Industrial Corporation, a zipper company in Queens, came to work at 9:45 A.M. Two of the partners in the company endorsed the weekly payroll check she had prepared the previous day. The check was for $4,800.81. Mrs. Fortune's husband, Luther, who worked nights, had driven his wife from their home in Hollis to her place of business, as he had done most Tuesday mornings during the two and a half years she had been preparing the Devon payrolls. Now



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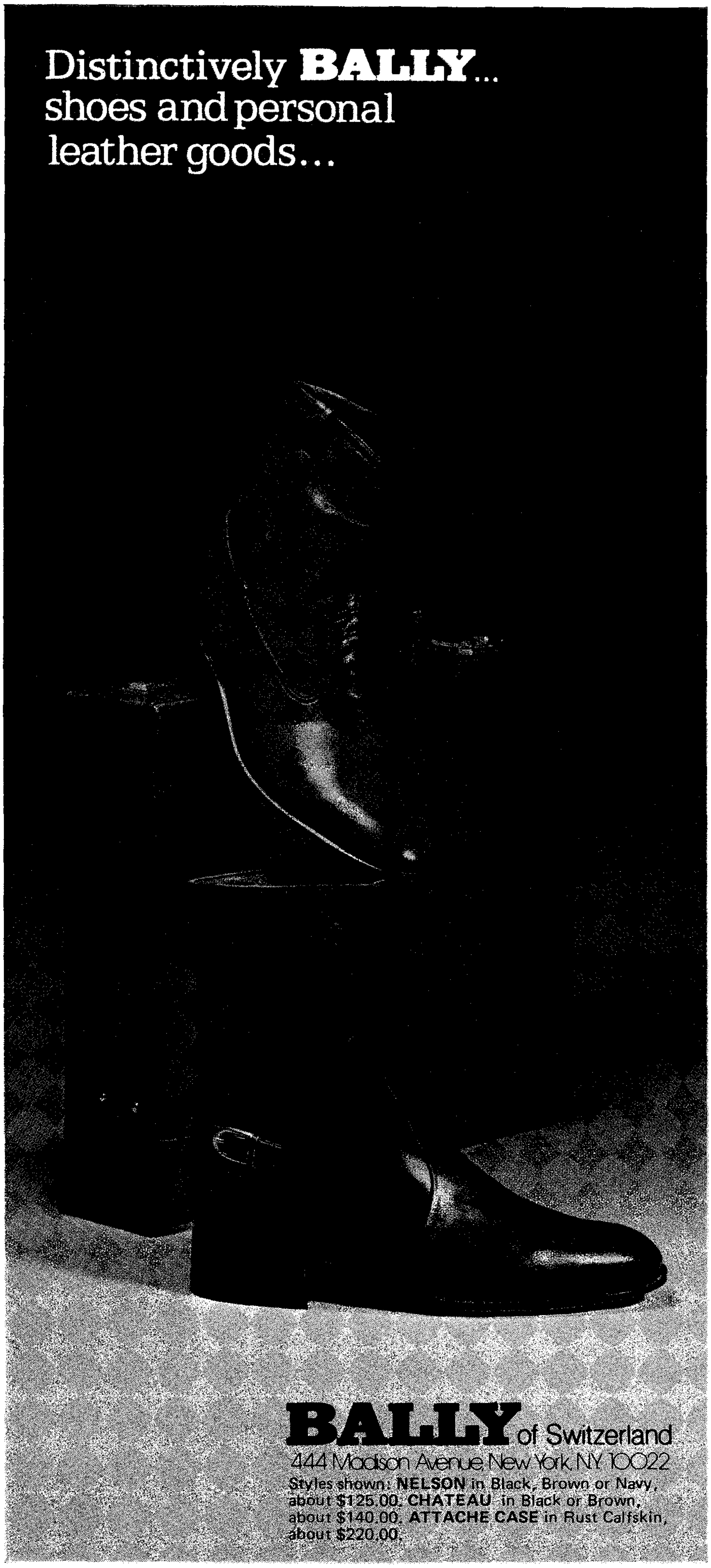
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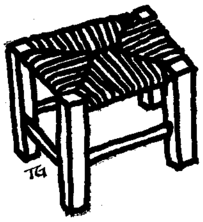
he drove her a mile or so to a bank, waited for a teller to exchange the $4,800.81 check for a manila envelope filled with bills and coins, and drove her back to the factory. By then, it was about 10:30 A.M. Fortune parked his car some twenty feet from the door to the building and waited to see his wife board the elevator safely. The doors to the freight elevator were right on the street. Mrs. Fortune rang for the freight elevator. A man approached the elevator and also rang the bell while Mrs. Fortune was waiting for it to come. In a few seconds, the elevator operator, Julian Maldonado, a long-time building employee, opened the elevator doors. The man stepped into the elevator and asked to be taken to the second floor. Mrs. Fortune waited outside: while she was carrying the payroll she was not supposed to ride in the elevator with strangers. Maldonado told the man that the elevator was for freight, not passengers, and stepped out of the elevator to point the way to the staircase. As he did, the man pulled out a gun and put it in Maldonado's side. He then ordered Maldonado and Mrs. Fortune inside the elevator. He threatened to kill them if they didn't obey. They both stepped into the elevator. The man, who touched Mrs. Fortune's shoulder as he entered the elevator, stood at the edge of the elevator and asked her for the money. She threw the manila envelope containing the $4,800.81 to him; it landed at his feet. Her purse slipped off her arm as she threw the envelope. The man picked up the envelope (he didn't touch the purse), backed out of the elevator, tried to pull the cord that closed the elevator doors but couldn't reach it, ordered Maldonado to close the elevator doors, and ran into the street.

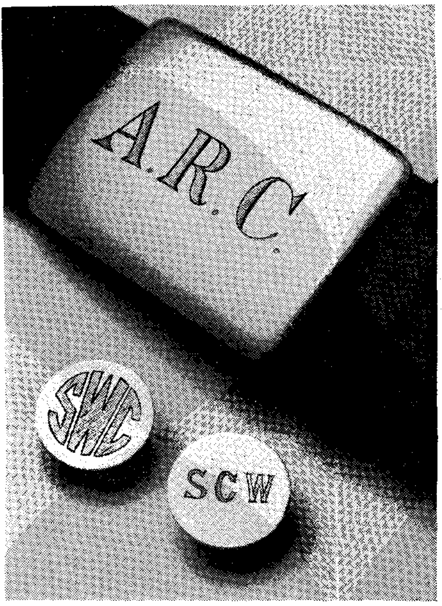
Fortune, who had been sitting behind the wheel of his parked car, had noticed the man who had joined his wife outside the elevator. He was about to get out of his car to see exactly what was happening when another man armed with a gun ran up to the left side of his car and told him to stay where he was. The man demanded the keys to his car—which Fortune gave him—and went to another car, parked about fifty feet from Fortune's. The first armed man came out of the building, opened the right front door of Fortune's car, sat down next to him, and told him to get going. "How can I get going?" Fortune asked him. "The other fellow took my keys." With that, the man ran to the second car, which the other man had already started, and they drove off. Fortune tried to pursue the robbers' car on foot. He couldn't keep up with the car, nor could he get its license number, because the license plate was covered by a black inner tube that protruded from the back of the car's open trunk.

When Eloise Fortune, minus the payroll envelope, got upstairs, she explained what had happened to the people at Devon, and they immediately called the police. A number of policemen and detectives from the 108th Precinct responded quickly. Two experienced detectives, Philip Smitt and Kenneth Crosby, were assigned to the case. That afternoon, after the Fortunes had given a detailed account of the robbery, they were taken to the Bureau of Criminal Identification, at Police Headquarters in Manhattan, to look at photographs in the rogues' gallery. Mrs. Fortune thought the man who had robbed her was about five feet nine inches tall, weighed about a hundred and seventy pounds, and had a round face. Fortune thought he was an inch shorter and about ten pounds lighter; he added that the robber had grayish hair. Fortune described the man to whom he had surrendered his car keys as being five feet seven and a hundred and fifty pounds, with dark hair. The photographs in the rogues' gallery were arranged according to the type of crime and the height of the perpetrators. The Fortunes were shown files of "inside" and "outside" robbers in various height categories, from five feet five to five feet ten. They were unable to identify any of the men in the photographs as the robbers.



A few days after the robbery, the 108th Precinct received an anonymous letter saying that George Malinow and Bernard Czarnowicz had committed the payroll robbery on September 22nd. On October 13th, Detective Crosby came to Mrs. Fortune's office, showed her a photograph, and asked her if the man who had robbed her resembled the man in the photograph. She said that the man in the photograph was too young to be the robber and that she couldn't identify him. (The photograph, she was to learn later, was one of Bernard Czarnowicz taken in 1938.) Several days afterward, Detective Smitt came to Mrs. Fortune's office with another photograph. This time, she said she recognized a similarity between the robber and the man in the photograph, although the man in the photograph was thinner than the man who had held her up. "I was beginning to feel pretty sure about that picture, but I still would like to see the man," she said. (The photograph later proved to be one of Bernard Czarnowicz which had been taken in 1952, upon his release from Clinton.) On October 21st, Mr. and Mrs. Fortune went to the 108th Precinct station house to look at more photographs. One of the pictures that Fortune was shown was a 1952 photograph of George Malinow. He picked it out, saying that it looked like the man who had pointed a gun at him. He felt that the second photograph his wife had seen looked like the man who had robbed her, except that the man was heavier. Both Fortunes expressed a desire to see these two men in person.

On October 14th, Victor Miller, who had been Malinow's parole officer since his release from Clinton in June, 1952, was informed by Detective Crosby that Malinow was under suspicion for the Devon payroll robbery. Gary Davis, Czarnowicz's parole officer, was informed that Czarnowicz was under suspicion for the crime. As the Fortunes became more certain that the men in the photographs were the men who had robbed Mrs. Fortune (Maldonado was unable to identify the man in the elevator from the photographs he was shown), the detectives decided to take them into custody. By then, the parole officers had learned that the two men were both members of Local 13 of the Mason Tenders, and were working on the same construction site, despite the warnings they had been given not to associate. This in itself was a parole violation. On October 22nd, at 2:30 P.M., the two parole officers accompanied the detectives to the construction site, a housing project in Queens. They found Malinow and Czarnowicz working in the same room of an apartment in the project. The detectives searched them and then drove them to the 108th Precinct station house, where they questioned them about their criminal records and put them in a lineup, still wearing their work clothes. To appear in the lineup with the two suspects, the detectives selected three of fifty patrolmen who were arriving to work the four-to-midnight shift. The patrolmen were wearing their casual coming-to-work clothes. At four-thirty, Eloise Fortune, Luther Fortune, and Julian Maldonado, who had been brought to the station house earlier that afternoon, entered the lineup room separately. All three picked out Czarnowicz as the man who had robbed Mrs.



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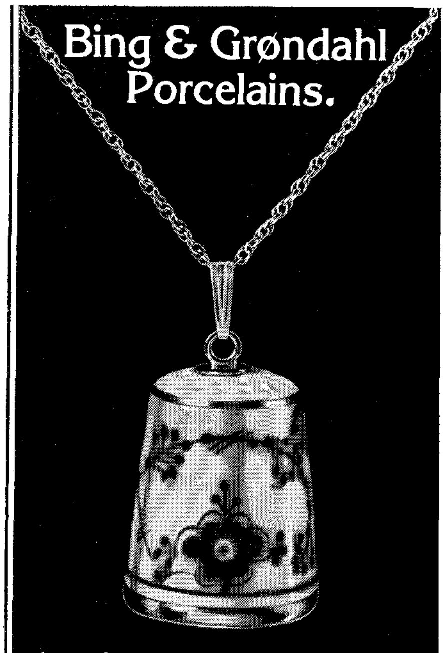

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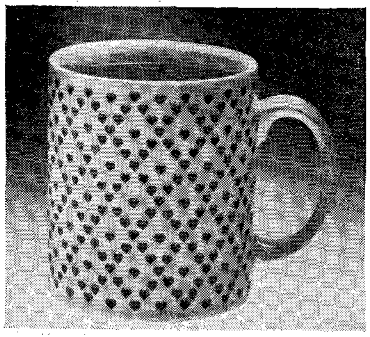
Fortune. Her husband identified Malinow as the man who had taken his car keys at gunpoint. At the conclusion of the lineup, Malinow and Czarnowicz were arrested. They asked what they were accused of, and when they were told about the payroll robbery they adamantly denied participating in it. Czarnowicz was calm. Malinow was hysterical. "I would have to be nuts to do this and spend the rest of my life in jail," he told Detective Smitt. When Czarnowicz was first asked where he was on September 22nd, he said he wasn't working, because of a lull in the construction business between May and October. Malinow first said he believed he was working on September 22nd. When Parole Officer Miller checked Malinow's employment record, he found that he had worked on a construction project—a library building in Jackson Heights—on September 17th, 18th, and 21st. He hadn't started on his next job, at the housing project, until September 28th. Czarnowicz's first day at the housing project was October 8th. Later on the afternoon of October 22nd, Malinow was handcuffed and taken to his home by Miller and Smitt. His apartment was searched thoroughly. The search didn't turn up a gun, a large sum of cash, or any of the clothing that Fortune said Malinow had worn on the day of the robbery. Louise, who was several months pregnant, appeared bewildered by the proceedings. At the same time, Czarnowicz was taken to his home by Parole Officer Davis and Detective Crosby. A search of his apartment didn't uncover a gun, any of the clothes he was said to have worn on the day of the robbery, or the fruits of any crime. Back at the 108th Precinct station house, where Malinow and Czarnowicz spent the night, they were questioned further. Both were asked whether they either owned or drove automobiles, and both said no. Both were asked whether they owned or carried guns, and both said no.

On October 23rd, Malinow and Czarnowicz were taken to the Queens jail. A few days later, they pleaded not guilty to the crime. On November 5th, Malinow, Czarnowicz, and the Fortunes attended a preliminary hearing at Queens Felony Court. The Fortunes gave brief accounts of the crime and identified Malinow and Czarnowicz as the two robbers. The judge had the two men held without bail for a grand jury. On December 4th, Malinow and Czarnowicz were indicted by the grand jury for robbery in the first degree, grand larceny in the first



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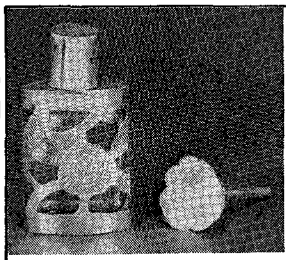

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degree, and two counts of assault (one on Fortune, one on his wife) in the second degree. In mid-December, Malinow and Czarnowicz hired Nathan Cooper, a criminal lawyer, to defend them. Louise Malinow sold many of the Malinows' belongings, including the twelve-hundred-dollar TV set, to help pay his fee. Czarnowicz's family and some of Malinow's in-laws also contributed money to help pay for their defense.

In early February, Cooper brought one of the foremost lie-detector experts of the day to the jail to give Malinow and Czarnowicz lie-detector tests for two days. The expert asked the men certain "critical" questions, of a specific nature—"Did you pull the Devon stickup?" and "Did you have a gun at any time last September?"—and a number of "control" questions, concerning their arrest and their marital status and their prior criminal records, which would elicit emotional responses but to which the answers were no. Czarnowicz's electrically measured reactions to the critical questions were not consistently higher than his answers to the control questions. The expert's opinion was that Czarnowicz was telling the truth in his answers to all the critical questions. There were certain irregularities in the pattern of Malinow's electrically measured reactions to the questions, but the expert concluded that there was no consistent pattern of response which could justify a definite diagnosis of deception, and that he, too, was telling the truth in denying any connection with the holdup.

The trial of the People of the State of New York v. Bernard Czarnowicz and George Malinow began in the Queens County Court House on April 8, 1954, and lasted nearly two weeks. The first thing that Cooper did, after the judge excused the jury for a few minutes, was to ask that the lie-detector tests be admitted as opinion evidence. Cooper pointed out that at least one judge in Queens had previously permitted lie-detector evidence to be admitted. Gerald Vincenzo, the assistant district attorney who was prosecuting the case, opposed any reference to the lie-detector tests, because no appellate court in New York State had adjudicated the subject. The judge ruled against Cooper: the lie-detector tests were inadmissible evidence.

Vincenzo then set out to prove that the crime had happened as the three eyewitnesses said it had happened, and that Malinow and Czarnowicz had committed it. His first witness was the bank teller who had cashed the payroll

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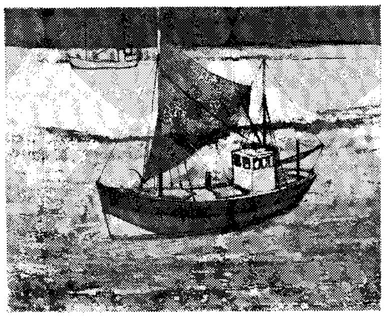

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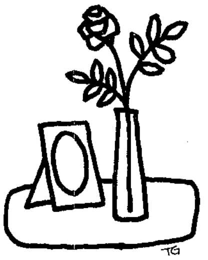
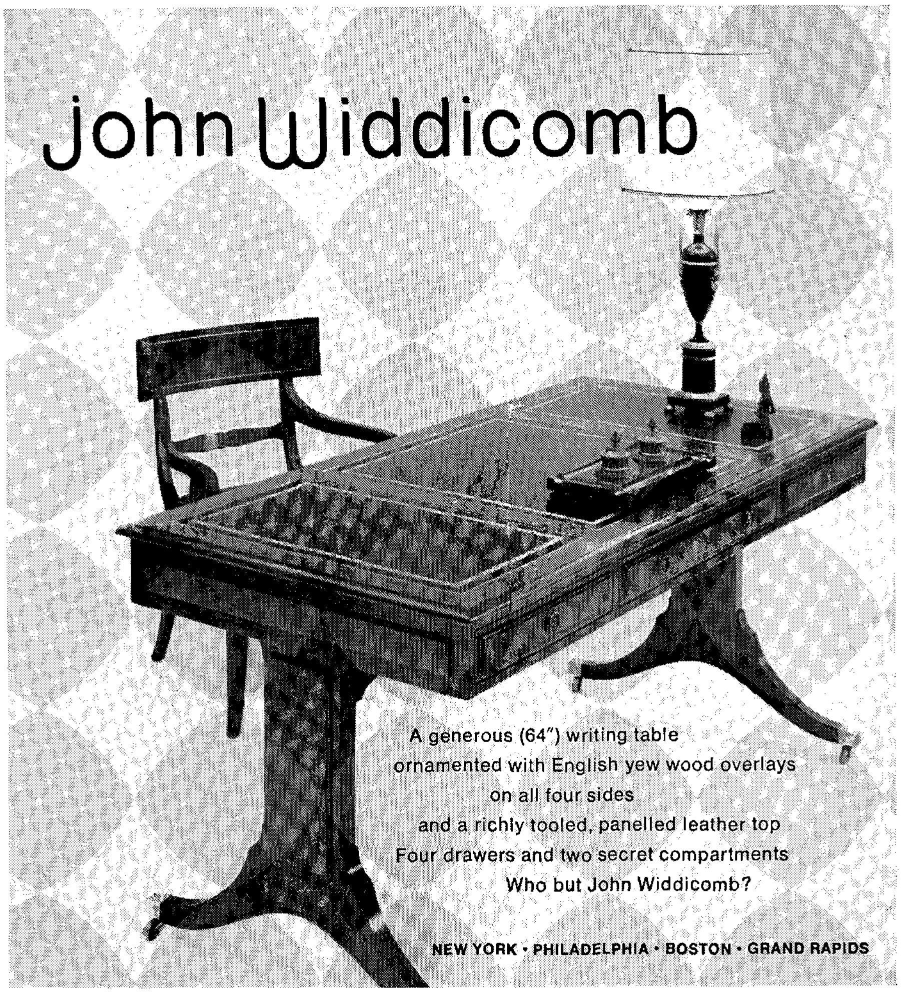
check for Mrs. Fortune on the morning of September 22, 1953; he said he had given her $4,800.81 in bills and coins in exchange for the check. Vincenzo then called Mrs. Fortune to the stand. For the next several days, the Fortunes and Maldonado were questioned at length about the robbery, the photographs they had subsequently been shown, and the lineup in which they had positively identified Malinow and Czarnowicz. Cooper, in his cross-examination of the Fortunes and Maldonado, brought out the fact that there were minor discrepancies in the three accounts of the robbery and its aftermath and a few inconsistencies in each person's testimony. Right after the crime, for example, Fortune had described the getaway car as a light-green 1951 Buick; at the trial, he said it was a bluish-green '47 or '48 Buick. (The car that Louise Malinow owned was a blue 1948 Buick.) Cooper tried to demonstrate that the crime had occurred so quickly—it was over in a couple of minutes—that the witnesses had had only fleeting glimpses of the robbers, and at a time when they were under emotional stress.



One afternoon, Cooper sought to cast doubt on Mrs. Fortune's powers of observation and her credibility. He asked her the height of the court clerk who had sworn her in an hour earlier, the color of his suit, and whether he had worn glasses. She said that he was five-ten or eleven, that she didn't believe he had worn glasses, and that she didn't notice the color of his suit but that it "could be gray." The clerk was six feet three and a half, was wearing horn-rimmed glasses, and had on a navy suit. Cooper also introduced the fact that Czarnowicz weighed two hundred and twelve pounds the day he was arrested—forty or fifty pounds more than the Fortunes had said. He was able to show that there had been photographs of both defendants in the rogues'-gallery files that the Fortunes had gone through on the afternoon of the crime—in Malinow's case, a June, 1938, group photograph taken when he was arrested with Giritski, Preniszni, and Stokowski—and that the Fortunes hadn't recognized them. Cooper argued that at the lineup the eyewitnesses weren't identifying the men who had robbed them a month earlier but the men whose photographs they had been shown the week before—and even the day before—the lineup. He also tried to convince the jury that the lineup was unfair. Malinow was five feet eight inches tall and weighed a hundred and fifty pounds, whereas the three patrolmen who had participated in the lineup were "burly." When the assistant D.A. later put the policemen on the stand, one testified that he stood five-eight and a half and weighed a hundred and seventy-five pounds, one that he stood five-nine and a half and weighed a hundred and eighty, and one that he stood five-nine and a half and weighed two hundred. Cooper also claimed that some of the defense witnesses had been threatened by the D.A.'s office, and that the detective work had been lazy. Although Fortune had testified that Czarnowicz touched his right front car door when he got in and out of the car and that he hadn't been wearing gloves, the police hadn't dusted the car for prints. Thus, he said, the case hinged on eyewitness testimony, notoriously the least reliable of all classes of evidence. The Fortunes and Maldonado were steadfast in their identification of the robbers. They insisted that they had identified them at the lineup not because they had seen the suspects' photographs but because when they were given a chance to see the two men they immediately recognized them as the men who had robbed Mrs. Fortune a month earlier. Mrs. Fortune said that there was "no doubt" in her mind when she pointed to Czarnowicz and Fortune said that there was "no question" in his mind that Malinow and Czarnowicz were the robbers.

After the state rested its case, Cooper tried to prove that his clients couldn't have committed the crime of which they were accused, because they could account for their whereabouts on September 22nd between 10:30 and 10:45 A.M., when the robbery occurred. Malinow took the stand first to offer his alibi. He testified that at 2:30 P.M. on Tuesday, September 22, 1953, he had gone with his brother-in-law Stanley Novotny to put a ten-dollar deposit on a bicycle for Novotny's son Andrew, whose tenth birthday was on September 28th; the bicycle was to be a joint present from the Novotnys and the Malinows. Malinow remembered that his wife had had an epileptic seizure on the morning of the day he had gone to the bicycle store; the date on the bicycle receipt was September 22nd, so he was able to determine, when he found the receipt some days after his arrest, that the epileptic seizure had occurred on the morning of September 22nd. Shortly after Malinow got up that day, at about 6:50 A.M., Louise, who was clearing the breakfast dishes, had an epileptic seizure and lost consciousness. Malinow ministered to her as he did whenever she had an epileptic seizure—by inserting a towel in her mouth to keep her from biting her tongue. He then ran upstairs to get his brother-in-law Janos Hodak. With Hodak's help, he carried Louise to bed. There was no phone in the Malinows' apartment. While Hodak stayed with Louise, Malinow went out at about 7:15 A.M. to call Larry Falcone, the shop steward on his construction job, to say he would not be able to come to work, because of Louise's illness. He then returned to his apartment. Hodak went back upstairs, and Malinow stayed with Louise, who came to around 10:30 A.M. When Hodak stopped in to see how Louise was, at about that time, she and Malinow were having coffee. Hodak joined them briefly. Louise told her husband to try to get half a day's work. Shortly after 11 A.M., he left the apartment and drove her car to the library-construction site in Jackson Heights. When he got there, around noon, one of the construction workers told him that there was no work that day and would be none until the following Monday. Malinow returned home. Later in the day, he went to the bicycle shop; still later, he went out to a diner to pick up $50.40 in pay that he had earned on September 17th, 18th, and 21st. Louise Malinow, Janos Hodak, Stanley Novotny, and Larry Falcone, whom Malinow had met at Clinton, where Falcone had served time for robbery, took the stand to corroborate Malinow's account of his activities on September 22nd.

If there were certain weaknesses in Malinow's alibi—it was supported only by three relatives and a convicted felon, and the testimony of all of them contained as many small inconsistencies as the testimony of the Fortunes and Maldonado—it rang like a newly minted gold coin after Bernard Czarnowicz, some of his relatives, and a friend had taken the stand and presented his alibi. Although at the time of his arrest Czarnowicz had been unable to remember his activities on September 22nd, he, too, had been able to reconstruct the events of that day because of a birthday in the family. Czarnowicz shared an apartment with his parents, three of his brothers, and a sister. His brother Raymond's birthday was on September 21st. There had been a party for him that night at the Czarnowicz apartment. At the party, which lasted



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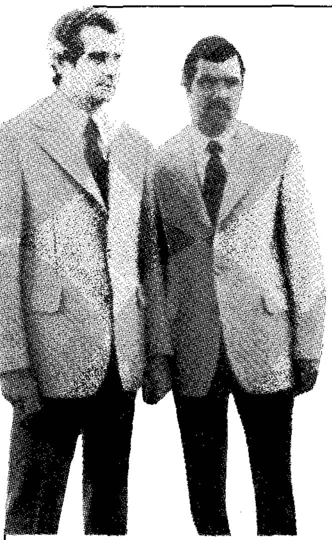

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until 1 A.M., Czarnowicz and one of the guests—Steve Francisco, his closest friend—decided to meet at 12:30 P.M. the next day to go to a 2 P.M. ballgame at Yankee Stadium. Francisco, who was also a member of Local 13 of the Mason Tenders, called the Czarnowicz home at 10:30 A.M. on the twenty-second. Czarnowicz was still asleep. His mother woke him and called him to the phone. Francisco told Czarnowicz that he wouldn't be able to go to the Yankee game that afternoon after all, because he had been called in to work. Czarnowicz went to the bathroom. The door was closed, so he knocked. Alan, his thirty-year-old "baby" brother, was there. He came out. After Czarnowicz used the bathroom, he went back to bed until 11:30 A.M. He stayed home until the late afternoon, watching a ballgame on television. Steve Francisco, Bernard Czarnowicz's mother, and his brother Alan took the stand to corroborate Czarnowicz's alibi. On cross-examination, Vincenzo was able to elicit the information that Alan Czarnowicz had been convicted of attempted grand larceny and bookmaking; that he hadn't worked for a couple of years; that he hung around a poolroom; that Alan's birthday was on September 9th; and that there had been no party for Alan that night. Vincenzo asked Francisco if it was true that he had two Social Security numbers, and used one for employment purposes, the other for the purpose of collecting unemployment insurance. Francisco found it necessary to take the Fifth Amendment several times. Vincenzo then pointed out that there had been no game at Yankee Stadium on the afternoon of September 22nd. The Yankee-Philadelphia Athletics game on September 22nd was a night game. The district attorney's office later claimed that the fact that the Yankees had played a night game rather than a day game showed that Francisco's story of having an appointment to meet Czarnowicz on the day of the holdup was "completely discredited as having been made out of whole cloth."

In the course of questioning Malinow and his alibi witnesses, Vincenzo elicited some other troublesome testimony. For example, Malinow, Louise, Janos Hodak, and Stanley Novotny testified that Malinow and Novotny had brought the birthday bicycle home with them on the afternoon of September 22nd. The receipt dated September 22nd showed that they had only put a ten-dollar deposit on the bicycle that day. No one seemed to know when—if ever—the balance had been paid. Still,

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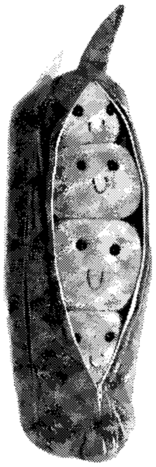

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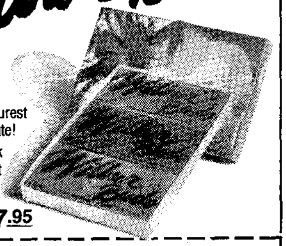

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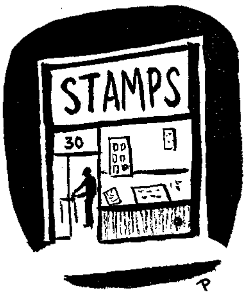
Malinow and Czarnowicz were as steadfast in maintaining their innocence as the Fortunes and Maldonado were in identifying them as the robbers. When Cooper asked Malinow "Did you at any time, from the time of your release from prison in 1952 right on up to today, have a gun?" Malinow answered "No." When he asked him "Did you at any time go with Bernard Czarnowicz and commit a crime of holdup?" Malinow answered "No, I did not." Czarnowicz made several similar declarations. Today, Malinow and Czarnowicz admit that they may have told "a few white lies" during the trial.

On the afternoon of April 20th, after Cooper had finished calling his witnesses, Vincenzo called a rebuttal witness—Mrs. Theresa Malick, who had been Malinow's landlady from November, 1952 (when he left the Merchant Marine), until July, 1953 (when he married Louise). Mrs. Malick's brother owned an eighteen-room rooming house three blocks from Louise and George Malinow's apartment. Mrs. Malick and her husband, Albert, lived there and managed it. One day in February, 1954, Victor Miller was making a routine home visit to Albert Malick, one of the parolees on his case load, who had served time for attempted burglary. Malick was out, but Miller had become quite friendly with his wife, Theresa, over the years—the Malicks and the Millers had daughters who were about the same age—and he stopped to chat with her. During their conversation, Miller mentioned that Malinow, her former roomer, had been arrested. Mrs. Malick then told Miller of a strange incident that had happened some months earlier. One morning, after Malinow had married and moved out, he came to her rooming house with a friend and asked if she had a room to rent to the friend. The friend was carrying a small box—it measured about three inches by four by five—but no luggage. She had a room available, for which the man paid a week's rent in advance. Malinow left. Mrs. Malick took the man up to the room. That evening, when she went upstairs to clean, she noticed that the door to the man's room was open. She walked into the room and saw the key on the dresser. She thought the man had forgotten it, and took it downstairs to give to him when he came back. He didn't come back. She never saw the man again. Miller asked Mrs. Malick if she remembered the friend's name or the date he and Malinow had come to the rooming house. She told him that she didn't but that she remembered that the friend had an odd name and was from out of town—she very seldom got out-of-towners—and said she could look it up in her receipt book. She went to the book, looked through it, and gave Miller a receipt showing that she had rented a room to a Bernard Margenau on September 22nd. Miller took the receipt to Detectives Smitt and Crosby. Mrs. Malick was called to the D.A.'s office after her encounter with Miller and was asked to testify. At the trial, she said that Malinow and Margenau arrived about the time she customarily made the beds, which was between 10:45 A.M. and 11 A.M. She described Margenau as a stocky man, five-eight or five-nine, with unruly gray hair, but when she was repeatedly asked if Margenau was in the courtroom, she looked right at Czarnowicz (who fitted her description of Margenau) and said no. Mrs. Malick also said that she had seen Malinow driving Louise's blue Buick before their marriage, while he was still her roomer, which contradicted Malinow's and Louise's earlier testimony. Cooper called Malinow to the stand for surrebuttal. He denied taking anyone to Mrs. Malick's house on September 22nd. When Vincenzo asked him the previous week if he had ever returned to Mrs. Malick's rooming house after his marriage, he had said no. He now said he had taken a man named Jackie to Mrs. Malick's house for a room in August or September, a month or two after his marriage. When she was recalled to the witness stand, Mrs. Malick said that she didn't know the name of the roomer Malinow had brought to her house but that the man had cheated her out of a week's rent and had left with the key to his room.



The trial drew to an end with summations by Cooper and Vincenzo. The substance of Cooper's summation was that Malinow and Czarnowicz were the victims of mistaken identity. The substance of Vincenzo's was that they weren't. In his summation, Vincenzo commented ironically on the numerous birthdays required by the defendants' alibis. "He [Czarnowicz] had an appointment to go with Steve Francisco, to go to the ballgame the next day. When did that happen? There was a birthday party. Another birthday par-

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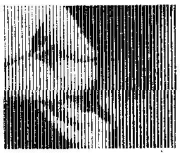

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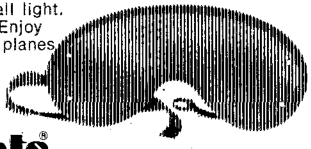

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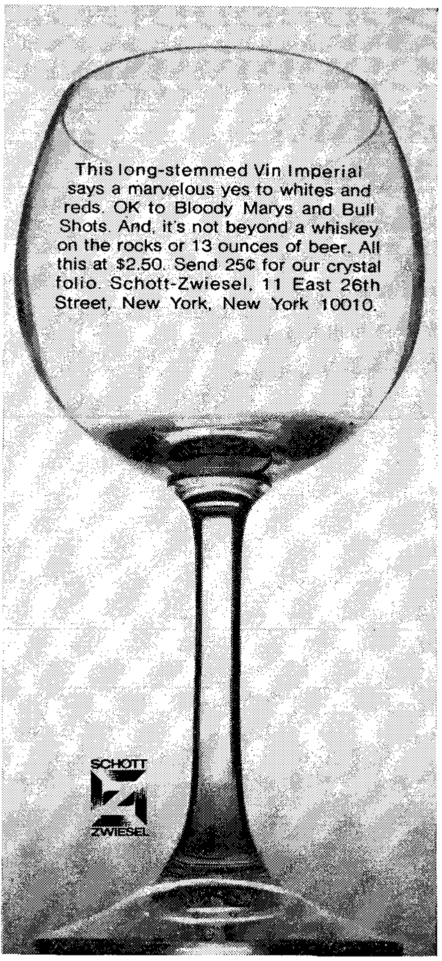
ty. The place was full of birthdays." Vincenzo also expressed anger at Cooper's earlier charge that the D.A.'s office had intimidated Cooper's witnesses, including Janos Hodak, one of Malinow's brothers-in-law. Vincenzo said that Hodak had been "pushed around" and "blackjacked" so much that he had informed the D.A.'s office that Malinow had stuck up the place and that Malinow had said to him, "If you ever tell anybody, I will kill you."

At 10:35 A.M. on April 21st, the judge gave the case to the jury. At three-thirty-five that afternoon, the jury asked to have all of Mrs. Malick's testimony read to them. At 8:47 P.M., the jurors brought in the verdict: they found both men guilty on all counts. Two reporters for the *Journal-American* interviewed eight of the twelve jurors after the verdict was announced. The reporters informed the jurors of the results of the lie-detector tests, which hadn't been admitted as evidence. Five of the eight said that the undisclosed lie-detector evidence could have altered the verdict. "We would have given it prime consideration if it were presented in court, and the verdict might have gone the other way," one juror was quoted as saying. "It certainly would have raised doubt in my mind about the defendants' guilt," another said. Cooper also queried the jurors. One told him he "absolutely would not have convicted" if he had known about the lie-detector evidence. Many of the jurors told Cooper that Mrs. Malick's testimony was the deciding factor. Cooper himself later claimed that up to Vincenzo's calling of Mrs. Malick "everyone in the courtroom—including myself and the stenographer—felt we had it won."

A few days after the verdict was brought in, Louise Malinow gave birth to a boy. Malinow received the news of his son's birth in Queens County jail, where he and Czarnowicz were being held until the judge sentenced them. He was glad to have a son, and glad that his son had been born nine months and a week after the wedding and no sooner. "When we got married, many of my in-laws were waiting to see if Louise would give birth before nine months," he says. "They thought of me as a knockaround guy, so they expected me to date Louise, get her pregnant, feel sorry for her, and marry her. After my son was born, I thought to myself, Well, at least one thing they won't be able to say is that she got pregnant ahead of time." Louise named her son Arthur George. She decided not to give him George as a first name, because



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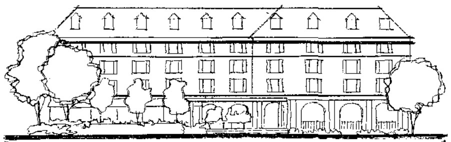

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there were already several Georges in the family and because she thought her husband had had bad luck.

On June 22, 1954, Malinow and Czarnowicz were sentenced, as third-felony offenders, to fifteen to thirty years for robbery in the first degree, five to ten years for grand larceny in the first degree, and two and a half to five years on the two second-degree-assault convictions, all the sentences to be served concurrently. These were the minimum sentences the judge could give them by law. Three days later, Malinow and Czarnowicz were sent to Sing Sing, where, as No. 115,874 and No. 115,875, they spent four months working as block porters. On October 22, 1954, they were sent to Clinton. Although the crime for which Malinow was convicted occurred on September 22, 1953, his delinquency date reverted to his parole date—June 19, 1952—meaning that he still owed two years, seven months, and twenty-eight days of delinquent time on his previous sentence, which he had to serve before starting his new term. On February 23, 1957, he would start the fifteen-to-thirty-year sentence. He would be eligible for parole after serving two-thirds of the minimum, or about ten years. With the credit he was given for jail time, that meant that he would become eligible for parole on August 30, 1966.

When Malinow returned to prison, he wasn't particularly worried about the amount of time he might have to do. He and Czarnowicz fully expected to win the case on appeal. Malinow was proud that he and Czarnowicz had stood trial together and gone away together. Each had testified at the trial that the detectives had asked him to implicate the other and thereby gain leniency for himself. Each had refused. "With the new element, it's a race to see who gets to the D.A. first," he says now.

Malinow's and Czarnowicz's first move was to try to get the conviction overturned. One of the points in the brief they submitted to the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court was that the eyewitness identification of Malinow was incredible as a matter of law and the identification of Czarnowicz was completely against the weight of the evidence. The State of New York, in its brief, argued that the jury's verdict should not be set aside. Even if the eyewitnesses' descriptions of the holdup men varied, it said, and even if Bernard Czarnowicz weighed two hundred and twelve pounds at the time of his arrest, the

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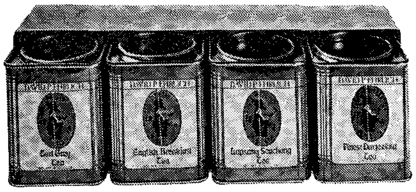

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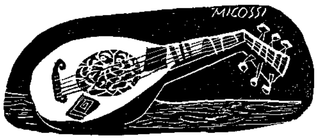
jury had seen Malinow and Czarnowicz and could judge whether the witnesses' estimates of their height and weight appeared to the ordinary person to be accurate. The fact that the Fortunes didn't pick out early photographs of Malinow and Czarnowicz in the rogues' gallery also didn't render their identifications incredible: the men had changed since the nineteen-thirties, and anyway the jury had seen the photographs and could judge whether the Fortunes' failure to recognize them was incredible. Another point in the appellants' brief was that there had been errors made in the trial, including the court's refusal to admit into evidence the results of the lie-detector tests. The state replied that the lie detector had not attained scientific acceptance as a reliable means of ascertaining truth or deception. In early 1956, the Appellate Division found that the trial had been free of reversible error, and affirmed the conviction. In the fall of 1956, the New York State Court of Appeals denied leave to appeal. Some months later, having exhausted all his judicial possibilities in New York State, Malinow tried to take his case to federal District Court, on the ground that his constitutional rights had been violated. In 1954, after the conviction of Malinow and Czarnowicz, Cooper had gone to talk with Mrs. Malick, the critical witness. Mrs. Malick told Cooper that the assistant D.A. had put pressure on her to testify. Malinow had heard from people in Greenpoint that Mrs. Malick had been told that if she didn't testify against him her husband would be found guilty of a parole violation and would be sent back to prison. At the trial, while the jury was not present Cooper complained to the judge that the D.A.'s office had threatened and harassed Louise and some of the other witnesses. One evening, despite the fact that she was in her ninth month of pregnancy, was subject to epileptic seizures, and had another appointment, Louise had been kept in the district attorney's office for three or four hours. She had been threatened, and told that unless she signed a statement she would be held on some charge, on high bail, so that she could not go home. When she was brought to the point of hysterics and tears, she was told to "cut out the sob act," and was allowed to go home only after she had signed the statement out of fear. The next evening, Cooper continued, four police officers had gone to Louise's house and told her they wanted to take a statement from her. They had returned repeatedly during the night, and her family had finally concealed her in a closet to keep her from being harassed. (In court, with the jury out, the assistant district attorney admitted that some witnesses had been visited at night but denied that they had been threatened.)

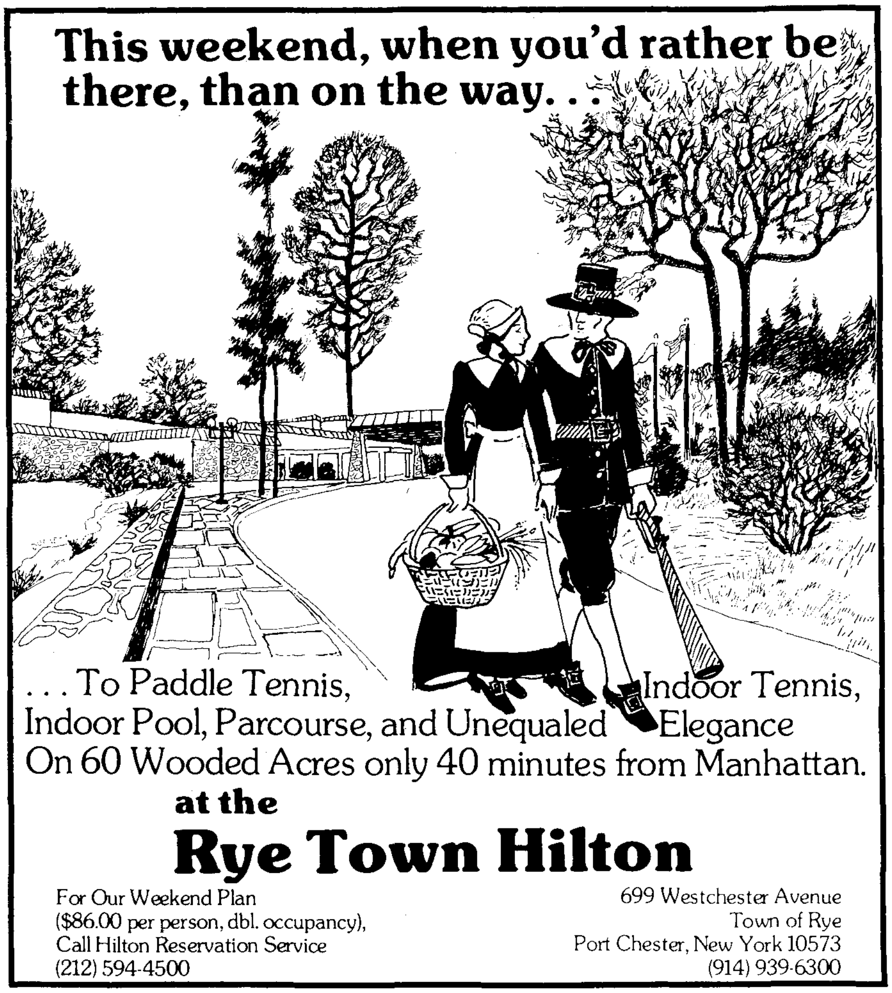


At first, Malinow says, Mrs. Malick agreed to testify in federal District Court that she had been threatened, but at the last minute she backed out. Louise also declined to testify about what had happened at the district attorney's office. Without their testimony, Malinow had no case in federal court. In 1960 and again in 1962, Malinow asked the governor of New York for executive clemency; he was turned down both times. There was nothing more he could do about the case.

Some of the principals in the Devon payroll robbery and the subsequent trial—Mrs. Fortune, Vincenzo—are dead. Some—Fortune, Maldonado—are unwilling to talk about it. Detective Smitt retired from the detective force in 1957, after twenty years in the Police Department, fifteen of which he had served as a detective. He spent sixteen years as an investigator for an insurance company before retiring from his second career, in 1973. At the age of seventy, looking back on his years as a detective, he says he can think of one case in which he had a little doubt about the verdict. The Devon payroll robbery isn't that case. He makes no apologies for the police failure to dust Fortune's car for possible prints. "We didn't take prints on every larceny or robbery," he says. "We didn't work like Dick Tracy. We had information on Malinow and Czarnowicz that was reliable. I never had any doubts about their guilt, because of their records." Victor Miller recently retired after twenty-seven years as a parole officer. The Malinow-Czarnowicz case stands out in his memory because it was he who unwittingly came across the evidence that clinched it. When he went to see Mrs. Malick in February, 1954, and their conversation turned to Malinow, he felt sure she was being truthful when she described Malinow's return to her rooming house and quickly produced the receipt. Miller believes that Mrs. Malick was also being truthful in court when she said she couldn't identify Czarnowicz. "She probably didn't get a good enough look at him, and she was honest enough to say so," he says. "That trial made me lose confidence in lie detectors, because I was so convinced that Malinow and Czarnowicz were guilty. I don't doubt that those guys, with their character disorders, could fool a lie detector."

The 1,339-page transcript of the 1954 trial contains some unanswered and perhaps unanswerable questions. Did the robbers know that the Devon payroll, normally three thousand dollars, was eighteen hundred dollars more than usual on September 22, 1953, because it included back pay, or were they just lucky to rob it that day? How could the robber who took the money from Mrs. Fortune forget that he and his partner had a car of their own and get into Fortune's? In 1977, Malinow and Czarnowicz maintain their innocence, the "few white lies" they told at their trial notwithstanding. When friends suggest to Malinow that it is ironic that he got away with fifteen robberies that he cheerfully admits to doing and was convicted of a robbery that he says he didn't do, the irony partly eludes him. "You try to tell yourself that the ones you got away with make up for the one you got wrongly convicted of, but that doesn't really ease the pain of being sentenced to fifteen to thirty years for something you never did," he says. "That ain't supposed to happen in a democracy."

WHEN Malinow returned to Clinton, in October, 1954, after an absence of two years and three months, he was given a cordial reception. "It was just like I'd been away on a vacation," he says. "The inmates were glad to welcome back someone they knew. The guards I got along with on my previous bid saw my name on the draft list and came up to the reception gallery. Swifty, an officer whose job I'd helped save on several occasions—he used to come to work drunk, and we'd forcefully put him under cold water and fill him with hot coffee to sober him up—came to say hello. Frenchy said he hated to see me back, but since I was back, would I like to come to work for him again?" After four uneventful years at Clinton—his work and behavior records were satisfactory; he took some courses in English, art, arithmetic, social studies, and typing and did well in them—Malinow felt bored at Clinton and decided that the time had come to sample another prison. He requested a transfer to Green Haven, which he had heard described as "the country club of New York State's maximum-security pris-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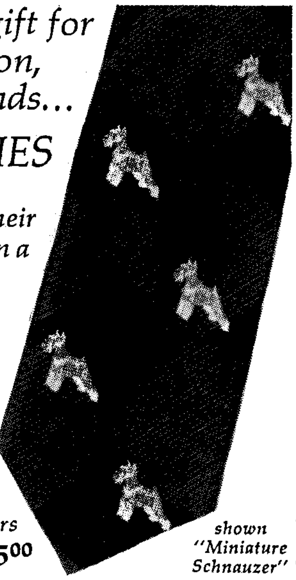

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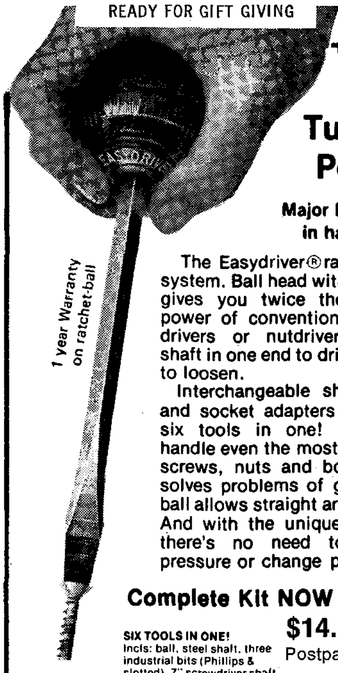

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ons." On the morning of June 5, 1958, he was Clinton No. 32,692; that evening, after an all-day ride, he became Green Haven No. 5,296. He was uncuffed, unshackled, and put in a cell on the reception block. Within a few minutes, runners came up to him bringing large bags of groceries and thermoses filled with coffee, compliments of the many friends he had made during his stay at Wallkill, his two stays at Clinton, and his three stays at Sing Sing. "I was very appreciative that people thought of me even before I was in the place an hour," he says. "Old-timers know it can be hard in a new prison the first day or two. Sometimes you don't get your personal property immediately, and you don't get to the commissary right away."

Malinow's first job assignment at Green Haven—a good one, obtained with the assistance of friends—was in the commissary, where he helped truck drivers unload goods, stocked the shelves with groceries, and bagged inmates' orders. He was not unappreciative of the job's fringe benefits. The rest of Green Haven's inmates could buy groceries only once every two weeks; the commissary workers could do it every day. They could also get some of their groceries without paying for them: the truck drivers gave them jars of instant coffee and other comestibles, and the guards looked the other way when they helped themselves to candy bars, cake, and sundries; the commissary always wrote off a certain percentage for breakage and damage.

In the late fifties, the identification room at Green Haven, where photographs of incoming and outgoing prisoners are taken, was next door to the commissary. The civilian who presided over both the commissary and the ID room considered Malinow a good worker and eventually asked him if he would like to transfer to the ID room. Malinow was ready for a change. He thought photography might be more creative than stocking shelves, and after two and a half years in the commissary he went to work in the identification room as a darkroom technician. He learned how to mix chemicals, develop photographs, and do enlarging and cropping. He enjoyed the work. One afternoon in 1964, after he had spent four years in the ID department, a friend asked Malinow to enlarge two photographs he had. The photographs were of female nudes. The friend liked to draw and paint, and used the photographs in his art work. Malinow took them to his cell, saying he would enlarge them in the darkroom the next

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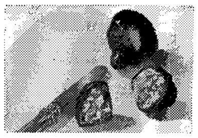

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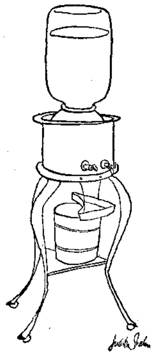
morning. That evening, a new block officer unexpectedly searched Malinow's cell and found the photographs. "They were plain pictures of women's bodies, no positions, nothing vulgar, just art," Malinow says. "But the rookie yo-yo insisted on making a big thing out of it. When I came before the P.K., he seemed more amused than anything else. He asked me the purpose of the photos. I didn't want to give up my friend, so I said, 'To admire them.' I was written up for having contraband photos, and I lost my job, but I often helped out in the ID room unofficially when they were really busy or someone was sick." Malinow's next assignment at Green Haven was in the parole-clothing department.



Malinow was glad he had transferred to Green Haven. If it was not exactly a country club, he found it more relaxed than Clinton, with more activities for the inmates and milder weather, and by this time he was ready to be closer to New York City. After he left Sing Sing in 1954, neither Louise nor any of his in-laws had come to see him, and he and Louise had also stopped corresponding, as a result of a misunderstanding by mail, but Malinow had one regular visitor at Green Haven, which was one more than he'd had at Clinton. Anthony Mallan, the nephew of a friend of Malinow's at Green Haven whom he had originally known in Greenpoint, came to see him when he visited his uncle; Malinow was Mallan's honorary godfather.

In the spring of 1966, several months before Malinow became eligible for parole, he went through the pre-parole process a third time. The interviews were a little less thorough than they had been in the early nineteen-forties and fifties, and were conducted and written up by a parole officer. The parole officer assigned to evaluate Malinow reported that he had not been an institutional problem; in eight years at Green Haven he had only four misbehavior charges, and three of these were even less serious than the contraband photographs. He did his job assignments well and changed jobs infrequently. The parole officer realized that his employment record on the outside was "negligible, due to his various incarcerations," but he said that Malinow had a union card and was certain he would be able to find work again through Local 13. Malinow made a favorable impression on the parole officer, who found him coöperative and courteous, and ended up saying that he thought Malinow could be granted an opportunity to return to the community. "In the past, he has demonstrated irresponsibility and unstableness, but it is felt by the writer that he may have overcome these shortcomings to some degree," the parole officer wrote.

Malinow met with the Parole Board on June 9, 1966. During his hearing before the three commissioners, he maintained his innocence in the 1953 Devon payroll robbery and brought up the results of the lie-detector tests. When a commissioner asked him if he wouldn't go out feeling bitter toward authority because of his innocence and his long imprisonment, he replied, "If there is any bitterness, it is from my previous record. Who can I blame but myself? If I wasn't a third offender, I wouldn't be in here." One commissioner told him to feel free to say anything that would be helpful. "All I can say, sir, I got approximately thirteen years in, I owe twenty years to the Board on supervision now, and the next time if I step out of line, it's a life sentence. I realize this," Malinow said. For the third time in three sentences, Malinow was granted parole the first time he became eligible for it. The Board gave him an "Open Date Own Program—August 30, 1966—" to find a job.

Once again (if it is true that history repeats itself, it seems to repeat itself in Malinow's case in unusual detail), Malinow set about looking for a job. By July 8th, he had received a letter from his old friend, the business representative of Mason Tenders, Local 13. The letter said that since Malinow was a former union member he would be employed at five dollars and five cents an hour, working thirty-five hours a week. The parole officer decided against this job offer because, according to a confidential file he had been given, some of Local 13's officers were then said to be involved with well-known racketeers. One of the two men in charge of the union had just been killed, on July 3rd, after several earlier, unsuccessful attempts on his life. By August, Malinow had come up with three other offers of employment, all of them, he later admitted, "obtained with the influence of the criminal element." The first of the three jobs that the parole officer investigated was from a construction company on Long Island. According to one of the firm's owners,

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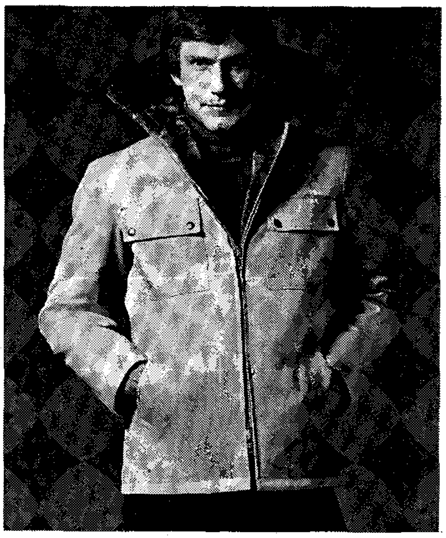

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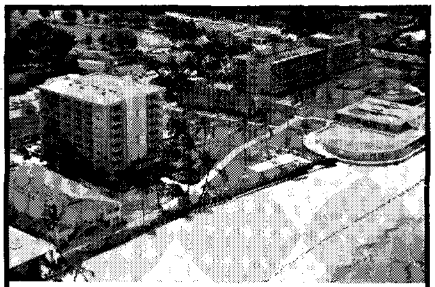
Malinow would be employed at a dollar seventy-five an hour for a five-day week laying asphalt on parking lots and streets. The parole officer approved the job, so he didn't investigate the two others.

Malinow left Green Haven on the morning of September 6, 1966, with $66.60. This time, he didn't leave prison by bus or train. He left in grand style, which didn't go unnoticed by the Green Haven authorities. They informed the New York parole office that Malinow had been picked up by his godson, Anthony Mallan, in Mallan's black four-door Lincoln sedan, whose license-plate number they supplied. In 1966, Malinow violated parole even faster than he had in 1952. Mallan drove him first to the parole office, in New York City, where Malinow made his required parole arrival report, and then to his own home, in New Jersey; Malinow wasn't allowed to leave the state without his parole officer's permission, which he didn't have. At Mallan's house, he ate a steak, took a nap, and enjoyed a hot shower. That evening, he, Mallan, and a friend of Mallan's went to a Greenwich Village discothèque, where they had a few drinks. Mallan and his friend had selected a chorus girl for Malinow to spend the night with—a "swinger," Malinow recalls—but his mind wasn't on women, it was on money, so he returned to Mallan's house for the night, alone. The next day, Mallan drove him to Queens. First, Malinow rented a furnished room in Elmhurst, which his friend Steve Francisco, the Fifth Amendment witness in the '54 trial, helped him find. Then he went calling on people to whom he'd been generous in 1952 and 1953, when his pockets were filled with the proceeds of his various robberies and theirs were empty. These friends had prospered while Malinow was in prison, and now gave him large sums of money. Malinow also borrowed a few hundred dollars from Cooper, to whom he still owed a few thousand dollars.

Malinow had never intended to work for the construction company—it was another low-paying "can opener," like the Blue Chip job. He had planned to go to work for Local 13 soon after he got out; he knew from experience that jobs that were disapproved while a man was in prison were often approved once he was on the street. Unfortunately, there was a cement mixers' strike in September, 1966. Local 13 respected the picket lines, so the union members were out of work. Malinow's parole officer



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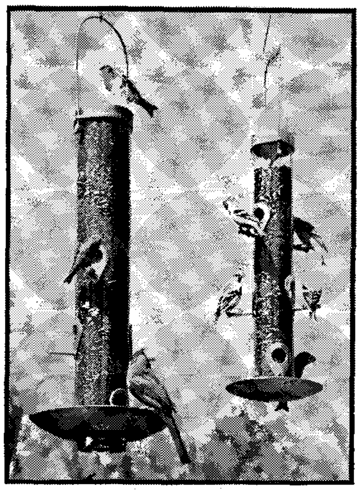

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wanted him to get a job with another union, but Malinow told him that the strike would soon be over and that it wouldn't pay for him to spend the money to join another union. He convinced the parole officer that he had enough money to live on for a few weeks without getting a job. Malinow wasn't in a hurry to go to work anyway; he wanted to relax a little after thirteen years in prison. He spent his time looking up old friends and frequenting the bars-and-grills that some of them owned.

One weekday afternoon, while sitting in a friend's bar sipping a Scotch and playing the jukebox, Malinow took a notion to see Louise and his son, Arthur, who was then twelve. He had told the parole officer at Green Haven that he wasn't interested in a reconciliation with his wife but that he would like to see his son. He had no idea that in June, before his release, a parole officer had called Louise to ask how she felt about seeing him, and that Louise had said she wanted nothing whatever to do with him in the future, and refused to let him see Arthur. Malinow had heard that Louise still lived in the apartment they had fixed up after their wedding. He got into a cab, reached the house around 3:15 P.M., and walked upstairs. He stood in the hallway outside the apartment. At three-thirty, a boy who had to be Arthur—"He looked a lot like me," Malinow says with pride—came home from school. Malinow introduced himself to his son, who recognized him from some photographs he had seen. Arthur had been curious about his father and had often asked his mother and his aunts and uncles about him. He had always been told that his father was "away," and that they would tell him more about his father when he was older. Arthur and Malinow went into the apartment. An older cousin of Arthur's happened to come in and see Malinow. She recognized him and went running out to tell her relatives. The cousin intercepted Louise on her way home from work, at a toy factory. A number of Louise's relatives came up to the apartment with her. They were afraid Malinow wanted revenge because of Louise's refusal to testify at the federal hearing. He assured them that he just wanted to talk to Louise. He and Louise spent an hour in the bedroom and came out arm in arm. Despite what Louise had told the parole officer, she seemed genuinely glad to see Malinow. He seemed no less pleased that Louise hadn't divorced him, hadn't remarried, and still wore her engagement ring and

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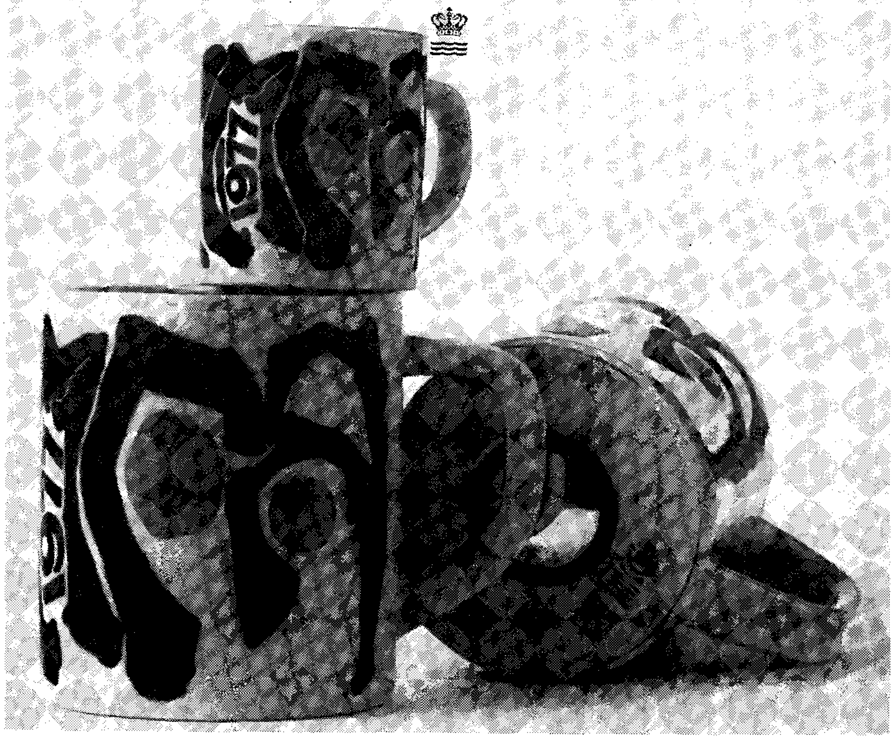

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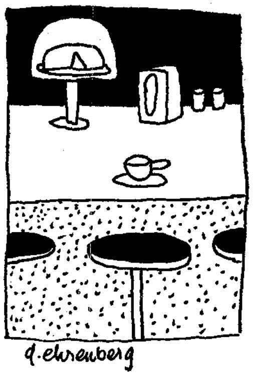
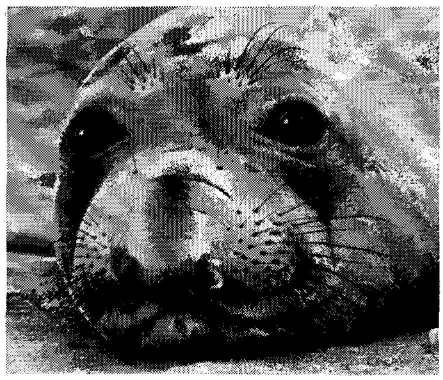
her wedding band. He left the house a few hours later, after shaking hands with his in-laws.

The following Saturday, Malinow returned to Greenpoint in Mallan's car. He brought Louise a bouquet of roses and a box of candy. On his first visit, Arthur had told his father about some Beatles records he wanted and couldn't get in Brooklyn. Malinow had found them in New Jersey and had bought them for Arthur, along with a generous supply of toys and clothes. He took Arthur to a jewelry store, where he let him choose a wristwatch and a ring for himself and a pin for Louise. He gave Arthur a hundred-dollar bill to pay for his purchases. Years later, Arthur remembered the shiny black Lincoln his father had appeared in, and his father's wallet, which contained nothing but fifty- and hundred-dollar bills—lots of them. He also remembered that if his mother seemed slightly more apprehensive with his father back in her life, she also seemed happier: her marriage had been the most exciting thing that had ever happened to her, and she had obviously held on to her memories despite years of listening to her relatives' "I told you so"s about her husband's return to prison in 1954. Malinow stayed at Louise's apartment for several days. He slept on the living-room couch. He was proud of the way Louise had raised Arthur: the boy was polite, obedient to his mother, and truthful; he loved school, did his homework, got good grades, and wasn't afraid to fight if he had to. "He was an ideal son," Malinow says. "I don't think criminals should marry—it's not fair to their families—but if I hurt Louise by making her lead what is essentially a widow's life, I gave her Arthur in return." Arthur and Malinow took many walks around Greenpoint and had many agreeable father-son chats. Malinow showed Arthur the waterfront pier where he had proposed to Louise and the pier where he had gone swimming as a child—which turned out to be the same pier where Arthur swam. Once, on a walk around his old neighborhood, Malinow passed the display-fixture company that had employed him in 1936. He saw a man he had worked with thirty years earlier. The man had grown old, and was just making ends meet. Malinow was glad he had quit that job when he had. "The man proved my point," he says. "There was no future there. I was better off than he was, even if I'd spent most of my time in prison. In that year and a half I was out in 1952 and 1953, I went more places and did more things than most people do in a lifetime, and I spent more on tips in a week than that guy made in a month."



After staying at Louise's a few days—the novelty soon wore off—Malinow returned to his furnished room and to his friends' bars. Czarnowicz was still in prison—he had owed more time on his previous sentence than Malinow, so he had started the fifteen-to-thirty-year sentence later—but Malinow met up with many other prison friends. One was Patrick Halloran, with whom he had once worked in the Clinton woodyard. Halloran, a robber and burglar, had got out of prison in 1961, after spending nearly thirty-four years behind bars. Another was David Balboa, a forger, whom Malinow had met at Clinton and had spent a fair amount of time with at Green Haven. Halloran, who was twelve years older than Malinow, was doing reasonably well. For the past five years, he had gone straight. He had two union books—house-wrecking and metal-lathing—and owned twenty-five per cent of a bar. Balboa, who had been released a while before Malinow, was doing less well. He was a younger man, with a family, and always seemed short of cash. Malinow lent Balboa some of the money his friends had been giving him.

One day, at a bar in Queens, Balboa told Malinow about a factory payroll that would be easy for him and Halloran to take. He said that he couldn't take it himself, because he had once worked at the factory—the Bingo Machine Company, in the Bronx—but that he could help them by supplying the payroll details and by driving the getaway car. The payroll was delivered from a company office to the factory by an unarmed driver in a station wagon. All that Malinow and Halloran would have to do would be to get into the station wagon, tell the driver to go a few blocks, tie him up, and take off in the getaway car. They wouldn't even have to set foot inside the factory. Malinow was tempted. Czarnowicz needed money for lawyers, Malinow couldn't depend on his friends' largesse forever, Local 13 was still on strike, and he didn't feel like looking for any other work. Malinow told Hallo-



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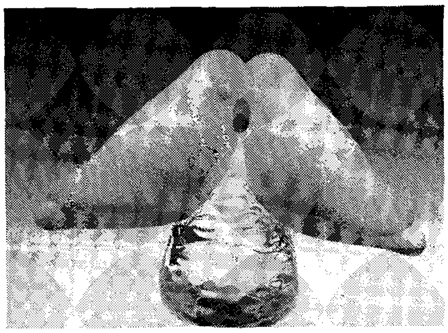

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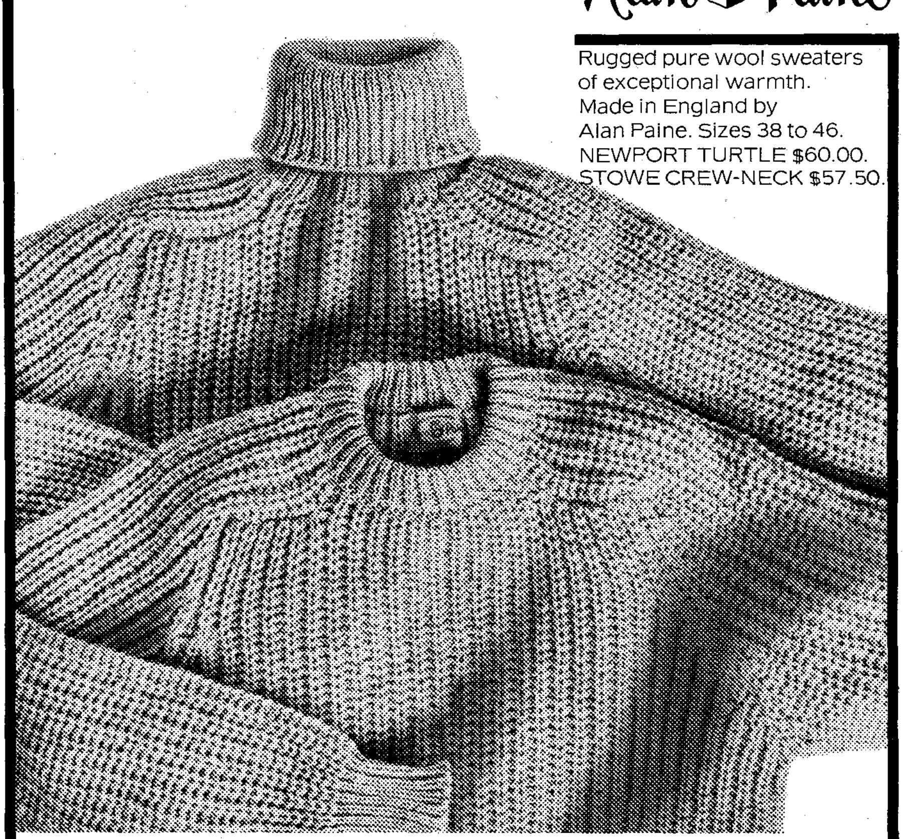
ran about Balboa's proposal. Halloran wasn't working at the time, because things were slow in house-wrecking and metal-lathing in September, 1966, and, as he later said, "you always want to live a little higher than it's possible by working." As it happened, Halloran had recently come into possession of some guns. He had lent a burglar of his acquaintance three hundred dollars. The burglar had admitted he wouldn't be able to pay back the money and had offered him as payment three guns he had stolen in house burglaries. Halloran took them, figuring that three guns were better than nothing. He gave one to a friend and kept the two others. He and Malinow agreed to do the robbery. On October 24, 1966, the day before a payroll was to be delivered to the Bingo Machine Company, Balboa, Malinow, and Halloran went by subway from Queens to the Bronx (where Balboa lived) to look the area over. They made arrangements to meet the following afternoon. Malinow and Halloran were to go from Queens to the Bronx together. Balboa was to be waiting for them, with a car, several blocks away from the factory. When the three men met on the twenty-fifth, Balboa told them he hadn't been able to get a car. Malinow and Halloran were angry. They told Balboa he had put them in danger, letting them go up there with guns. Balboa made a few excuses and walked away. Malinow and Halloran remained on the street, talking about the crime. Malinow was eager to take the payroll now that he was all cranked up for it, and he tried to talk Halloran into it. They could take the payroll exactly as planned, he said, and escape on foot. Halloran thought that that would be too risky: a car was much faster than his legs. Halloran prevailed. The two men were still standing on the curb talking when three unmarked cars pulled up to them. Ten policemen got out of the cars, surrounded them, and ordered them to stand against the wall of a nearby house. Two detectives frisked them and found a .38 gun with five live rounds in Malinow's pocket and a Smith & Wesson .357 with six live rounds on Halloran. They took the two men to the precinct house and arrested them. When Malinow and Halloran were apprehended, they were confused. They wondered how they could have been the victims of such rotten luck. At the precinct house, Halloran found out from a detective friend that their bad luck was Balboa, who had set them up. Malinow later learned that Balboa had been caught violating pa-



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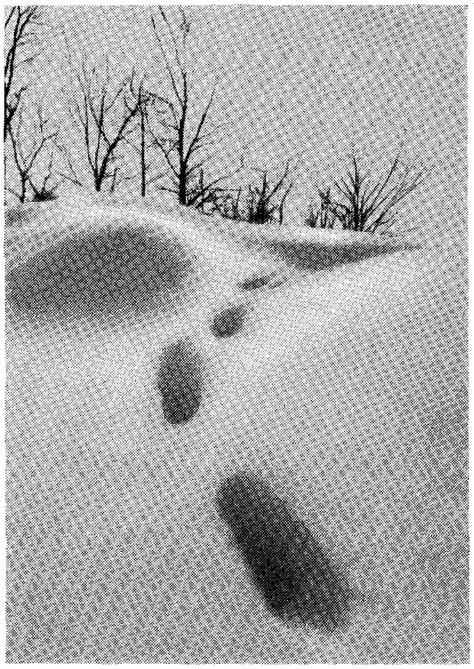

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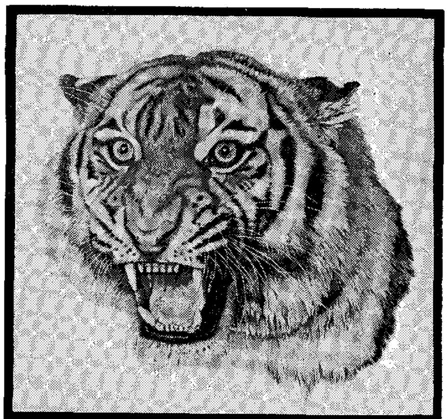
role (he had been forging checks) and had been told by his parole officer and the police that he could either coöperate with them or go back to prison. He had given the parole officer what information he had on the parole violators he knew. When he had no more information to give, he had proposed the robbery to Malinow and Halloran and gone to the police.

Halloran's gun was checked and was proved to have been stolen from a 1964 house burglary. Malinow's gun was believed to have been stolen. When the two men were arraigned in Bronx Criminal Court, on October 26, 1966, they were charged with violation of Section 1897 of the penal code (illegal possession of a firearm) and Section 1308 (receiving stolen property). Halloran was released on ten thousand dollars' bail. Malinow was put in the Bronx House of Detention. When he was interviewed there by his parole officer a few days later, he tried to talk his way out of his predicament, as had long been his custom. He told the parole officer he had done nothing but bring Balboa a gun, as Balboa had ordered him to do. Balboa, he said, had been pressuring him to join him in several criminal ventures. When Malinow rejected all of Balboa's overtures, Balboa had told him that he would "make up a story" and tell it to Malinow's parole officer, and that Malinow would be returned to prison as a parole violator whether or not he had actually done anything wrong. It was only because of this fear that Malinow and Halloran had picked up the guns from their hiding places, as Balboa had directed them, and brought the guns from Queens to the Bronx. When the parole officer pointed out to Malinow that he had gone to prison in 1954 for payroll robbery and that a factory a couple of blocks from the spot where he and Halloran had been arrested had a payroll due on the premises that afternoon, Malinow offered no further statement. In Malinow's violation-of-parole report, the parole officer wrote, "In consideration of this individual's background, it is extremely doubtful that he could be pressured in the manner he describes into becoming involved in the way he did in this matter." The parole officer noted that Malinow hadn't accepted his approved employment with the construction company and hadn't made any effort to find other employment during his seven weeks on the street. Although Malinow had made his weekly parole reports faithfully, it was the parole officer's opinion that Malinow "com-



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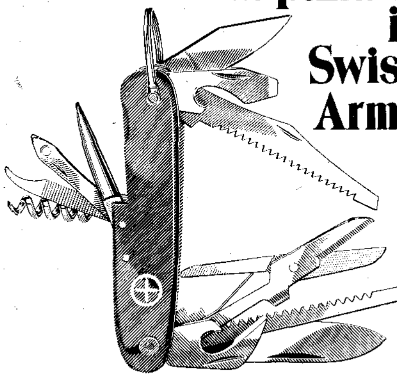

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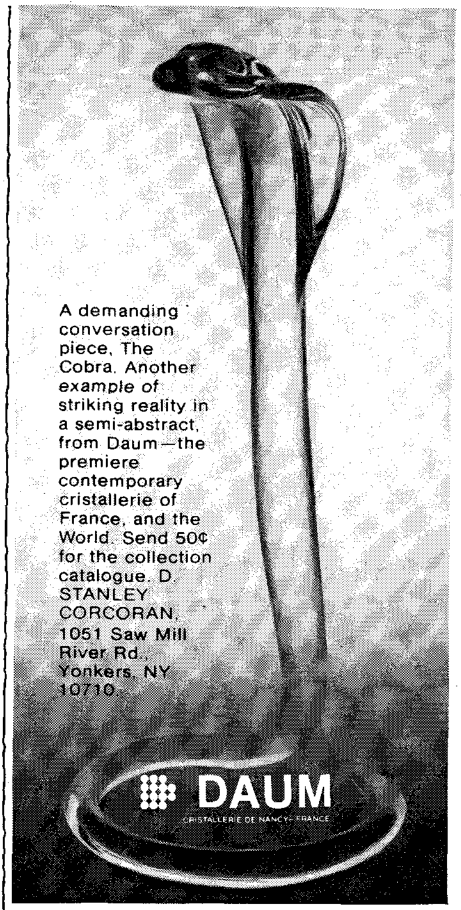

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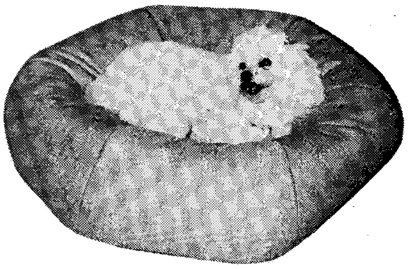

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pletely lacked sincerity in regards to attempting to maintain himself by lawful means." According to the parole officer, "his attempt to adjust to parole supervision could best be described as nonexistent."

Soon after their arrest, Halloran and Malinow hired lawyers. The detectives who stopped them in the Bronx had not had search warrants. Malinow and Halloran hoped to beat the gun rap on the ground of illegal search and seizure. On April 20, 1967, at a pre-trial hearing on the defendants' motion to suppress the discovery of the two guns, the two detectives who had searched them testified that on October 21, 1966, they had received a tip from an informer that several men, including Malinow and Halloran, were going to rob a payroll at the Bingo Machine Company on the afternoon of October 25th. The detectives had gone down to the Bureau of Criminal Identification on October 22nd and had obtained photographs of Malinow and Halloran. They had also studied the rather substantial arrest records of the two men and had decided they were dangerous. On October 24th, they had called on the Bingo Machine Company's bookkeeper, who verified the fact that a payroll would be driven from a company office to the factory on the twenty-fifth. They had decided to stake out the area surrounding the factory that afternoon, and they had spotted two men in the vicinity of the factory. They had recognized Malinow from his photograph and had assumed that the other was Halloran. They felt that there was "probable cause" to search them. The judge agreed. He ruled that the police conduct had been proper. The police had corroborated the informer's information, and so had had probable cause to believe that the two men were armed.

Halloran was afraid that his bail would be revoked after he and Malinow lost on the motion to suppress, and he jumped bail on May 1, 1967. He went upstate, where he took a job for seventy-five dollars a week as a dishwasher in a restaurant owned by the Mafia. Malinow remained in the Bronx House of Detention. He realized there was no point in going to trial. "I knew my record," he says. "And I couldn't justify the gun to a jury the way I could justify it in my mind." He told his lawyer he would cop a plea.

On July 18, 1967 (according to a story in the *News* that appeared two days later under the headline "BREAK BY 7 FOILED IN BRONX JAIL"), a guard at the Bronx House of Deten-

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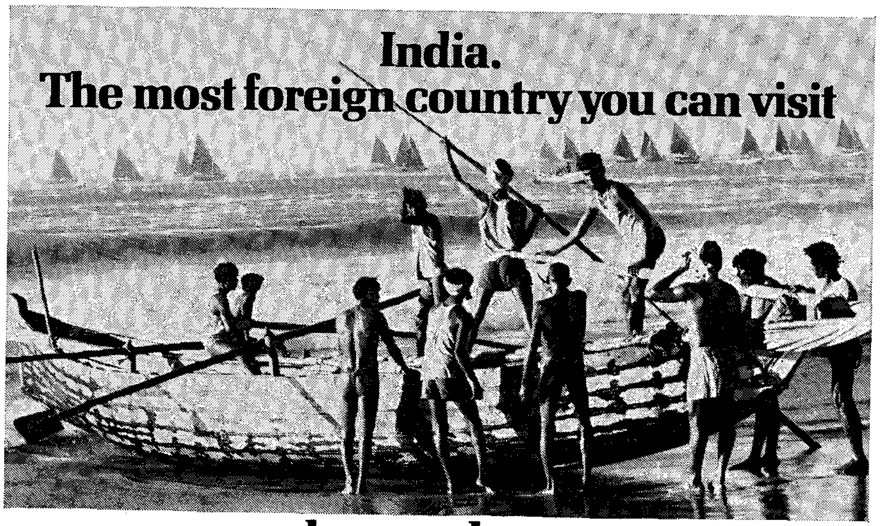

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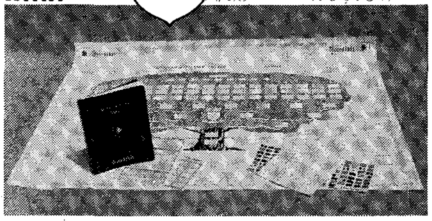

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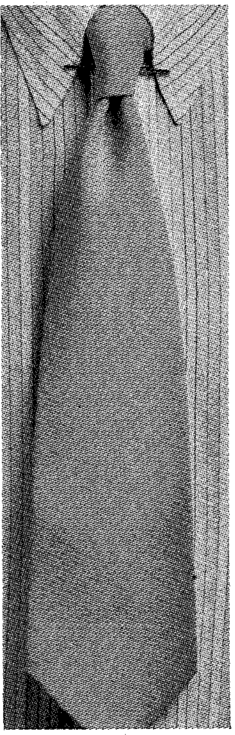

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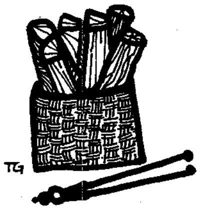
tion was leading forty-one men back to their cells, on the fifth floor, after supper. Two men—Clyde Taylor (who was accused of rape) and Timothy Maloney (a convicted manslaughterer)—held up pencils, indicating that they wanted to sharpen them. The guard locked the thirty-nine others up in their cells while Taylor and Maloney went into a utility room to use the pencil sharpener. Taylor and Maloney then slipped out of the utility room, seized the guard, bound his hands with neckties, opened an empty cell, and threw him in it. Next, they opened the cells of five men with whom they had been planning an escape. The men tried to smash a window that separated the prisoners' area from the visitors' area. Before they succeeded, guards and police, armed with shotguns, who had been tipped off about the impending escape a month earlier, appeared on the scene and stopped them. "The prisoners were surrounded as their alleged leader pounded with a metal mop wringer against a screened window separating the prisoners' section from the visitors'," the *News* reported, citing an account by the Bronx district attorney. "The asserted ringleader, George Malinow, 46 . . . was armed with a metal eyeglass case that had been cut in half and sharpened into a makeshift razor, the D.A. said. As he beat the window, police closed in on him and he 'went berserk.' . . . Malinow raced back into the cell tier where the cons had stashed an unarmed guard . . . into a cell. But the police and other guards reached Malinow first and subdued him. He was treated at Bellevue for cuts. . . . All seven were charged with attempted escape and conspiracy to escape. In addition, Malinow was charged with attempted felonious assault."



Malinow's accounts of the attempt made on July 18, 1967, to escape from the Bronx House of Detention vary from hour to hour, from day to day, and from week to week. Among the recent statements he has made about it are these:

"Had I wanted to escape, it would have been easier for me to escape from the Bronx courtroom where the search-and-seizure hearing was held."

"I wasn't trying to escape on July 18th, but I would have gone a few weeks later. I had a better way. My way was to go into a utility room on the sixth floor, pry open two window bars, go out the utility-room window, and drop five stories to the ground."

"I came out of the cell, but I didn't try to escape."

"I became partly involved and went through with the escape because I felt at first there was a possibility of getting away. The doors flew open, everyone was moving, there was lots of confusion, and I soon saw it was hopeless. I had a mop wringer and I had an eyeglass case, but it wasn't sharpened. I wasn't the ringleader."

Whatever the variations on the theme of the July 18th escape, the villain of all of Malinow's accounts is Maloney. As Malinow later learned, Maloney was often used by the district attorney's office as an informer. He was sent from jail to jail to pick up information on various cases—the Alice Crimmins case, among others—in exchange for leniency in his own case. Halloran believes that Maloney was planted in the Bronx House of Detention in June, 1967, to strike up a friendship with Malinow in order to learn Halloran's whereabouts. Instead, Maloney learned of the escape plan, which Malinow and some of the other prisoners had been working on since February. He tipped off the district attorney's office and then participated in the escape as the secret agent of the district attorney. The *News* did not report Maloney's role as an informer for the D.A.

Malinow refers to the *News* account as "dramatized" except for one passage, which he says was "understated." He received more than cuts in the Bronx jail; he received the worst beating of his life. One of his eyes was badly hurt and all his upper teeth were knocked out by a gun butt. He spent ten days in Bellevue, drifting in and out of consciousness. A month after Malinow got out of the hospital, Halloran was caught while he was visiting the city—he has no idea how the police found him—and was put in the Bronx House of Detention, to which Malinow had been returned. The plea-bargaining process, begun before the escape, resumed.

Malinow was eager to be allowed to plead guilty to a misdemeanor, because he knew that if he was forced to plead guilty to a felony he would be sentenced as a fourth-felony offender, and, according to the penal code in existence in 1966, when the crime was committed, a judge would therefore have to sentence him to fifteen years to life. The Bronx district attorney's office decided against letting Malinow plead guilty to a misdemeanor, because

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if he was allowed to do that he could be out in four years. The district attorney believed that four years was too short a period of time for a man with Malinow's lengthy record. Although the maximum expiration date on Malinow's fifteen-to-thirty-year sentence was 1986, the Parole Board did not require him to do all his delinquent time in prison, as he had done the balance of his 1938 and 1943 sentences; he could be paroled from the fifteen-to-thirty-year sentence in two years. He would then have to do, say, only two more years on a misdemeanor. Over the next few months, Malinow's lawyer, the chairman of the Parole Board, and the Bronx district attorney's office worked out what they thought would be an equitable arrangement. Malinow would have to plead guilty to a felony—attempted possession of a loaded firearm—which would cover all the other outstanding charges against him, including the attempted jail escape. To mitigate the severity of the mandatory fifteen-year-to-life sentence, the district attorney would write a letter to the chairman of the Parole Board indicating his wish that Malinow serve the minimum time on the violation of his old sentence (two years) and the minimum time on his new fifteen-year-to-life sentence (ten years), provided his conduct in prison was good. The district attorney's letter would be put in Malinow's parole folder, where the Parole Board would see it. The judge concurred with this recommendation and, on February 6, 1968, sentenced Malinow to the mandatory fifteen years to life. Halloran, a third-felony offender, was sentenced to three and a half to seven years. Eight days later, Malinow was back in Sing Sing, with a new number—140,887. Upon his return to Sing Sing, he went through the usual initial interrogatories. When asked what he attributed the gun charge to, he said he was drunk. "I just wanted to end those discussions," he says. He asked to be assigned to an idle company. ("I didn't feel like working. I wanted to be left alone.") He listed Auburn as his transfer preference: he had a friend who was there, Auburn was said to be the best-feeding joint in the state, and it was supposed to be a good place to do legal work. Malinow planned to appeal his latest conviction. On March 12, 1968, Malinow was transferred to Attica. He assumes he was sent there because it was considered a "maximum-maximum-security prison," and he now had the attempted Bronx escape on his record. Soon after he got to Attica, he had his parole-violation hearing. The Parole Board held him two years on his delinquent time and ordered him to reappear in 1970. In January, 1970, he was paroled from his fifteen-to-thirty-year sentence to start his new sentence. With a minimum of fifteen years, less a year and three months and twenty-two days' jail time, less four years and six months and twenty-three days' possible good time, Malinow would have to serve a minimum of nine years, one month, and fifteen days. He would first be eligible to meet the Parole Board on February 27, 1979. When Malinow is reminded of his many broken pledges to the Parole Board, he says, "There were many times when I was very sincere about what I told the Parole Board, but future developments caused me to change my feelings." When he is asked what his motive was for the abortive 1966 robbery, he says, "I wanted to accomplish in a few minutes what it would have taken me months to accomplish legitimately." When he is asked why he would risk life imprisonment within seven weeks of getting out of prison after thirteen years, he says simply, "You wouldn't understand."

MALINOW took an instant dislike to Attica when he arrived there. "Attica gave me a dismal feeling, a feeling of barrenness," he says. "Many of the guards had stern faces—faces even sterner than the faces of the guards at Clinton—and a very rigid manner of speaking." On March 16th, four days after his arrival, he requested a transfer to Green Haven. He was told that his transfer elsewhere would not be considered for several years. He resigned himself to making the best of his situation. As always, he found some guards he liked, and made friends with some of the inmates, who gave him the nickname Popeye because he talked so much about the sea. Spring was coming, so he procured an outdoor job, on the grading gang, which mowed lawns, fixed sidewalk cracks, and did other maintenance work. The grading gang locked on A block and was presided over by a good guard. In November, 1968, with winter coming on, Malinow got himself an indoor job, in the state shop, which issued inmates their prison clothes. The state-shop guard was also decent, but the state-shop inmates locked on D block—a

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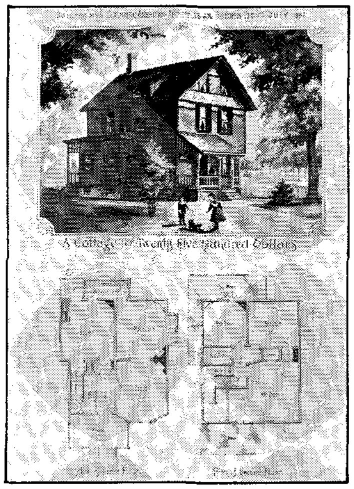
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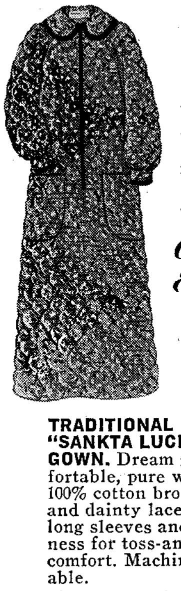

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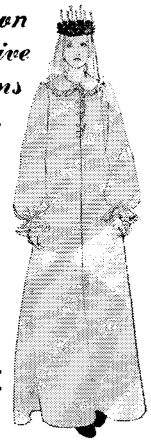

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block that Malinow didn't particularly care for. He kept the job about a year and a half. In the summer of 1970, he applied for a job as a porter on A block and was made the block's feed-up man: he brought food from the mess hall to the keeplocks and invalids on the block. He preferred A block to D block, he says, but explains, "The main reason I changed jobs was that you always look for a little variety and a little advancement. A feed-up man has to travel around the prison. Guards get to know your face. If your personality is friendly, they let you slide with a number of things. They don't ask what's in the swag bag you're carrying." During his first three years at Attica, Malinow had a perfect disciplinary record. His work reports were all favorable. He pursued his 1968 conviction with as little success as he had had in appealing his 1954 conviction. He got to know and like Leon Vincent, the principal keeper at Attica, and to be known and liked by Vincent. In April, 1971, Malinow had his first operation in prison, for a hernia, and was pleased by the treatment he received from the outside doctor who performed the operation in the prison hospital.

In the spring of 1971, Malinow felt that the prison was becoming more and more tense racially. He foresaw trouble between the young black militants, who were coming to prison in ever-increasing numbers, and the Attica guards, all of whom were white. In July, 1971, Malinow again requested a transfer to Green Haven. He was told that his name would be added to the list; he would be sent there when the opportunity arose. Before it did, the Attica riot took place.

When the riot began, as a minor incident, on September 9, 1971, Malinow was still a porter, locking on A block. He and his friends, most of whom were white, hoped to isolate themselves within A block for the duration of the trouble, but were forced by other inmates to go to the D-block yard, where they spent the next four days. At first, they thought the riot would be a black-vs.-white confrontation, because they knew that some of the hatred that the blacks felt toward the white guards extended to the white inmates whom the white guards favored. Malinow and his friends therefore climbed up to the roof of a covered passageway in D yard, believing that they would be safer at a high elevation. They stayed there even after it turned out that the riot was not a race riot after all. Although they were sympathetic to many of the demands for

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change at Attica, they played a passive role during the riot. They didn't serve as spokesmen, they weren't on the negotiating committee, they didn't guard the hostages. They simply ate, slept, and built a wall out of some heavy planks and tried to barricade themselves behind it, in the hope of deflecting the bullets they expected when the prison was retaken, as they knew it would be. When the state police took Attica back, on September 13th, Malinow was still on the passageway roof. He says he was blown off the roof by a tear-gas cannister dropped from a helicopter, and fell twenty feet to the ground. Upon landing, he suffered a concussion and went into shock. He was carried out of the yard on a stretcher. His pulse was apparently undetectable, because two doctors pronounced him dead and put a death tag around his wrist. He was paralyzed—he couldn't speak or move, or even blink—but he was able to hear everything, including the information that he was to be taken to the morgue. As he was worrying about suffocating in the morgue refrigerator, a third doctor examined him with a stethoscope, detected a heartbeat, and gave him a shot of adrenalin. He was carried to the hospital.

A month later, Malinow and many other Attica inmates were transferred to Green Haven. In January, 1972, he was brought back to Attica under what he claims were false pretenses; he says he was told he would be asked to testify about his riot injuries. When he reached Attica, he was asked to testify against some of the inmates who were being charged with murdering guards. He refused to coöperate, drew up some writs in which he successfully convinced a federal judge that he was being unfairly pressured, and was returned to Green Haven in March, 1972, the month in which Leon Vincent became its superintendent.

In 1974, Malinow wrote a long letter to the chairman of the Parole Board, asking that the time he had left to serve on his fifteen-to-life sentence be shortened by three and a quarter years: he wanted the Parole Board to let him start his new sentence in 1966 (when he was arrested), rather than in 1970 (when he was paroled from his previous sentence and began the new one). Malinow justified his request for this consideration primarily by recounting his conduct before and during the Attica riot. His letter read, in part:

> Approximately five (5) months before the riot broke out, there came a time

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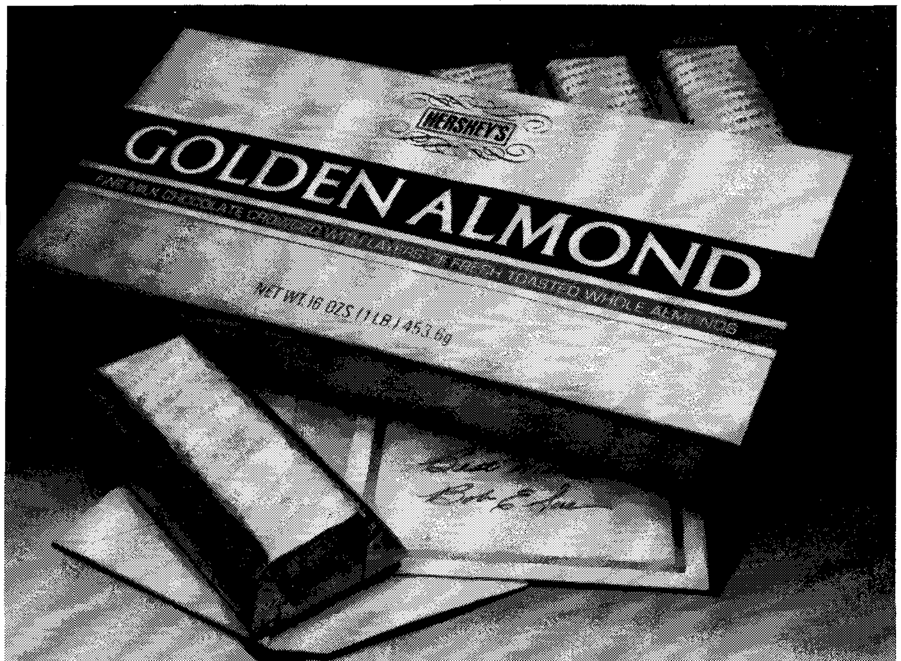

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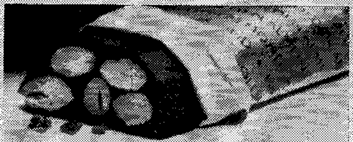

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where a Lt. Matthew Bryant (since retired) approached me while I was working as A-Block porter, and inquired whether I had heard anything definite with regard to the black militants who locked on 5 gallery in A-Block, intending to attack all the A-Block officers the next morning when they came out to go to breakfast. Lt. Bryant had known me for several years at that time and we had a friendly relationship. I stated that I had obtained definite information that that was not any rumor, but true and also, the militants intended to attack the white inmates in A-Block too.

Lt. Bryant was in an awkward position since such rumors had many times been heard previously and never proved true so he was reluctant to react in haste with respect to the chain of command over him. However, he realized that if it did happen, the lives of the officers in A-Block would be in danger, etc.

Lt. Bryant asked me if I'd agree to gather all the "old-timer" inmate friends of mine locking in A-Block, and speak to them to determine whether we would assist the officers should trouble break out. I did and we all agreed since we also expected to be attacked. Lt. Bryant ordered all the cells I gave him a list of to be opened before any other cell was on the morning of that expected trouble by the black militants. I and my associates, numbering approximately 125 inmates all armed ourselves and assembled ourselves, in groups, in front of every correction officer on duty then in the open areas of A-Block. When the black militants came out to go to breakfast, they surged toward the hall captain's office desk toward about six to eight officers.

As they did so—although they did not display their weapons, we raised our weapons and formed a double line in front of all the officers so that for the militants to reach the officers, they'd have to pass us first. They didn't expect to be confronted by us and were surprised and not prepared to cope with that situation. They gathered amongst themselves and then proceeded to go to breakfast to the mess hall. We remained with the officers all that morning but nothing happened as these said militants returned to their cells and were kept locked in for several days until the situation could be reached as it was later on.

At that time—I can now only recall some of those officers names—as follows; Hall Captain—C.O. Oliver Davies; and Lt. Bryant.

During the time that the riot first broke out early in that morning I was working on my job assignment in A Block. Before we realized what was happening—large fires were blazing all about and inmates chasing and assaulting officers all about the yards, roofs (tunnel) and the blocks and corridor tunnel halls. A large group from the location of the other side of that institution came charging to A-Block cells and C.O. area, assaulting officers, etc. I and my gallery associates grouped immediately and placed ourselves around three A-Block officers we worked for, to prevent any of the assaulting inmates from hurting said officers. I explained to those attacking inmates that we personally knew these officers to have never done anything unjustly to any inmate, during all the years we've known them and we weren't going to let no one harm them. The militants were satisfied with the explanation I gave to them but insisted these three officers had to be locked into empty cells on A-Block. I couldn't prevent that but I and my group of associates insisted we intended to accompany them (militants) to assure that these officers weren't harmed. This was done. Before we had to leave these officers, I and my friends brought them cigarettes, food and soap and towels since the militants took all their personal items they had on them away (wallets, money, smokes, etc.).

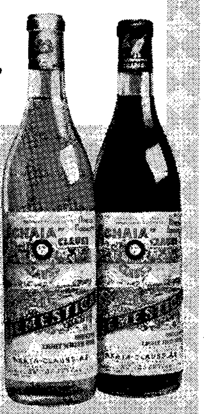
Later on—a different group outnumbering my associates and myself by over 10 to 1, and all armed with weapons, knives, gas guns, etc., came to A-Block and demanded we proceed and go to D-Block yard where everybody else was forced to go. Since we were not in any position to resist, we had to comply.

The above can be substantiated by the Supt. here at Green Haven Facility—Mr. Leon Vincent, as Mr. Vincent was Principal Keeper at Attica Facility, at the time of the Attica riot.

When Lieutenant Bryant was recently apprised of the contents of Malinow's letter, he said, "The first incident Malinow relates is made up. I worked with inmates for thirty-five years. I'm an old-timer. I know inmates. I'd never encourage inmates to take things into their own hands like that." Bryant couldn't recall the second incident, either, and didn't remember Malinow. Oliver Davies had no recollection whatever of the first incident that Malinow described, although he remembered Malinow well and regarded him as a good inmate, one whom he had liked, and who he believed would try to help an officer if he could. Davies, who was working on A block on September 9, 1971, was one of the first two men hurt at Attica. He, another guard, and a lieutenant barricaded themselves into a cell on A block. Davies was later taken hostage, blindfolded, and led to D yard, where he stayed until September 13th. "No inmates protected me in any way," he says. As for Malinow's letter, Davies says that there were any number of men who wanted to get out of prison and who wrote letters to the Parole Board describing their heroic deeds during the Attica riot, in the hope of receiving early-release consideration. In 1974, Leon Vincent wrote a short letter to the Parole Board and sent it along with Malinow's letter. "The statements he is making concerning his role prior to and during the Attica uprising are true," Vincent wrote. When he was asked in 1976 about Malinow's conduct during the riot, Vincent said he didn't remember anything about it. "Vincent probably just took Malinow's word for what he had done," Davies says.

Malinow isn't disappointed that Bryant's and Davies' Attica memories don't coincide with his. "They'd be hurting themselves too much with all their prison cronies if they admitted I'd helped them," he says. "And why would they jeopardize their pensions for me? I'm just an inmate. I know what happened. I wouldn't have written the Parole Board if it wasn't true." Malinow has never told any inmates at Green Haven that he helped any guards at Attica. "They wouldn't approve," he says. In any event, the chairman of the Parole Board denied his request.

When Malinow was transferred from Attica to Green Haven in early 1972, he was evaluated by a counsellor. On an inmate-admission form, the counsellor described his future outlook as "very poor . . . strictly a recidivist." The counsellor's custodial recommendation was "Suggest extreme security." Leon Vincent disregarded the custodial recommendation. To work outside the wall at Green Haven in the early seventies, an inmate had to be within a year or two of meeting with the Board or being released. In 1972, Malinow still had seven years to go before meeting with the Board. Superintendent Vincent gave him a job working outside the wall—at his house. Many guards disapproved of Malinow's work assignment; he claims that several placed bets on when he'd take off from the superintendent's house. Vincent didn't worry. "Malinow was an old-timer," he says. "When an old-timer gave you his word, it was his bond." Malinow admits that there were times while he was standing outside the house, watching the cars streak by, when he was tempted. He says he didn't run—as another man assigned to Vincent's house later did—because Vincent was the first official in all his years in prison who had really gone out of his way to show him consideration, and he would never have let him down. "I loved that man," he says. Vincent took Malinow along with him to the dock where he kept his houseboat, and allowed him to attend services at a local church with a civilian who worked at his house, and no guard. Vincent was a prankster by nature, and liked to tease Malinow. "It's too quiet in the prison. Let's have some excitement," he said to Malinow one day, tossing him the keys to his car. A guard who was in the room reached into his



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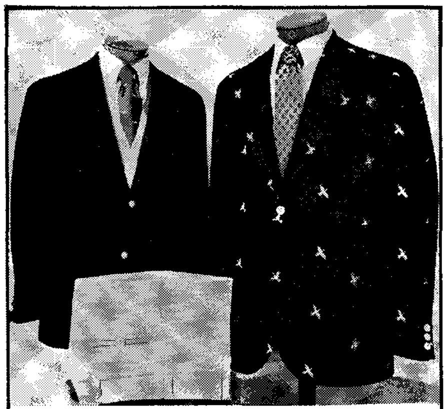

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pocket and handed Malinow some bills. "Here, you'll need some cash," he said. Malinow returned the keys and the money.

After a few months at the house, Malinow asked to go back inside, because he couldn't get along with one of the guards assigned to Vincent's house, a man of Polish ancestry, whom he described as "a stubborn Polack—just like me." Malinow became a superintendent's runner, doing assorted errands for Vincent in the Administration Building and all over the prison. The female clerical workers in the area outside Vincent's office liked Malinow; one brought him a bottle of hair dye, so he could blacken his graying hair. He was always polite to the women, and dressed neatly, often with an ascot under his shirt, to please them. One of his tasks as a superintendent's runner was to set the lunch table for the Parole Board commissioners during the week each month when they met at Green Haven. Once, a few minutes before the Board's lunch was to begin, Vincent grabbed a pitcher of water and threw it at Malinow, who was standing near the table. Malinow ducked. The water landed on the table. Malinow hastily reset the table. He enjoyed Vincent's clowning around. Many of the officers, sergeants, and lieutenants at Green Haven did not approve of a superintendent who indulged in such antics with an inmate.

Life at Green Haven between 1972 and 1975 was more agreeable for Malinow than life in prison had ever been for him before, partly because of his relationship with Vincent, and partly because of some of the changes in prison that came about after the Attica riot. As a superintendent's runner, Malinow was housed on J block, the prison's honor block at the time, where the inmates lived in tiny rooms rather than in cells. Patrick Halloran, who got out of prison in 1971, after serving four and a half years on his three-and-a-half-to-seven-year sentence, came up quite often to visit Malinow, along with Carl Terra, a former Green Haven inmate; visits from former inmates had rarely been approved in earlier years. Halloran and Terra brought Malinow generous food packages and deposited money in his account. He was more prosperous than he had ever been before in prison. After Attica, correspondence regulations also became more liberal. Letters, previously limited in number and in length and content, could be sent to many people, could reach any length, and were no longer censored. Malinow

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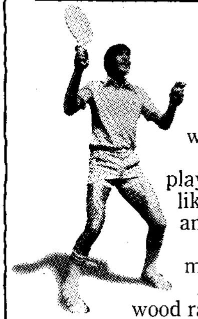

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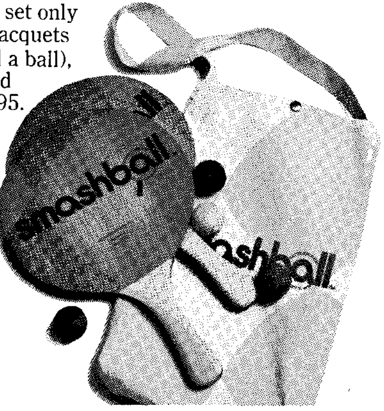

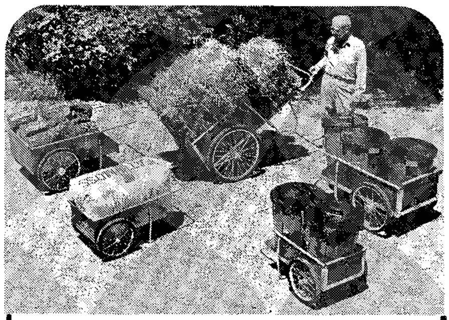

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acquired a number of pen pals in the United States and one in the Philippines—a young woman named Liwayway Ona, a poor salesgirl who lived in a small town that lacked electricity. After corresponding with Malinow for a few months, Miss Ona wrote to Green Haven to ask about Malinow. She wanted to know who this man was who was sending her photographs of himself and letters that all sounded the same, who gave her to understand that he was very rich and that he wanted to come to the Philippines to marry her and spend a large sum of money on the wedding. "Jesus. Is George sane or otherwise?" she inquired. A Green Haven service-unit counsellor replied that Malinow was serving a sentence of fifteen years to life after pleading guilty to possession of a gun, and that he was scheduled to meet with the Parole Board in February, 1979, for release consideration. Malinow was told about Miss Ona's letter, which didn't upset him. "You have to understand, she's a foreigner," he says. "They have a different culture. She felt she had to check to see if I was giving her a line." Nor did the service unit's reply trouble Miss Ona, who continued writing to Malinow and sending him photographs of herself and her family. Instead of spending the money from Halloran and a couple of other friends on himself, Malinow sent it to Miss Ona. On one occasion, he sent her three hundred dollars, and on other occasions fifty or a hundred dollars. He also sent many gifts—jewelry and pocketbooks for her, basketballs for her nieces and nephews. Miss Ona now signs her letters "Liwayway Ona Malinow," which pleases Malinow. When she recently received a photograph he had sent her of one of his inmate friends holding his child, Miss Ona wrote back to say that she was looking forward to holding their first child. She said she wanted at least six children with Malinow. "That made me feel real good," he says. His friends think Miss Ona is taking him for all he is worth. Only a few of his friends know that he has a son; those men wonder why he has never done anything for Arthur.

Leon Vincent retired in May, 1975. Several months later, Malinow lost his job as a superintendent's runner. The new superintendent, a straitlaced man, didn't like the idea of inmates working around women. Malinow was also implicated in a romance that had flourished in the Administration Building between an inmate and a female civilian employee. He was later absolved of

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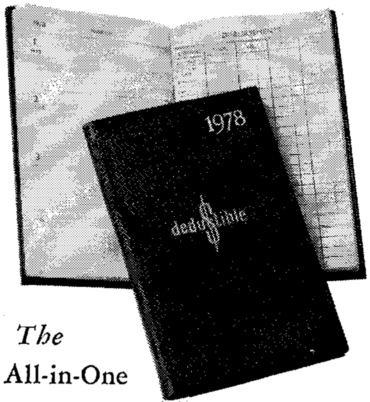

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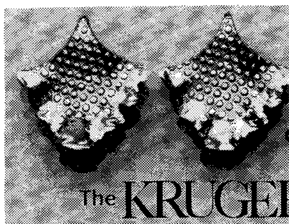

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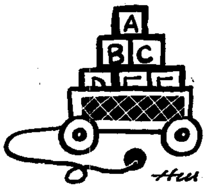
complicity in the romance by the Inmate Grievance Committee. He was given a job as a clerk in the parole-clothing department, in the basement of the Administration Building, in December, 1975.

Whoever chanced to meet George Malinow at Green Haven in January, 1976, met a man who had resigned himself to being in prison until he first became eligible for parole, on February 27, 1979, and who was keeping as busy as he could in the meantime. He liked his job in parole clothing, he was active in the prison Jaycees chapter, and he was president of Green Haven's Holy Name Society. Although his last four years in prison had been easier than the earlier prison years and he was usually quite cheerful, he occasionally grew melancholy at the thought that he might die in prison before the three years were up. He confided his fear of dying in prison to a couple of close friends.



Late one night in mid-February, 1976, Malinow was in bed, reading a parole newsletter that many inmates receive. He came across an article that seemed to say that a certain law he had known of and had never believed to be applicable to his case might apply to him after all; Section 70.30 of the penal code allowed the time a man had served on a previous sentence to count toward the minimum of his next sentence and to see the Parole Board right away. Malinow got out the box in which he keeps his legal papers and did some arithmetic. He figured out that he had served nine years, six months, and thirteen days—from February 23, 1957, until September 6, 1966—on his fifteen-to-thirty-year sentence for the Devon payroll robbery. With jail credits and good time, he had nine years, one month, and fifteen days (from January 13, 1970, to February 27, 1979) to do on the current sentence. The nine years, six months, and thirteen days was greater than the nine years, one month, and fifteen days, so he should be a "PIE"—a Parole Immediately Eligible—case. He was so excited he couldn't sleep at all that night. At seven-fifteen the next morning, when his cell door and the gate to his tier opened, he bounded down to parole clothing and phoned a sergeant of his acquaintance who worked in the superintendent's office. He reported his findings to the sergeant, who agreed with them and helped him get his papers into the hands of Green Haven's head clerk. On February 19th, the head clerk classified Malinow as a PIE case and put him on the list of men who would meet with the Parole Board the next time it came to Green Haven—the week beginning March 22nd.

The next four weeks were busy ones for Malinow as he once again got caught up in the pre-parole crash program. He went to see a prison doctor and had a physical examination. The doctor found him in "excellent condition." He went to see a psychiatrist for a pre-parole psychiatric interview. After talking to Malinow for five minutes, the psychiatrist decided he was a "moderately poor" parole risk because of his recidivism. He also said—Green Haven's psychiatrists are given to hedging their bets—that his age and "recent devotion to positive humanitarian activities" (Malinow had told the psychiatrist he was involved with the financial adoption of children abroad) were "good signs." Malinow was also interviewed by his parole officer, who described his attitude as "cooperative yet guarded in thought and information." He refused to discuss his 1966 crime with the parole officer, "due to the possibility of reopening the case," and wouldn't say whether he was guilty or innocent of it. When he was asked about his friendships at Green Haven, he said he had "hundreds of associates . . . but no real friends." He did admit to "a great need for material possession." Green Haven's chief parole officer sent a form letter to the Bronx district attorney inquiring whether the district attorney had any recommendations to make in Malinow's case. Unknown to Malinow, the chief parole officer received a form letter back from the district attorney's office which read, "Please be advised that this office makes no recommendation regarding the inmate's possible release on parole."

In late February and early March, Malinow was happier than he had been in a decade. He had his shaggy hair neatly trimmed by a friend. (He later insisted that the haircut wasn't for the Parole Board's benefit.) He obtained a place in a halfway house for newly released prisoners in Manhattan. In parole clothing, he selected a pair of dark-blue pants, a gray-blue blazer, and a gray-blue-and-white plaid tie to wear home. He tried on a light-blue leisure suit in his size and put it aside, along with some other clothes, to mail home to a friend: he would need an up-to-date new wardrobe after his release. Malinow had given up smoking in 1975 and had taken to popping candy into his mouth whenever he got the urge to smoke. He had gained a few pounds, and the leisure suit was snug. He started smoking several packs of cigarettes a day and eating only one meal. He wrapped up some of his many personal possessions and took them down to parole clothing, so that he wouldn't have too much packing to do after he made parole. He was absolutely certain he would be released. A promise was a promise, and he had a copy of the district attorney's letter to the chairman of the Parole Board asking that he be granted parole the first time he met with the Board if he had behaved himself in prison, which he certainly had. He hadn't had a misbehavior report for almost four and a half years.

Malinow went to the Parole Board on Monday, March 22, 1976. His five-minute hearing was similar to the hearings of most of the other men who met the Board that month and every month at Green Haven. New York State has twelve parole commissioners, who travel in threesomes to the various state prisons. In 1976, they usually spent five days a month at Green Haven. The three Parole Board commissioners divide the cases they are scheduled to hear, each member taking every third case. While one commissioner questions a subject, the two others riffle through the parole folders of their next subjects, which they haven't had a chance to look at ahead of time.

The commissioner who had Malinow's folder didn't seem to like what he read, and gave Malinow what Malinow considered a contemptuous look: an inauspicious beginning. He asked Malinow how much time he had in and what he had done to better himself during that time. Malinow answered concisely and courteously. The commissioner then asked him why he thought the Board ought to let him out. Malinow mentioned his good behavior record, his good work record, and his involvement in many prison programs. He also said he had changed his whole way of thinking since 1966. To his dismay, the commissioner started to lecture him, in an angry tone. "Look at this record," he said. "Prison, prison, nothing but prison. You keep promising to stay out, and you keep coming back. You're a threat to the community. Nothing you've said justifies your going out. You've got a criminal record that goes back to your childhood."

Malinow fought to control himself. Without raising his voice, he told the commissioner that if people had taken an interest in him as a child and had

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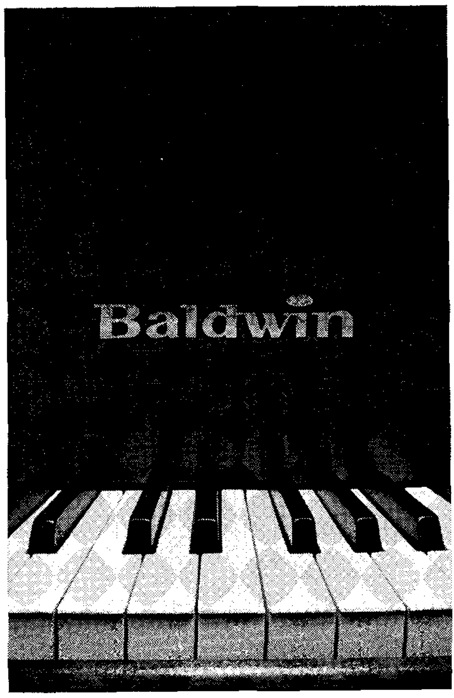

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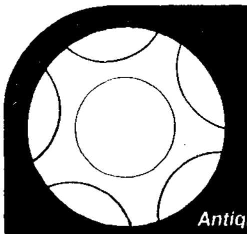

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gone out of their way to help him he wouldn't be in the situation he was in today. As soon as the words were out of his mouth, he realized that they hadn't sat well with the commissioner, so he returned to the matter of his lengthy record. He told the commissioner that both the district attorney and the sentencing judge were fully aware of his long record when he was sentenced and yet both had agreed that he should be released the first time he met the Board. Why should the commissioner think otherwise? The commissioner didn't react. "I can't undo my record," Malinow said. "I've got over nine years in for carrying a gun. That's twice as long as many men get today for a string of robberies and muggings. I've paid my debt to society. I don't owe society nothing."

The commissioner asked Malinow about his future plans. Malinow said he hoped to go into the construction business in the Philippines. The commissioner thanked him. Malinow left the room.

Some men leave their Parole Board hearings not knowing whether they have made parole. The questions and answers are usually routine, and the atmosphere is fairly polite. A few months earlier, however, a good friend of Malinow's had gone before the Board. The commissioner asked him what he had done for himself in prison. The man, a robber with three convictions, said he had taken some college courses, had earned his two-year degree, and was working on his B.A. "You were a pretty good thief before you got an education, so you'll be an even better thief when you get out," the commissioner said. Malinow's friend was not surprised when he received a fifteen-month "hit," after which he promptly abandoned work on his B.A. Malinow knew when he left the room that he would be turned down for parole. The commissioner had been hostile. The Parole Board can hit a man with as little as a month, as much as two years. A short hit (three or six months) is regarded as a sign to the next Board to let him go if his behavior has remained good. Malinow thought he would get a short hit—perhaps three months, perhaps six. The Board's decisions aren't given to inmates until the end of the week, after the commissioners have left Green Haven. On March 22nd, Malinow asked an officer in parole clothing to find out the results of his hearing; two Green Haven parole officers and a guard are in the room when the Parole Board commissioners dictate their decisions on the cases

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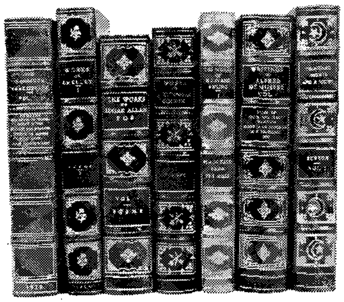

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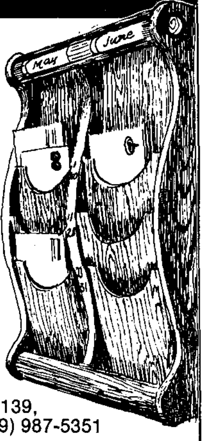

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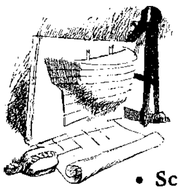

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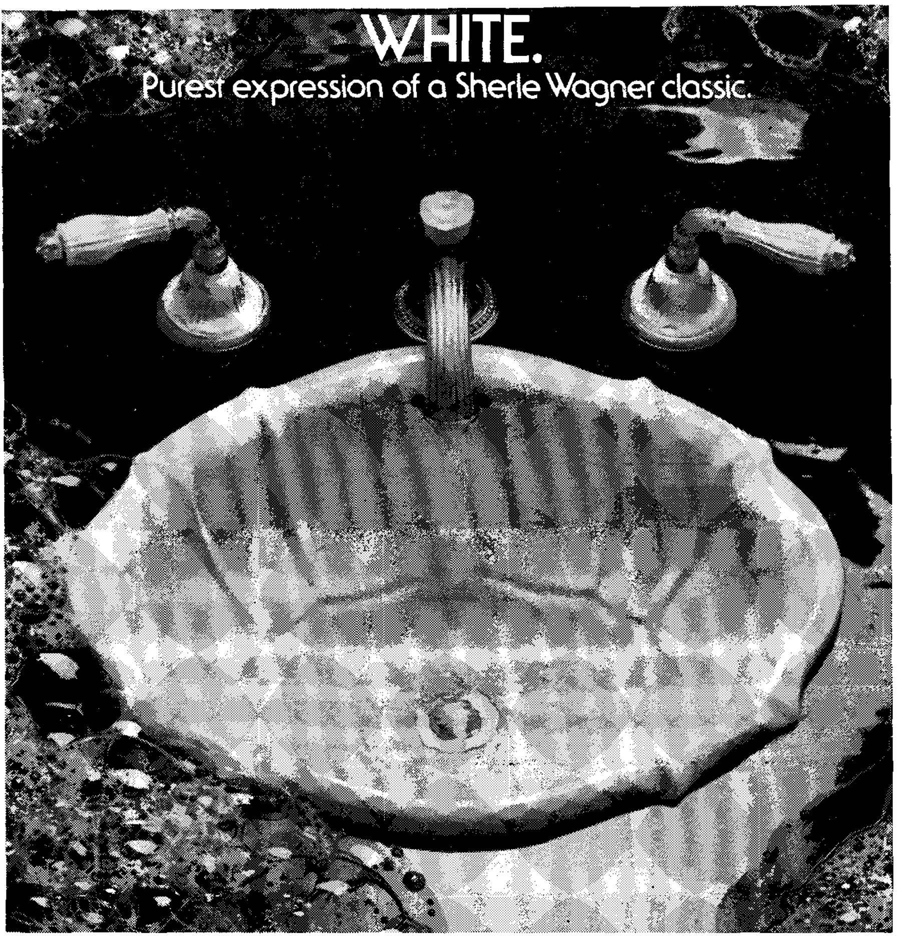
they have heard. The following morning, Malinow was stunned to learn from the parole-clothing officer that he had been hit with twenty-one months. He was officially notified of the Board's decision on March 26th. On March 27th, Malinow received a list of the Board's reasons for denying him parole. The Board is required to give reasons. In Malinow's case, it gave six:

(1) You have had nine (9) convictions and four (4) felony convictions.
(2) You do not learn from experience.
(3) You have violated parole and probation in the past.
(4) You were on parole when present crime was committed.
(5) You have unrealistic plans for the future.
(6) You need more time in institutional programs to prepare to live within the laws of society.

Although Malinow had made parole the first time he met with the Board on every other occasion, he seems, like many prisoners, to hate parole even more than he hates prison. He knows of too many cases in which men with similar records have gone to the Board and one has been granted parole, the other denied it. Often, one man draws an easygoing commissioner or a commissioner who is in a good mood, another a tough commissioner or a commissioner in a bad mood. The parole system makes most men feel helpless, because they know that no matter how exemplary their work and behavior records are in prison, if their crimes are serious the Board will simply decide they haven't got the time in, and keep hitting them. Thus, Neil Shea, a cop-killer, knew after the Board had hit him twice that "they ain't never going to let me out," and escaped from Green Haven. As for Malinow, he thought that most of the reasons for denying him parole were either inaccurate or beside the point. He did have four felony convictions, but by his reckoning he didn't have nine convictions. It was true that he had violated parole and probation in the past, but although he had violated parole, he had still been re-paroled, and he personally knew hundreds of men (and had heard of thousands) who had violated parole many times and had been re-paroled. He didn't consider his plans to go to the Philippines unrealistic; he had written a letter to President Ferdinand E. Marcos of the Philippines, and he had received a reply from the Philippine consulate, a copy of which had been put in his parole folder, for the parole commissioner to see, inviting him to call the consulate to discuss his plans when he could. And, goodness



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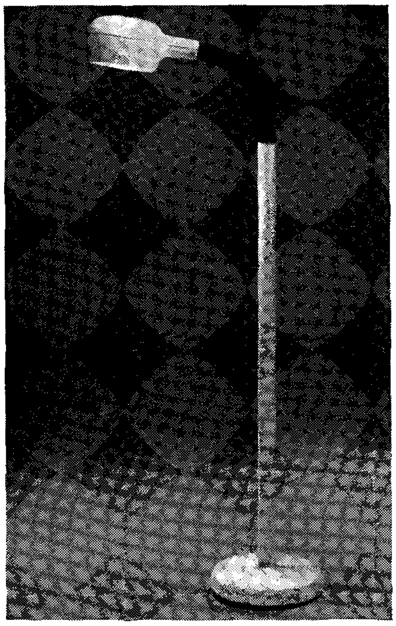

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knows, eight years in institutional programs at Attica and Green Haven was long enough to prepare anyone to live within the laws of society.

For a few days, Malinow appeared a defeated man. He sulked, he brooded, he was unusually quiet. He didn't accept defeat long. In April, he was busy fighting the adverse Parole Board decision. In May, he decided to go to court to contend that he had been denied parole for insufficient reasons, as many other inmates have done in recent years. Judges have often ruled that the Board's reasons were inadequate and have ordered inmates back to the Parole Board for rehearings, especially when, as in Malinow's case, the Board didn't give specific suggestions on how an inmate's behavior in prison had been deficient or how he could improve it to meet the Board's standards.

Malinow had also decided to fight his battle to get out of prison on a second legal front. He had taken a plea based on the fact that a district attorney and a judge had made a recommendation that he be released the first time he met with the Board if his conduct in prison was good. He had kept his part of the bargain, but for some reason their recommendation hadn't been followed by the Parole Board. He filed what is known as a 440 petition—a motion to vacate judgment—in which he contended that promises made by a district attorney to induce a plea must be fulfilled. The wheels of justice, such as it is, grind slowly, but in late 1976 Malinow learned that the district attorney's office had sent the form letter to the chief parole officer at Green Haven in error, and in early 1977 he had the district attorney on his side. On January 10, 1977, a member of the district attorney's appeals bureau wrote to the office of the chairman of the Parole Board to say that the form letter had been sent by mistake and that the district attorney's office stood by its original recommendation. The district attorney requested that a determination be made whether in reaching its March, 1976, decision the Board had relied upon the form letter that had been erroneously sent, and whether the Board had before it the original letter of recommendation. The letter concluded:

> Since the Board is required by statute to consider any recommendation made by the District Attorney in reaching its decision, the position of the District Attorney is obviously material to the Board's decision-making process. Due to the promise made by us to Mr. Malinow upon his plea, we feel obligated to pursue the possibility that our error affected the Board's decision adversely to Mr. Malinow's interests.

In January, 1977, Malinow felt certain that he would get out when he saw the Board, no doubt in February. In February, he felt certain he would get out when he got back to the Board, surely in March. And if not in March—well, no one could keep him from meeting the Board in December, 1977, twenty-one months after his March, 1976, hit.

AFTER Malinow met with the Parole Board in March, 1976, he began to talk a great deal about his post-prison plans. He knows he will need a job after he is paroled, to satisfy his parole officer. His old friend is still the business representative of Local 13, and Malinow has written to him. He expects he will get a job through Local 13, because of "past favors" (an expression he prefers to "strong-arm work") that he has done for the union. Local 13's members are currently earning three hundred and fifteen dollars a week—nine dollars an hour for a thirty-five-hour week. Should Local 13 be on strike when Malinow gets out, as it was in 1966, he is considering other jobs. Perhaps his nephew, William Muller, will help him get a job in his field, bridge painting, which also pays very well. Or perhaps, through friends in another union, he will be offered a job as a doorman. "Doormen only get two hundred a week, but I hear the tips are good," Malinow says. "You take an old lady's snooty little poodle around the block and she tips you twenty bucks." He is sure his friends will give him some money, as they did in 1966, to help him get started. He would like to buy some furniture for a three-room apartment he plans to rent in Brooklyn or Queens. (He has no intention of staying in a halfway house.) He doesn't expect to keep a salaried job long. "A conventional, stagnated life isn't for me," he says. "If I had thought that would bring me happiness, I could have done that at seventeen. I'm still interested in big money."

Once he is out, he plans to buy two books. One, entitled "How to Rob Banks Legally," is a book he first heard about in 1975, when he took an economics course taught by an inmate at Green Haven. Under the guise of teaching economics, the inmate gave lessons in such subjects as how to get a number of simultaneous loans from banks by bending but not quite breaking the law. Malinow believes he can go to five different banks, all in an hour's time, and obtain five ten-thousand-dollar loans. "Each bank will ask if I have any other outstanding loans, and I'll say no, which is unethical but not illegal, so each will give me ten thou, and by the time they check up on me—if they even bother to do so—it will be too late," he says. He will put the fifty thousand dollars in a commercial bank and borrow more money against that. With the four hundred thousand dollars he thinks he can borrow against the fifty thousand, he will invest in an apartment building. He has been receiving brochures from the Department of Housing and Urban Development during his last couple of years at Green Haven, and knows of many apartment buildings with theoretically attractive rent rolls which H.U.D. is trying to sell. With the rent money coming in, he will be able to make his mortgage payments and his loan payments, and will clear a few thousand dollars a month. "I'll be a millionaire within three years," he says.

The second book he plans to buy is a biography of the late gambler Nick the Greek. The book gives Nick the Greek's winning formula for playing dice. Malinow once read it but has forgotten part of the formula. Once he has the book and has mastered the system, he will fly to Las Vegas and clean up at the dice table. After Malinow has piled up some money in real estate and gambling, he will go to the Philippines—with a forged passport, if necessary—and marry Miss Ona. When his friends remind him that she is thirty years younger than he is, Malinow says, "Look at Charlie Chaplin. Look at Justice Douglas." He has already sent away for plans for a Spanish-style villa he intends to build in the Philippines for himself and Miss Ona and their future children, and is looking into generators, for he does not fancy living without electricity. He talks about going into the construction business in the Philippines, and perhaps into the import-export business, too. Before he flies out there, he says, he will get some upper teeth—not cheap false teeth but expensive dental implants. He will also try to find his son, Arthur, and go to see him once—only once—to tell him his side of the story. It will be easy for Malinow to find Arthur, who is still living with his mother in the apartment that Malinow and Louise fixed up for themselves in 1953. The eight-hundred-dollar refrigerator is still working. Louise hasn't divorced him. Arthur has served in the Marine Corps, is engaged to be married to a pretty, blond childhood sweetheart, and

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works as a security guard. Arthur has spent the last ten years wondering about his father's whereabouts and has always planned to find him. After Malinow left the house one day in the fall of 1966 and didn't come back, Louise and Arthur had no idea if he had been rearrested, if he had moved away, or if he had died.

Malinow's most important project once he gets out of prison on parole is to get himself off parole. He knows he would find parole too restrictive. He wants the freedom to travel and to make a lot of money with no questions asked. Once he is paroled, he will hire a good lawyer and attack his fourth conviction on the ground that he was induced to take a plea, kept his part of the bargain, and was betrayed by the district attorney, who had made a promise he hadn't kept; Malinow didn't get out on parole the first time he saw the Board, in March, 1976, as he should have. He will then retract his plea, as many men have successfully done. He will replead to a shorter sentence—probably the three and a half to seven years that Halloran got. That will remove his life sentence. He has more than enough time in prison on the three-and-a-half-to-seven-year sentence, so he will get "time served." Even then, he will still owe a few years on parole for the fifteen-to-thirty-year sentence he got in 1954 for the Devon payroll robbery. Since he doesn't want to do any time on parole and has exhausted his appeals on that conviction, he will attack his first conviction—for the 1938 Dillard-Scott robbery—on the ground that he had no counsel when he entered his plea. "I was a seventeen-year-old youngster, processed by the court in unseemly haste," he says. "I pled, I was sentenced, and I landed in Sing Sing all within five days. That's Southern-style justice." If he can eliminate his first conviction, his second conviction becomes his first, and his third becomes his second. He can then be resentenced on the Devon payroll robbery. As a second offender, he would not have to be given the mandatory fifteen to thirty years. A judge cannot touch the fifteen-year minimum, but he can change the maximum. He could, for example, give Malinow fifteen to sixteen years—which he has long since served—and Malinow would be free and clear and off parole.

When Malinow is asked if his plans include seeking revenge on David Balboa, the man who set him up in 1966, he says no. He doesn't even seem particularly angry at Balboa, and is in-

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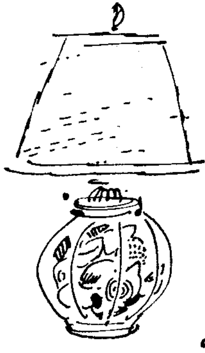

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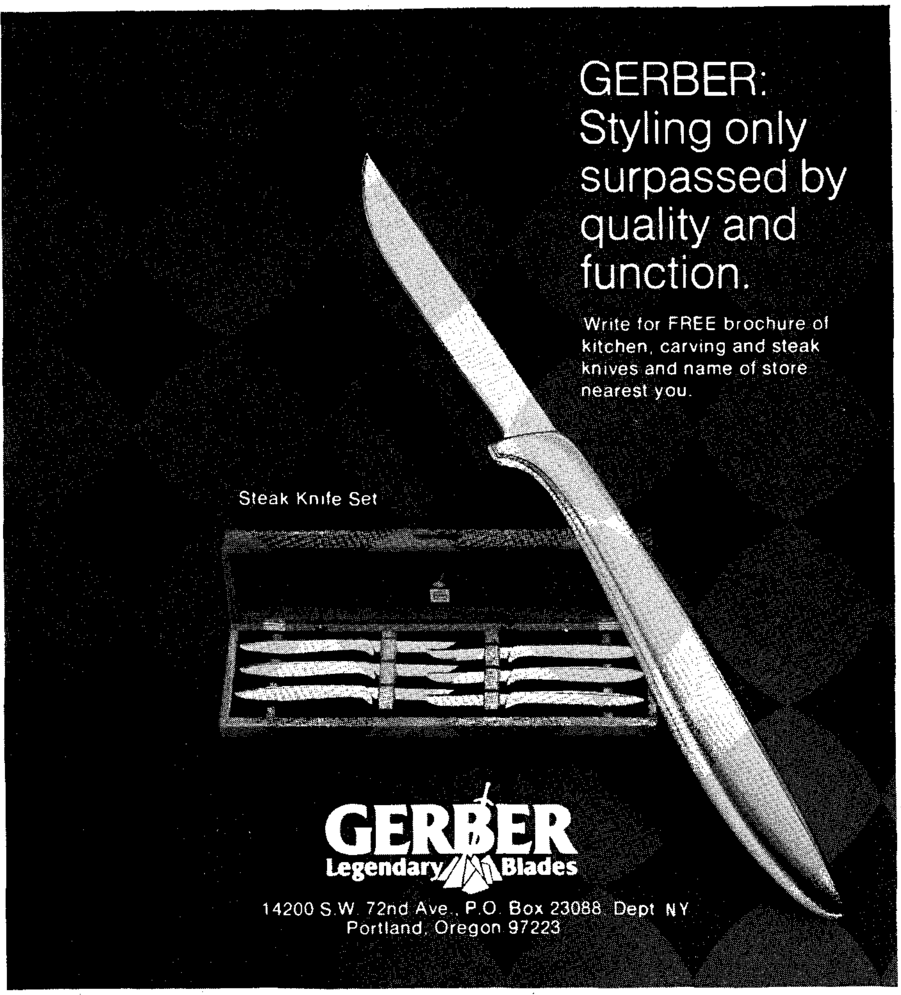
terested only in accounting for Balboa's successful deception. "Balboa was an inmate I trusted," Malinow says. "He had reached a point in his mind where he couldn't do any more time. He was told that if he wanted to stay out he'd have to give information. There came a time when he had no more to give. That was right around the time I got out. I regarded Balboa as a friend. He'd proven himself trustworthy on other occasions. He'd stood up to pressure for fifteen years, and broke during the sixteenth. You can't anticipate that. The best of us are going to get fooled. It's the same thing with a husband and a wife. The husband is faithful for fifteen years. The sixteenth year, he strays."

Malinow says that his future plans do not include robbery. Sometimes, he says jokingly that, at fifty-seven, he is past the retirement age for robbers. The two men with whom Malinow was last convicted did not retire from robbery in their fifties. Bernard Czarnowicz was paroled from Green Haven in 1969, at the age of fifty-two, after serving his sentence for the Devon payroll robbery. A few months later, he married for the first time. In 1971, "completely broke, unable to find a job, and desperate for money," he was caught in the act of robbing a bank on Long Island of sixty-five hundred and thirty dollars with a loaded gun. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to seven years in federal prison. While he was imprisoned, he developed heart trouble. He was released in 1976. Czarnowicz's release made his wife—a widow whose first husband had been a law-abiding citizen—nervous. She fell ill the day he got home. The Czarnowiczes are living in a small apartment in Queens, on welfare. Czarnowicz recently had to borrow some money from his stepson-in-law to install a phone in his apartment. Patrick Halloran, a lifelong bachelor, was fifty-eight when he set out to rob the Bingo Machine Company with Malinow in 1966. Since his release from prison in 1971, he has been working for a beer company, loading beer bottles onto trucks, and living in a small apartment in Brooklyn with an Irish setter. He also works as the superintendent of his building, in exchange for free rent and a hundred dollars a month. He says he is just getting by.

George Malinow has seen only a few of the pieces of paper that make up his eight-hundred-page record—the letter from the district attorney to the chairman of the Parole Board and the letters of recommendation that most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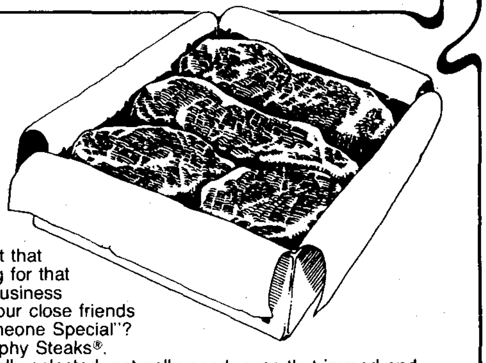
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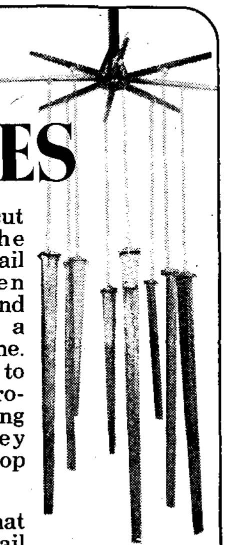

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prisoners ask for (and usually get) from the guards who have known them in prison, for the benefit of the Parole Board. He has not seen the eight-page account that the Green Haven parole officer wrote after talking to Malinow and reviewing his record in March, 1976, which the Parole Board commissioner who hit him with twenty-one months later that month almost certainly did see. In that account, the Green Haven parole officer enumerated Malinow's four crimes, three sentences, and three previous failures on parole. Malinow "could not stay out of trouble for any too long a period of time while on the streets in the city of New York," the parole officer wrote. What seemed to worry him particularly was the fact that Malinow had been arrested for his fourth crime seven weeks after his third release, having "obviously derived no benefit from institutional and parole experiences." He concluded by saying, "One does not have to be a prophet of any sort to predict that this inmate will if released again be in trouble with the law." He also wrote that Malinow is "a man with an extremely long criminal past who cannot by any reasoning stay out of trouble while in a civil environment. . . . Since inmate adjusts extremely well behind bars and extremely poorly on the outside, it is the opinion of this writer at this time that this inmate be considered as a guarded parole risk."

If Malinow had read his parole officer's report, it wouldn't have caused him a minute's anguish. He has never put any credence in other people's opinions of him. He doesn't believe in rehabilitation, but *he* knows that since he was last sent to prison people have responded to him with kindness and love, and that he has a different outlook, and that is what counts. He is convinced that he can obtain the money he wants by legal or semi-legal means rather than by altogether illegal means. He doesn't care that even some of his closest friends predict that he will get out of prison, stay out for a while, and eventually do something that will result in his being sent back to prison. "No one knows more about me than myself," he says. "I know I ain't coming back."

—SUSAN SHEEHAN

(*This is the last part of a three-part article.*)

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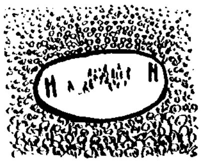
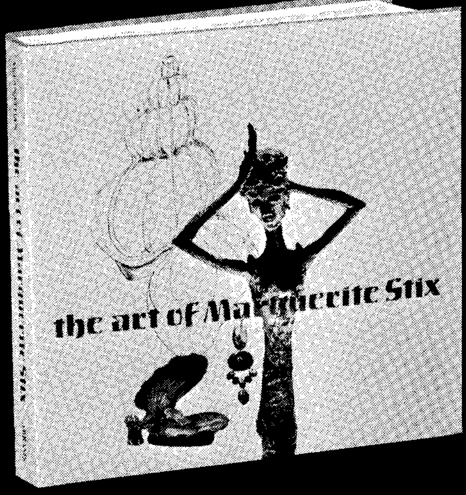
FOOTBALL

Hard Lines



LAST weekend was not arranged for the bewitched, the bothered, and the bewildered—that is, if one decides to overlook the matter of Pennsylvania, whose career of late years has been down more often than up. Its moments of glee—putting away Brown, just about the most heavily armored of the Ivy League crew, two seasons in a row—have been scarce; its search for skilled hands to replace the great running backs, the impregnable split ends of recent celebrity, has often faltered; even finding a successor for last fall's at least workmanlike first-string quarterback has seemed unavailing. But under the stewardship of Gamble, who came up from the "little"-college circuit not long ago, amends are being made. From Manheim, a town set deep in the Amish countryside of Pennsylvania—a countryside that sends its bright high-school players to the university in Philadelphia season after season—has come Roland, a quarterback (now a junior) perfectly designed to be the administrator of the wishbone offense that Gamble favors; from Connecticut has come Grosvenor (also now a junior), a running back who breaks out of that wishbone with the velocity of a torpedo. In seven weekends this fall (there are two more to come), the current squad has picked up more mileage than any other Pennsylvania team in a long, long history. It was moving at this pace when, on Saturday last, it encountered a bewitched, b., and b. Princeton that had nevertheless accomplished a thoroughgoing victory over Harvard the weekend before. The Pennsylvania momentum was enough to handle the situation—Pennsylvania 21, Princeton 10—even though the only Roland passes that worked were his small pitchouts and pitchbacks to his fellow-men. Let there be a good word, too, for Serino, whose punting bottled up Princeton long enough for his team to launch the winning touchdown.

Up in Rhode Island, it was Thurow, Brown's punter, who did as much as any of his better-known teammates—Whipple, Moran, Watkins, Morris, and Jamiel—to put away Harvard, at 20–15. Brown, it was thought, might have a poorish year after Shields, maybe its hardest runner, was put out of action early on this fall. Not a bit of it. In the books, Harvard should have come in



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second, as it did, but the books could not have known that at third down and three on the Brown nineteen it could not come up with a couple of the occult maneuvers that have made it famous. Harvard thereby lost the ball and—most likely—the match. Or else it lost the match when at first down on the Brown fourteen it could again think of nothing viable. In the event, Harvard has moved, for the moment, over into the b., b., and b. sector.

The only punt that mattered in the meet between Army and Holy Cross, which drew better than forty-one thousand customers into West Point, was the one that Army blocked. That and the four Holy Cross passes that fell into Army paws were sufficient to undo Holy Cross, at 48–7. Blanchard and Davis and Dawkins, long ago graduated from West Point, when Army was top man hereabouts, were in attendance, and their specialties were reproduced onfield, and not in miniature: King made a run of ninety-seven yards for a touchdown, Merriken a run of fifty-two yards for a touchdown, Hall threw the ball for two touchdowns. Holy Cross has won nothing at all this year, but, bewildered or not, its backs applied heavy pressure to Army; earlier this season, it lost to Dartmouth on a field goal two seconds before time ran out, and to Boston University on a two-point conversion forty-eight seconds before time ran out.

Another perennial loser, Cornell, went down, 28–0, on its home ground to a jubilant Yale—a Yale that used the fourth quarter of the match as a tryout for the young talent it has collected. Columbia, which likewise has its troubles, dropped another game, though it held the robust Dartmouth squad to but a pair of touchdowns. There was only one Dartmouth bobble, and that gave Columbia its touchdown: Dartmouth 14, Columbia 7.

New Hampshire, which has been anything but fallible these years, anticipated a difficult afternoon with Rhode Island, and got it—Rhode Island 21, New Hampshire 20. New Hampshire, still this commentator's choice in the Yankee Conference, falls back to second place in this commentator's esteem; first place, in case there is any puzzlement, is now occupied solely by Colgate, which on Saturday overran Boston University, 43–22. —J. W. L.

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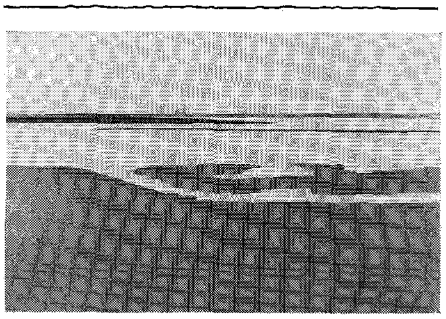

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Death in Ferrara

Rossini's *melodramma eroico* "Tancredi" appeared in Venice in February, 1813, and his *dramma giocoso* "L'Italiana in Algeri" in May; with them the composer, aged twenty-one, established his supremacy in veins serious and comic. Soon his works dominated the repertory of opera houses the world over. Stendhal's "Vie de Rossini," published in 1824, began:

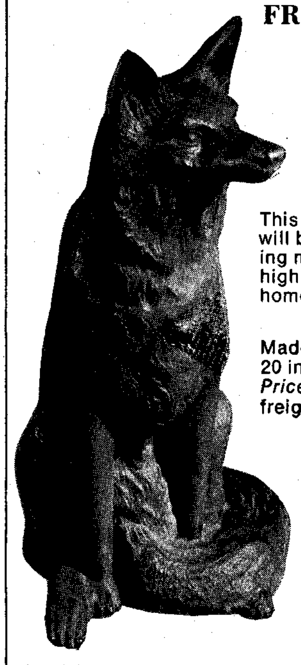
> Napoleon is dead, but a new conqueror has arisen whose name is on every tongue from Moscow to Naples, from London to Vienna, from Paris to Calcutta. The fame of this man knows no bounds save those of civilization itself—and he is not yet thirty-two.

Sooner or later, all empires fall, and little remained of Rossini's when I began operagoing—only "The Barber of Seville," an occasional revival of "William Tell," heavily abridged, and some bewitching records by Conchita Supervia of numbers from "L'Italiana" and "La Cenerentola." In the twenties and thirties, Supervia and the conductor Vittorio Gui had for a while given those two comedies new currency. Then, in 1952, when Gui was chief conductor at Glyndebourne, he inaugurated the long series of Rossini comic revivals—"La Cenerentola," "Le Comte Ory," "L'Italiana," "La Pietra del Paragone," "Il Turco in Italia"—that were instrumental in bringing more than "The Barber" to the stages of the world. The serious pieces had no such regular championship—except "Moïse," which has been much played since the war. In Italy, I heard Maria Callas sing in "Armida," Giulietta Simionato in "Tancredi," Joan Sutherland in "Semiramide," Virginia Zeani in "Otello," and Beverly Sills in "Le Siège de Corinthe;" in London there were isolated productions of "Otello" (with Pauline Tinsley), "Elisabetta," "La Donna del Lago" (with Kiri Te Kanawa), and "Tancredi." But none of those works found a foothold in the modern repertory as the comedies have done.

"Tancredi" is receiving renewed attention at the moment. There was a production in Rennes last December which also played in Orléans and Angers, came to London in concert form, and has been recorded on the Arion label. Last month, the Houston Grand Opera opened its season with "Tancredi." And Eve Queler has announced a Carnegie Hall performance for March. The Houston production is a landmark in Rossini revival: it was given from the critical edition prepared for the Fondazione Rossini by Philip Gossett, and it used the unhappy ending that Rossini composed for the second production of the opera (Ferrara; March, 1813). This ending, which failed to please, was dropped from all subsequent productions of the opera—until Houston's.

The libretto of "Tancredi," by Gaetano Rossi, who also wrote for Meyerbeer, Mercadante, and Donizetti, is drawn from Voltaire's "Tancrède" but recasts the play as an opera seria not very different in temper from those of Handel. Against the martial background of a Saracen threat to Syracuse, a misunderstanding about the intended destination of a compromising letter is prolonged so that it can give rise to a sequence of arias and duets expressing grief, scorn, defiance, etc. Tancredi, the hero (a mezzo-soprano role), and Amenaide, the heroine (soprano), have an aria each in the first act, two arias each in the second, and a duet in each act. Argirio, Amenaide's father (tenor), has an aria in each act. Before each of the scene changes—two in the first act, three in the second—one of the subaltern characters, Tancredi's squire Roggiero or Amenaide's confidante Isaura, is left alone onstage, to comment on the situation in recitative or aria. (Perhaps these soliloquies were meant to be sung before a drop curtain while the set was changed.) The work starts with the familiar nineteenth-century *introduzione*, an expository chorus enclosing episodes for soloists. Brief choruses punctuate the progress. Act I has an extended finale and Act II (in its original form) a short, almost perfunctory finale, expressing general delight when the epistolary confusion has been cleared up at last. The plot is uninteresting and the characters are cardboard, but the form of the libretto is shapely, and so is the score. "Tancredi," in Gossett's words, "exhibits the freshness of first maturity, of first formulated principles. . . . Formal procedures in particular, uncertain and tentative in earlier operas, assume the characteristics that were now to dominate Italian opera for several generations." "Tancredi," to my mind and ears, is a less promising candidate for widespread revival than "Elisabetta," the first of Rossini's Neapolitan operas, in which the formal procedures are warmed by, in Massimo Mila's happy phrase, "a 'romanticism of the soul' that was subsequently to nourish the operas of Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi." Its successors "Otello" and "La Donna del Lago" are even more romantic: Rossini in his Neapolitan years became a "reform" composer, breathing new life into opera seria by breaking on occasion the very rules that in "Tancredi" he had helped codify. His Elizabeth (a role Montserrat Caballé has taken up) enters as a radiant, smiling woman, eager to greet the conquering hero she loves; changes to a brilliantly malicious and dangerous tyrant when she learns that her hero has secretly married another; and ends as a grandly magnanimous monarch, declaring that cares of state, not of the heart, will henceforth be her concern. And her music reflects the changes. Rossini's Tancred enters filled with delight at treading his native soil again and at the prospect of seeing Amenaide: "Di tanti palpiti . . . spero mercè." His hopes are soon dashed—and thereafter the emotional situation remains static. For the Ferrara production, Rossini himself transferred the lovers' duet in Act II to their first meeting in Act I, where it fits equally well. Nevertheless, "Tancredi" is worth hearing. The tunes give delight. The score has what Stendhal called "*candeur virginale*," the freshness and felicity of a young genius enjoying his mastery, the kind of springtime assurance that also marks "Idomeneo" and "Nabucco." "Tancredi" is not as grand as either of those pieces—it lacks the big sweep and passion of Verdi's score, the marvellous richness and subtlety of Mozart's—but its deftness, high spirits, and charm are captivating. At the start of his career, Rossini often seems to hold hands with Haydn (while at its close, in "Le Comte Ory," he reaches forward to the Berlioz of the "Troyens" and "Béatrice" nocturnes).

The Houston production, designed by John Stoddart and directed by John Cox, was a little too plain to do full justice to the work. Mr. Stoddart's sets, based largely on arcades taken from fourteenth-century predella panels, were attractive but severe. The stage was stripped almost bare for the final scene, which should represent Rossini's first use of landscape to reflect inner emotions. (The romantic device reaches sublime heights in the finale of



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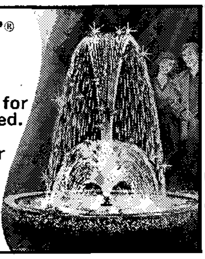

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"William Tell," when the clouds roll back, a rainbow shines, an immense prospect of snow-clad peaks is revealed, and one by one the characters raise their voices to greet Switzerland's new-won freedom.) The "Tancredi" libretto prescribes "a mountain chain, precipitous gorges, torrents tumbling down to form the Arethusa; forest covering part of the mountain and of the plain; Etna in the distance; the sun in the west, glowing upon the sea, opposite; some caverns." Picturesque, richly scored music accompanies Tancredi's clambering across the scene and continues between the phrases of his recitative soliloquy: "The streams' fearful clamor, the winds' grim raging 'midst the crags, nature's sad abandon—all increases, all nourishes, in my wretched heart, the gloomy brooding on my betrayed love." But there was nothing in the Houston scene to increase or nourish our sympathy with the hero's plight. Mr. Cox's forte is detailed naturalistic comedy on a small scale—"Intermezzo," "Capriccio," the first part of "Ariadne auf Naxos." Over opera seria he tends to stumble: a few years ago, at Glyndebourne, he made a hash of "Idomeneo;" his handling of "Tancredi" was less clumsy but had little style or energy. Happily, he did not overactivate the long arias, but he did not find the few decisive, imposing moves and the simple, striking dramatic groups by which a director can make his audience forget that nothing happens, except musically, for minutes on end. Such drama as there is in the piece was further dulled by the fact of its being sung in Italian. There is much recitative in "Tancredi" which comes to life only when it serves for direct communication between the actors and their audience. But even the numbers must take their emotional force from words comprehended: Rossini's lively music is often unspecific. Humpty-Dumpty-like, he would make one good tune do a lot of work and mean just what he chose it to mean. That jolly crescendo in the romping first-act finale of "The Barber" was first heard in "Elisabetta" to the text "Fatal day! Unforeseen disaster! The sun that rose serene and smiling now sets disturbed, gloomy, spreading a pall of woe!" A lament over Pharaoh's firstborn, struck down by God's thunderbolt, in "Mosè" (Naples, 1818)—"O torments! afflictions! frenzies! Ye rend my heart to shreds!"—reappears in "Moïse" (Paris, 1827) to epithalamic words: "What hear I? O sweet rapture, he is faithful to honor!" Unless an audience follows the words, it cannot know whether to feel sad or merry. And unless the singer knows that her audience is following them, she is merely making sounds at it.

Yet sounds from an accomplished throat, even sounds divorced from verbal sense, can be eloquent. Marilyn Horne, the Houston Tancredi, made wonderful sounds, loud and soft, clarion and dulcet; she was miraculously fleet in passagework and chamois-sure in her leaps from note to note; she brought off feats of vocalism dizzying in their dexterity. (Martin Katz had embellished Rossini's lines with elaborate extra ornamentation of the kind the nineteenth century expected. But he evidently had not written into the singers' scores all the necessary appoggiaturas; "blunt endings" abounded.) Miss Horne did not invest Rossini roulades with the charm, individuality, and expression that Supervia brought to them. She did not make much of the words but tended to blur and soften consonants: lips and tongue sounded lazy in the famous phrase "Mi rivedrai, Ti rivedrò;" there were no clear "d"s to be heard. But there was heroic energy and limitless bravura in her singing. If she was not exactly Tancredi, she was an astonishing, a dazzling virtuosa. Joan Carden's Amenaide had rather more dramatic character. The Australian soprano, making her American début, scored a big success. After an uncertain start, she sang with agility, brilliance, and tenderness. Carolyne James, the Isaura, had lost both her initial solo (in the *introduzione*) and her aria. Constance Fee, a member of the Houston Opera Studio (a new training ground for young professionals), sang Roggiero's aria pleasingly. Ernesto Palacio, the Argirio, was overtaxed, as almost all tenors except Rockwell Blake are, by Rossini's florid writing. So was Nicola Zaccaria in the small (aria-less) role of Orbazzano, a rival suitor for Amenaide's favor. Nicola Rescigno conducted ably. The harpsichord, a small, weak instrument electrically boosted, sounded horrid. A twenty-five-year-old memory is untrustworthy, but it tells me that Simionato, Teresa Stich-Randall as Amenaide, and Tullio Serafin as conductor made a more living drama of "Tancredi." But then they were performing in Italian to an Italian audience.

The very first Tancredi, Adelaide Malanotte-Montrésor, had a lover, Luigi Lechi, who was a poet. He wrote the words for the "tragic finale" tried out in Ferrara and now in Houston. In this version, as in Voltaire's play, when Tancredi returns victorious over the Saracens and assured of his Ame-

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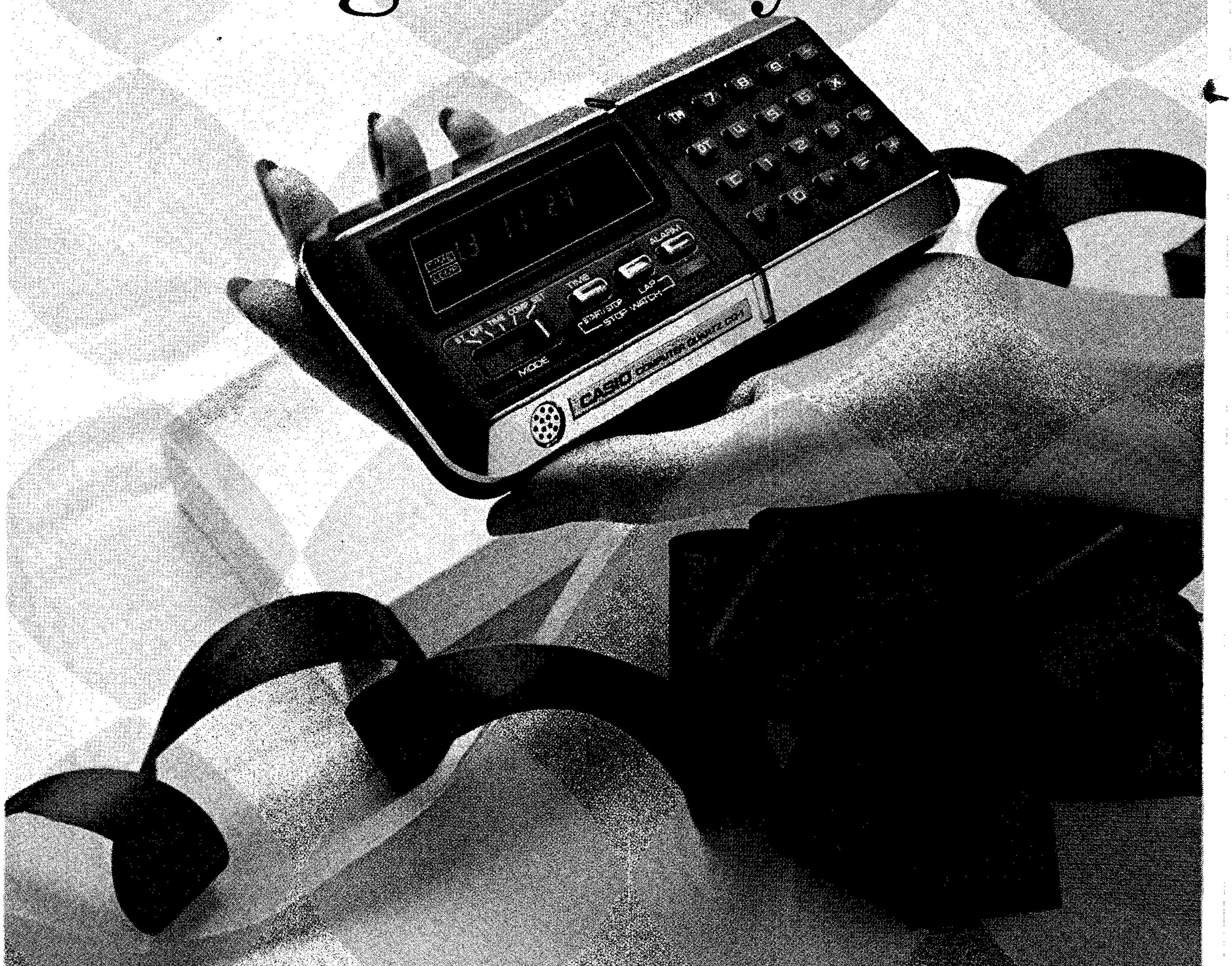

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naide's innocence, he is also mortally wounded. Instead of a happy reunion, there is a chorus of mourning, recitative, and a dying speech:

> Amenaide . . . serbami
> Tua fè . . . quel . . . cor ch'è mio,
> Ti lascio . . . ah! tu di vivere
> Giurami, . . . sposa . . . addio.

(The dots represent not omissions but the broken utterance of the dying hero.) The words of this finale were known, for they are printed in the Ferrara libretto. The music remained unknown until, three years ago, Count Giacomo Lechi produced it from his family archives. Seven pages in Rossini's hand contain the chorus, some accompanied recitative, and the closing quatrain set as very simple, direct declamation, in a chromatic C major, with a shuddering final cadence for tremolando strings. Twenty-five long lines of recitative remain unaccounted for. Rossini often entrusted his secco recitative to other hands, and so with propriety—as well as skill and imagination—Gossett himself has composed the missing lines. (In the *scena ultima* of his edition, eighty-one measures are by Rossini and forty-seven by him.) In Gossett's view, "the tragic conclusion elevates the drama and banishes the insipid happy ending. . . . In this piece, one feels in the presence of the Gluckian ideal, adapted even in this quasi-declamatory music to the beauty of Italian melody and the simplicity of Italian harmony." It is certainly an audacious close to so florid an opera. Whether it is altogether a fitting or effective close I feel unsure. To any experienced reader of eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century libretti, the artificially sustained tensions of the plot predicate a happy ending; and I find the conventional close satisfying rather than insipid. Rossini's experiment failed in Ferrara; perhaps he was ahead of his time. It was certainly right to try it once again, to put it to the real test of theatre performance.

When Gossett's edition is published, it will, of course, contain *all* the music Rossini composed for "Tancredi" at one time or another. For almost every aria there are one or two alternatives. Giuditta Pasta, a very famous Tancredi, introduced a finale composed for her by Giuseppe Nicolini, to which Rossini himself added ornaments and cadenzas. So this, too, has a certain authenticity, and will appear in the edition. Each cast will be able to assemble the numbers best suited to its talents. The Houston performance followed the Venice original most of the way (except for the substitution of a Milan alternative as the tenor's first

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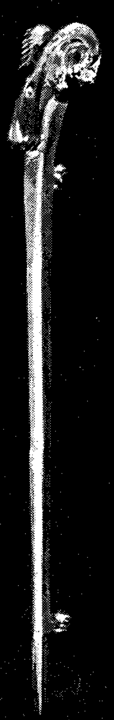
aria) and then switched to Ferrara for Tancredi's bravura "Perchè turbar la calma" and the tragic finale. In the editor's words, "later performances of the opera, with a different cast, will be free to make different choices from the authentic material, for there is no uniquely correct version of 'Tancredi.' "

In all ways, the event was a happy example of scholars and performers joining forces to bring a composer's work to life. During the run of "Tancredi," the Central Opera Service held its national conference and the American Musicological Society a regional conference in Houston. (Similarly, next week at Centre College, Danville, Kentucky, the Fifth International Congress of Verdi Studies will coincide with a production of Verdi's "Macbeth"—the original 1847 version—performed from a correct text prepared under the auspices of the American Institute for Verdi Studies by David Lawton.) The importance of the new Rossini scores due from the Fondazione Rossini and the new Verdi scores due from the Chicago University Press and Casa Ricordi needs no stressing. So far, Alberto Zedda's score of "The Barber," which appeared in 1968, is, in Gossett's words, "the only edition [in print] of any opera by Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, or Verdi to get the notes right, not to speak of articulation, dynamics, instrumentation, text, etc."

THE Lyric Opera of Chicago opened its season with "L'Elisir d'Amore" and "Idomeneo." Both were productions on a high international level. "Elisir" was very prettily designed in a realistic idiom (leaves on the trees) by Ulisse Santicchi; lightly and sensitively directed by Giulio Chazalettes; and expertly conducted by Bruno Bartoletti. The spirit of Donizetti's comedy, tender and witty at once, was ideally represented. Margherita Rinaldi was a sparkling Adina, stylish in her phrasing, charming in her portrayal of the role; an occasional touch of hardness in the timbre was easy to forgive. Angelo Romero, a baritone of merit, was a lively, bonny Belcore, despite his tendency to let strut come to prance. Geraint Evans's Dulcamara had a touch of genius in it; he was a marvellously spontaneous and lovable rogue. Luciano Pavarotti, Nemorino, seemed odd man out—rather heavy and emphatic in a production whose grace and elegance called for someone like José Carreras—and his singing was less sweet and fresh than it



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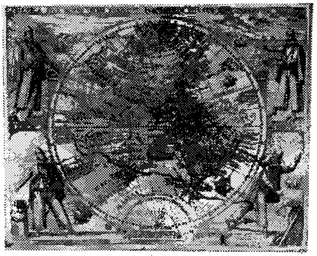

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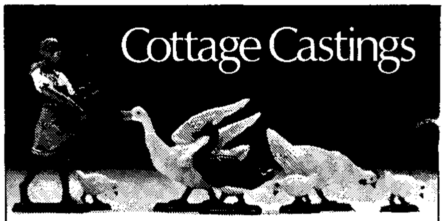

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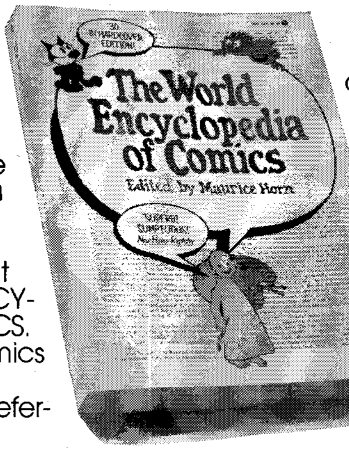
used to be. Nevertheless, he was likable. All in all, a delightful evening.

"Idomeneo" was the Cologne Opera production, designed and staged by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, which had already been seen in San Francisco. Mr. Ponnelle's set, a single one maintained throughout the opera, was not neoclassical but a gray baroque grotto, its façade a huge mask of Neptune with mouth agape, Bomarzo-style, to provide an entrance, and with movable eyelids that rolled back when the Oracle spoke. His costumes were a mishmash of periods: Idomeneus wore a white soutane, and Electra a black ball dress. Electra perched most unprincesslike on the edge of a table to sing "Idol mio," and Ilia eavesdropped on the aria. Mr. Ponnelle is a great one for eavesdropping—witness his Salzburg "Figaro"—and so there were often characters onstage who had no business there. Ilia's lovely soliloquy to the breezes, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," had to bear mute contributions from Idomeneus, Idamantes, and Electra; the trio of Act II was staged as a quartet. It all sounds deplorable—and yet the production had a sweep, a grandeur, a dramatic force that are present in Mozart's score but were not captured in any of the nine earlier productions of this increasingly popular opera I had encountered. The cast was strong: Christiane Eda-Pierre (a most musical, if somewhat mature-seeming Ilia), Carol Neblett (a decisive and fiery Electra; not able to take all the technical hurdles quite cleanly, but what Electra does?), Maria Ewing (gauche in demeanor but a vocally very fine Idamantes), Eric Tappy (an able Idomeneus, though he, too, was taxed by Mozart's roulades), Frank Little (who lacked only a trill to be a first-rate Arbaces). There was no affectation in their singing. They declaimed the words strongly. (I am no foe of opera in the original when the words are used as vividly as they were in these two Chicago performances.) They were direct in their eloquence. So was the conductor, John Pritchard, in his.

THE New York City Opera has added "La Fanciulla del West" to its repertory. I enjoy the first act of the opera; although the situations are absurdly sentimental, it has sustained, well-wrought, and touching music in it. Then the level drops until at last Puccini pulls out a tune again with "Ch'ella mi creda" and caps it with the surefire finale, lilting, cajoling, and irresistible, for his gun-toting hero-



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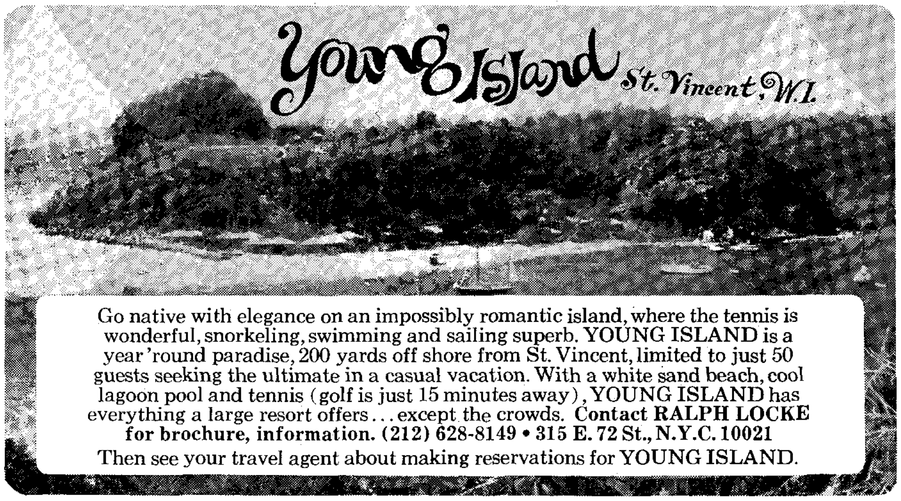
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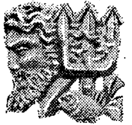
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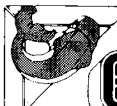

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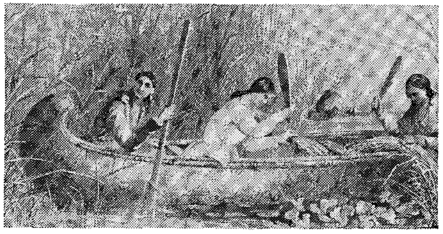

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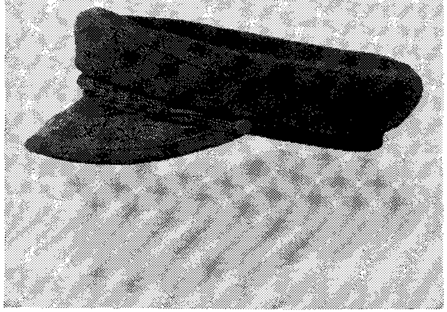

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ine. Others rate the whole work high. Earlier this year, London critics seem to have been bowled over by Miss Neblett, Placido Domingo, and Zubin Mehta as conductor in Covent Garden's large, elaborate new production of "La Fanciulla," and to have found merit in Straussian and Debussian passages that to my ear sound like borrowings unassimilated and misapplied. Perhaps, one day, at a performance more luscious and glamorous than the City Opera's, I, too, will succumb.

The New York production, directed by Frank Corsaro and designed by Robert O'Hearn, comes from Miami. It misses the scenic enchantment that David Belasco, the author and director of the play from which the libretto was drawn, and Puccini both counted on. In Act I, there is no view through door and window of "the valley with its wild vegetation of alders, oaks, and dwarf pines all wrapped in sunset glow; in the distance, snowy mountains tinted with gold and purple;" in Act III, no elaborate, realistic representation of dawn in the great California forest. But there *are* horses, and Mr. Corsaro's needless departures from Puccini's careful instructions are confined to dressing up the Indian servant in a bearskin (to make up for the lack of the stuffed bear Puccini asked for?), turning Jake Wallace into a *blind* minstrel (this destroys a touching musical effect when Jake, observing the miners' faces turned in silence toward him, breaks off in mid-phrase, resuming only when they sign to him to continue), and placing a guitar instead of a banjo in Jake's hands (this contradicts Puccini's scoring). Otherwise, he directed a careful, lively production, in which many small parts were taken with accomplishment. Maralin Niska acted Minnie exceedingly well, but her singing was strident at climaxes. Ermanno Mauro was a wooden, unromantic Dick Johnson, redeemed only by some splendidly ringing high notes. (On the first night, Mr. Domingo made the plea for contributions with which City Opera performances begin; one wished that Mr. Mauro had made the speech and Mr. Domingo sung the role.) Charles Long's Jack Rance was lightweight but very sure. Sergiu Comissiona conducted an impassioned yet delicately controlled performance.

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Cauthen had only one winner on Veterans Day at Aqueduct, but it brought the earnings of the horses he has ridden this year to $5,004,312—more than any other jockey has ever rung up in a single season. He was more elated that afternoon, however, over winning forty-five dollars in a card game called Race-horse Rummy, which the boys play in the jockey room. His mounts last week, including Affirmed in the Futurity, moved his total up to $5,137,692.

Nelson Bunker Hunt's Exceller and Ogden Mills Phipps's Majestic Light meet again—for the third time in a month—in the Washington, D.C., International Stakes at Laurel this weekend. Though there will be seven other starters, it looks to be another two-horse race. Majestic Light beat Exceller in the Man o' War Stakes at Belmont (Exceller had a rough trip), but a fortnight later, in the Canadian International Championship at Toronto, Exceller turned the tables. So it looks like a tossup, but, if you care, this fallible department's choice is Exceller. The most interesting of the foreign-bred entries is Balmerino, a horse rated the best in Australia and New

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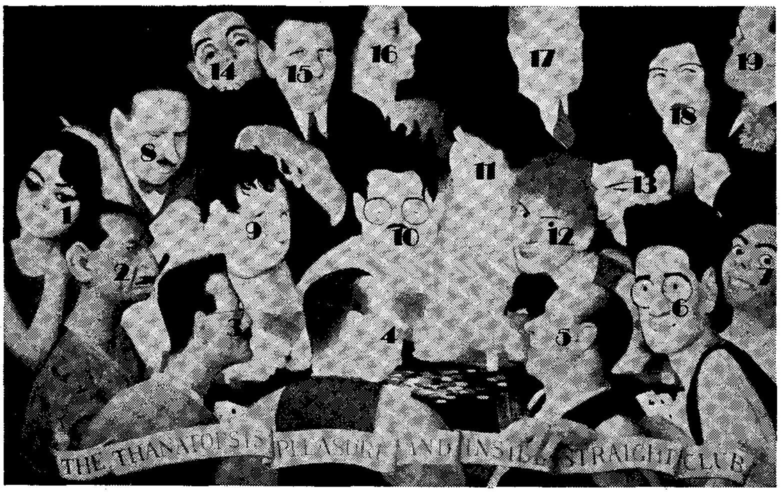
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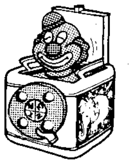

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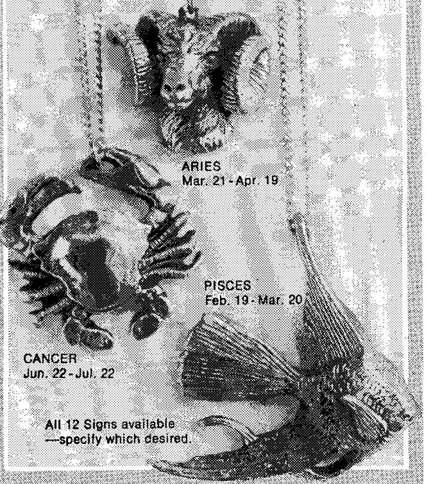

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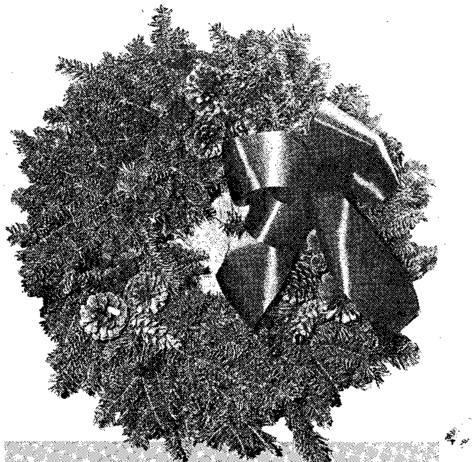
Zealand, who finished second in the Prix de L'Arc de Triomphe in Paris earlier this month. The Laurel race is always a good show.

RINGING, as you know, is running a good horse under a poor one's name, and it is illegal. Officials of the New York Racing Association found last week that the horse who won a race at Belmont Park on September 23rd, at odds of 57–1, under the name Lebon was not Lebon at all, and the State Racing and Wagering Board has suspended Jack Morgan, the owner and trainer of record, and Dr. Mark Gerard, a Long Island veterinarian, who brought the horse from Uruguay. Now Dennis Dillon, District Attorney of Nassau County (Belmont is in Nassau), has impounded the horse. The animal, stabled at Belmont, has not yet been definitely identified, but it is believed to be a colt named Cinzano—a much better racer in Uruguay than Lebon—whom Dr. Gerard brought here along with Lebon. Cinzano was said to have died following an accident at Dr. Gerard's farm on Long Island shortly after his arrival. Investigations are going on in high gear, and so are stories of the fabulous amounts won on the race at Belmont Park. The putative Lebon, as his name suggests, was a good thing for some.

THEN, there was the woman who bet $32,000 to show on a three- and four-year-old maiden race at Laurel last week, and won her bet. She wasn't the Lady in Red, who dumped thousands into the totes at Eastern tracks years ago. The mutuel clerk who sold her the tickets said she was just another portly middle-aged woman with auburn hair, and looked the same as a dozen he'd see any day. She came to his window as the betting began, handed him an envelope full of hundred-dollar bills, and said, "No. 1, to show." It took him fifteen minutes to punch out six hundred and forty fifty-dollar tickets. The colt, Whatzayer, led into the stretch, then tired and finished second. He paid $2.10 to show, so the lady got a return of $33,600—a profit of $1,600. She cashed her tickets and left the track with a man who was undoubtedly her bodyguard. Incidentally, it is said that it cost the Laurel management about five thousand dollars to pay off the holders of show tickets on the first three horses, at $2.10 each.

Nobody believes the adage "Play to show and sleep in the street."

—AUDAX MINOR



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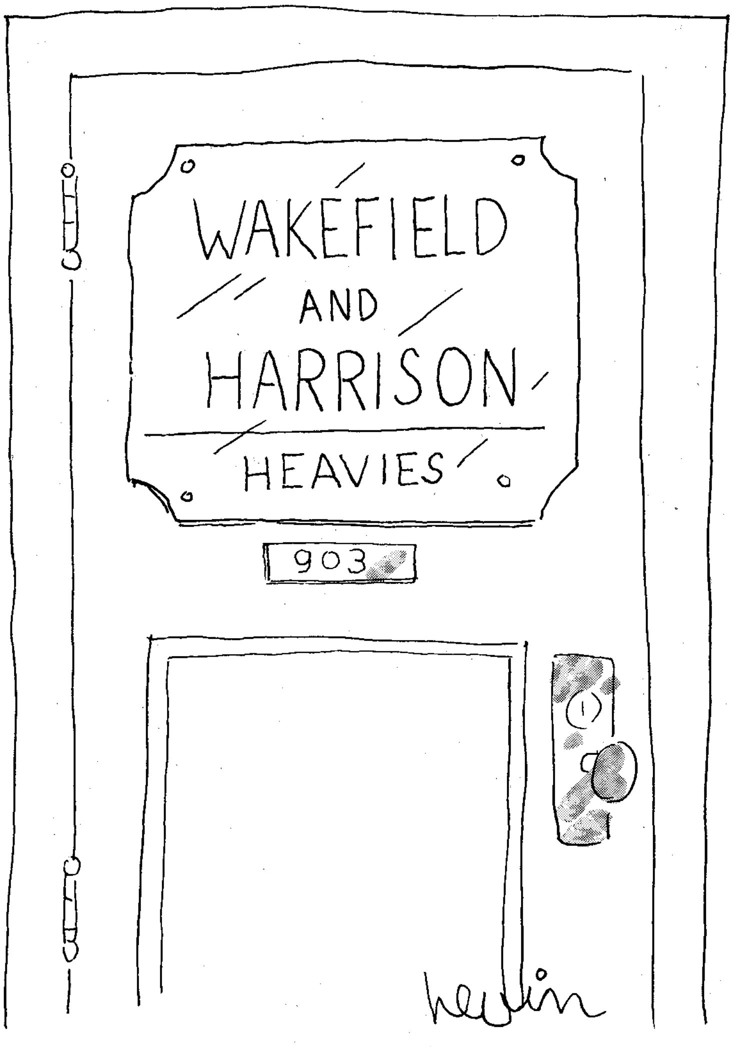
BOOKS

Word of Mouth

“RHAPSODY” comes from Greek words for “sew” and “song” and recalls a time when literature was published by recitation. Songs composed before it was discovered that words could be written down, crossed out, rewritten, and permanently engraved on paper were stitched out of memories, traditional lore, and the poet’s imagination, and the singer considered himself, and was considered by his listeners, to be a mouthpiece for the muse, before it was discovered that words could be indulged in purely as a method of self-expression.

“Song of Solomon” (Knopf), Toni Morrison’s third novel, composed and printed in the postliterate present, can be described as a domestic epic—a rhapsodic work, demonstrating the virtues of the spoken word and the abiding presence in certain corners of the world of a lively oral tradition. The spoken quality of the narration is plain on the first page of the book, where, instead of “two days earlier,” or “two days beforehand,” Morrison writes “two days before the event was to take place.” And “the event”—an insurance agent’s attempt to fly across Lake Superior using “wide blue silk wings”—becomes, in Morrison’s leisurely pursuit of stray detail, the occasion for the casual introduction of all but one of the main characters, of their setting and relationship to the outside world, and of the chief clue to the genealogical mystery that gradually emerges as the story’s plot. An element in the winding digression away from the winged insurance man, whose real significance is temporarily buried, is an account of the street where the attempted flight takes place. One of numerous seemingly merely quaint odds and ends, the passage is worth quoting for its own sake, as a sample of the efficiency of Morrison’s deceptive dawdling, and particularly as a token of the nostalgic pleasure the book affords of almost hearing a story told:

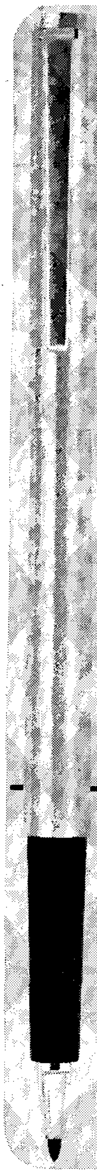


> Town maps registered the street as Mains Avenue, but the only colored doctor in the city had lived and died on that street, and when he moved there in 1896 his patients took to calling the street, which none of them lived in or near, Doctor Street. Later, when other Negroes moved there, and when the postal service became a popular means of transferring messages among them, envelopes from Louisiana, Virginia, Alabama, and Georgia began to arrive addressed to people at house numbers on Doctor Street. The post office workers returned these envelopes or passed them on to the Dead Letter Office. Then in 1918, when colored men were being drafted, a few gave their address at the recruitment office as Doctor Street. In that way, the name acquired a quasi-official status. But not for long. Some of the city legislators, whose concern for appropriate names and the maintenance of the city’s landmarks was the principal part of their political life, saw to it that “Doctor Street” was never used in any official capacity. And since they knew that only Southside residents kept it up, they had notices posted in the stores, barbershops, and restaurants in that part of the city saying that the avenue running northerly and southerly from Shore Road fronting the lake to the junction of routes 6 and 2 leading to Pennsylvania, and also running parallel to and between Rutherford Avenue and Broadway, had always been and would always be known as Mains Avenue and not Doctor Street.
>
> It was a genuinely clarifying public notice because it gave Southside residents a way to keep their memories alive and please the city legislators as well. They called it Not Doctor Street.

(Remember Sixth Avenue!)

The eponymous doctor is the maternal grandfather of Milkman, the book’s eventual hero, but the focus of the story is on the paternal line, extending back from Milkman to his father, Macon Dead, and his aunt Pilate, to their father, a freed slave, and their Indian mother, and, finally, to Milkman’s great-grandfather, name unknown, an ancestor comparable in mythical stature to the divine foremothers and fathers of ancient Greek and Roman heroes.

“Song of Solomon” differs from true oral composition in its relatively intricate structure, and in its inventiveness and variety of expression. Clearly, more of the story is drawn from the author’s imagination and private experience than from common tribal or racial knowledge. Still, with her constant appeal to the ear, her abounding similes and frequent catalogues, her emphasis on the ceremonial aspect of life; with her deliberate inattention to conventional notions of probability; with her reverence for the significance of names; with her artful garrulousness, Morrison counts as a genuine rhapsode, whose access to a typewriter and the presses of Knopf mainly amounts to a lucky break for readers otherwise out of earshot. As a storyteller, Morrison is worldly-wise rather than, in a technical sense, inspired. There is no summoning of the muse, just a recitation of the facts, near- and far-fetched, of the Dead family history. She moves eas-



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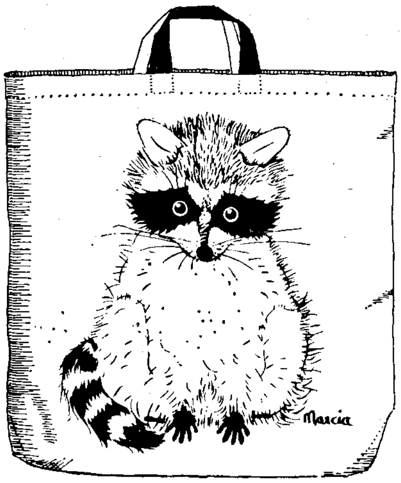

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ily in and out of the lives and thoughts of her characters, luxuriating in the diversity of circumstance and personality, and revelling in the sound of their voices and of her own, which echoes and elaborates theirs. Near the beginning, she reminisces about the association between the insurance man and his clients:

> They were always half a month or so behind, and talked endlessly to him about paying ahead—after they had a preliminary discussion about what he was doing back so soon anyway.
>
> "You back in here already? Look like I just got rid of you."
>
> "I'm tired of seeing your face. Really tired."
>
> "I knew it. Soon's I get two dimes back to back, here you come. More regular than the reaper. Do Hoover know about you?"

Toward the end, when Milkman pays a visit to his father's home town in Pennsylvania, the men who still live there talk to him about his grandfather:

> They talked on and on, using Milkman as the ignition that gunned their memories. The good times, the hard times, things that changed, things that stayed the same—and head and shoulders above all of it was the tall, magnificent Macon Dead, whose death, it seemed to him, was the beginning of their own dying even though they were young boys at the time. Macon Dead was the farmer they wanted to be, the clever irrigator, the peach-tree grower, the hog slaughterer, the wild-turkey roaster, the man who could plow forty in no time flat and sang like an angel while he did it. He had come out of nowhere, as ignorant as a hammer and broke as a convict, with nothing but free papers, a Bible, and a pretty black-haired wife, and in one year he'd leased ten acres, the next ten more. Sixteen years later he had one of the best farms in Montour County. A farm that colored their lives like a paintbrush and spoke to them like a sermon. "You see?" the farm said to them. "See? See what you can do? Never mind you can't tell one letter from another, never mind you born a slave, never mind you lose your name, never mind your daddy dead, never mind nothing."

And later, in four pages that would have to be reprinted whole for proper quotation, Morrison describes Pilate bursting into a funeral service with a shout, shifting into a whisper, then a question, then two songs, and then speaking "conversationally" to each member of the congregation, her "words tossed like stones," we are told, "into a silent canyon."

Suddenly, like an elephant who has just found his anger and lifts his trunk over the heads of the little men who want his teeth or his hide or his flesh or his amazing strength, Pilate trumpeted

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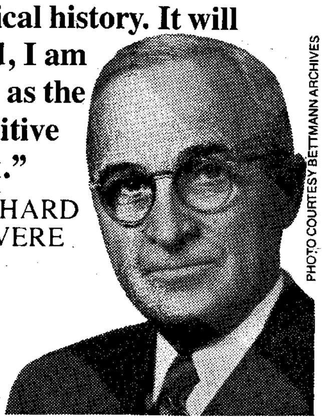
—RICHARD ROVERE



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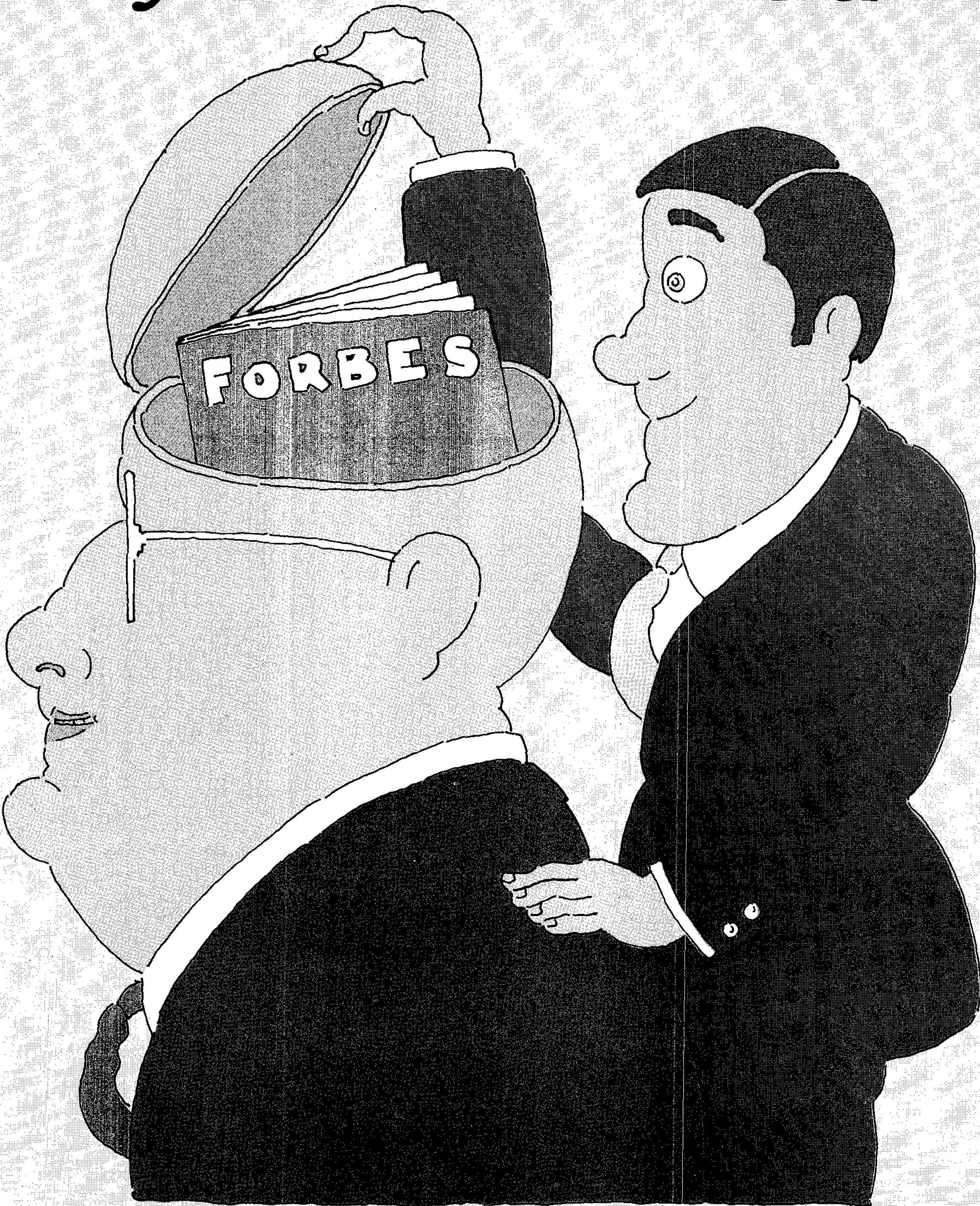

The man whose job you're after reads
FORBES: CAPITALIST TOOL

for the sky itself to hear, "And she was *loved!*"

Morrison doesn't always manage to avoid the natural hazards of her gift of tongues. There are patches of vacant rhetoric, at least one case of runaway imagizing involving "anaconda love" and a "red corpuscle that neither knows nor understands why it is driven to spend its whole life in one pursuit," and a stretch of overweight irony featuring a white poetess. In her account of the Dead family's Packard, Morrison uses the word "careen" when she apparently means "career" ("He could see only the winged woman careening off the nose of the car"). And in the final, apocalyptic scene Milkman leaping is imagined to be "as fleet and bright as a lodestar"—an image whose vividness overwhelms the fact that "lodestar" means "polestar": bright enough to be a beacon, but not fleet.

And I have to admit having trouble figuring out the full purpose of the character named Guitar, who moves alongside the Dead family from the day Milkman is born to the end of the story. At the age of five or six, Guitar is singled out as a "cat-eyed boy," and as an adult he becomes a member of a small ascetic band of racial avengers, which systematically kills a white man, woman, or child for every unrequited murder of an equivalent black. Although he is evidently designed to carry a historical burden, and to embody an alternative to Milkman's sheltered, inert, and aimless young manhood, his conversion from Milkman's closest friend and mentor into his nemesis remains a puzzle to me. Unlike the other characters, who are firmly in Morrison's narrative grasp, Guitar is set apart by his inhuman detachment. He acts, disruptively at times, as a kind of scholiast, assuming an authority that belongs to the storyteller—for example, in his lordly remarks on love and women.

But the current of Morrison's prose is not ever seriously deflected. "At that time of day, during the middle of the week," she writes at the start, "word-of-mouth news just lumbered along." "Lumbered." Just the right word for the word-of-mouth news at eleven o'clock on a Wednesday morning. But for "Song of Solomon" never mind "lumbered": it billows.

—Susan Lardner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

In a Dark Wood, by Marina Warner (Knopf; $8.95). An unusual first novel that gives life to dry

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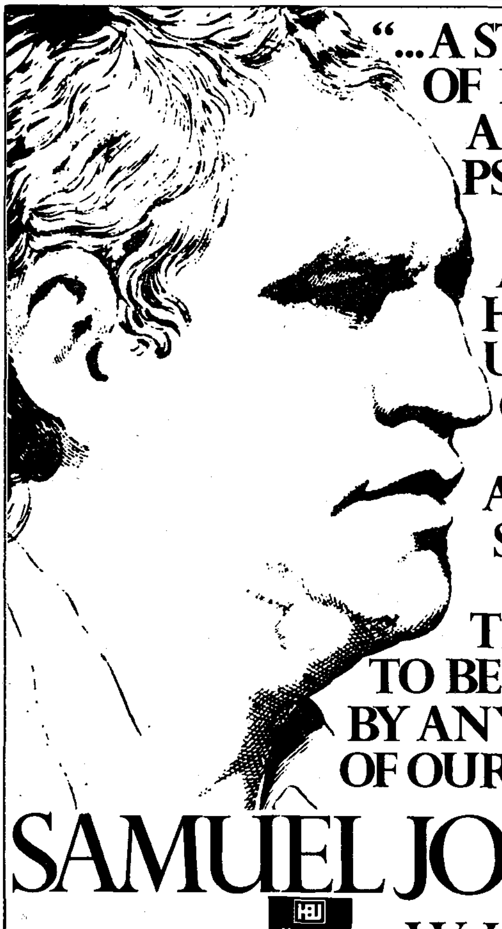

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intellectual matters. The central characters are two brothers from a London family called Namier. Jerome Namier is a vain, unfulfilled man who for some years has been the editor of the important *London Review of Books.* Wounded by his failure to be made head of his Oxford college, he is about to suffer another wound in the revelation by a rival publication that the *Review* (like *Encounter*) has secretly been subsidized by the American Central Intelligence Agency. As an intellectual, Jerome is overshadowed by his brother, Gabriel, a Jesuit priest who is working on the diaries kept by a European Jesuit at the court of the Chinese emperor three hundred years ago. The efforts of the early Jesuits to reconcile Christianity and Chinese beliefs are brilliantly reconstructed by Miss Warner, and they unfold in counterpoint to Gabriel's own crisis of faith, which is caused in part by his love for a frivolous young man. Gabriel's story is the strongest part of this interesting novel, which elsewhere comes down heavily on contrasts and juxtapositions. On the whole, an impressive début.

THE GINGER TREE, by Oswald Wynd (Harper & Row; $10). Mr. Wynd is a Scotsman who grew up in Japan, and this lively novel is based in part on his family papers. Written in diary and letter form, it tells the story of a young, strictly raised but high-spirited Scottish girl, Mary Mackenzie, who sails in 1903 to Peking to marry her fiancé, the British military attaché there. Mary is a forthright girl who soon tires of the pomp and ceremony of diplomatic life and of the priggishness of her husband. Eventually, she develops what becomes a lifelong passion for a married Japanese diplomat. Her husband disowns her and forbids her to see their child, she follows her lover to Japan, and there she bears him a son, whom he kidnaps so that he can be raised as a true Japanese. This all sounds a bit soap-operatic, and is, but the story is told so crisply and well, and is glued together with so many fascinating bits of Chinese and Japanese history (there is an extraordinary passage, for example, about Mary's audience with the Empress Dowager Tsz'e Hsi, who wore gold fingernail shields a foot and a half long and sounded like a mouse), that it will delight anyone interested in what life was like for foreigners in the

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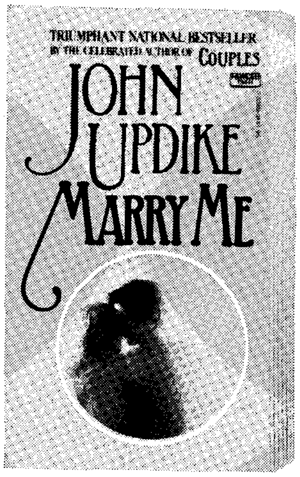
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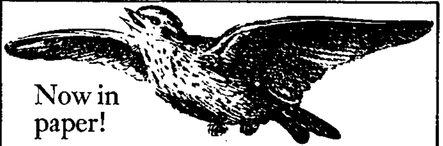

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Far East before the Second World War.

GENERAL

Conflict and Crisis: The Presidency of Harry S Truman, 1945-1948, by Robert J. Donovan (Norton; $12.95). Truman has been admired as a patron saint of Jacksonian democracy, a heroic proof that the common man can rise to meet the challenge of leadership in America. In fact, as Mr. Donovan, who covered the Truman White House for the New York *Herald Tribune*, demonstrates in this admirably objective history of the first Truman Administration, Harry was a very uncommon man, and if he seemed humble in the presence of his responsibilities as President it was in large measure because Roosevelt, although exhausted and ailing as he embarked on his fourth term, shared neither power nor information with his Vice-President. Truman had a lot of catching up to do. On April 12, 1945, a few hours after being sworn into office, he was given his first hint about the development of the atomic bomb, which was to be ready for use that summer. Truman said that making tough decisions never kept him awake at night, and the order to bomb Hiroshima was not seriously questioned by any of those who knew of it. He did hope that one bomb would be enough, but the military, acting under broad authority to choose the target and timing for a second attack without civilian review, destroyed Nagasaki three days later. In this, as in other matters, Truman moved decisively to master the machinery of government, and in 1948, when Secretary of Defense Forrestal questioned the policy of keeping atomic weapons under civilian control until the President specifically authorized their release, Truman said that he was not going "to have some dashing lieutenant colonel decide when would be the proper time to drop one." The narrative ends with Dewey's defeat in 1948, and Mr. Donovan points out that Truman really ran against what he called the "good-for-nothing, do-nothing" Eightieth Congress—a Republican-dominated legislature that had played a crucial part in shaping the postwar world by supporting the Democratic President's requests for aid to Greece and Turkey, the Marshall Plan to promote economic recovery in Europe, and the North Atlantic Treaty Organi-

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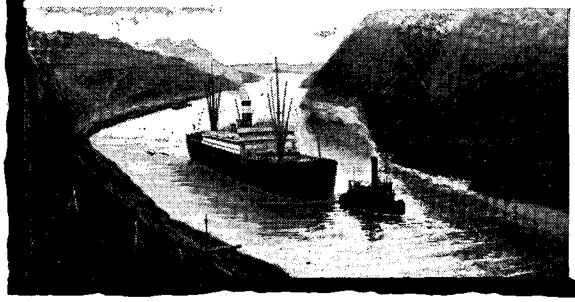

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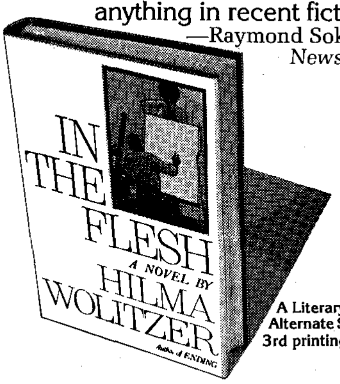

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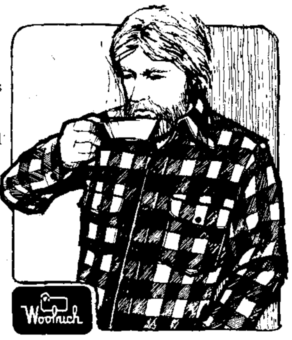

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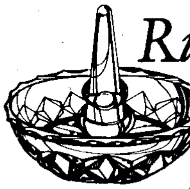

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zation. A certain amount of self-righteous exaggeration went along with Truman's decisiveness and courage.

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THE ULTIMATE EXPERIMENT: MAN-MADE EVOLUTION, by Nicholas Wade (Walker; $8.95). If one wants to read one single book on the subject of recombinant DNA, it might be this one. Mr. Wade, a senior staff writer for *Science*, has been covering this field since its inception, in 1973. His book is short—162 pages—but in it he has managed to describe clearly just about every aspect of the subject, both political and scientific. He does not devote much space to the personalities of the various people involved—though this, too, is a fascinating subject—but most readers will come away with a sense that, finally, they understand what the technique is and how it works. They may not be able to make up their minds about the risks and benefits, simply because no one knows what they are.

•

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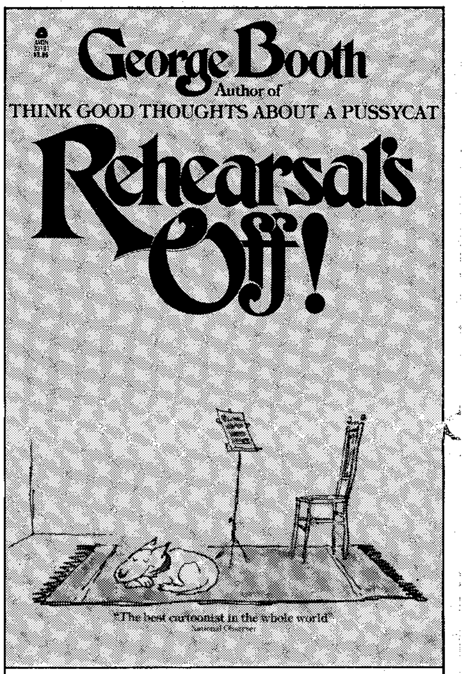
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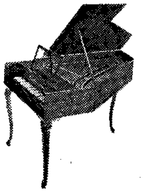

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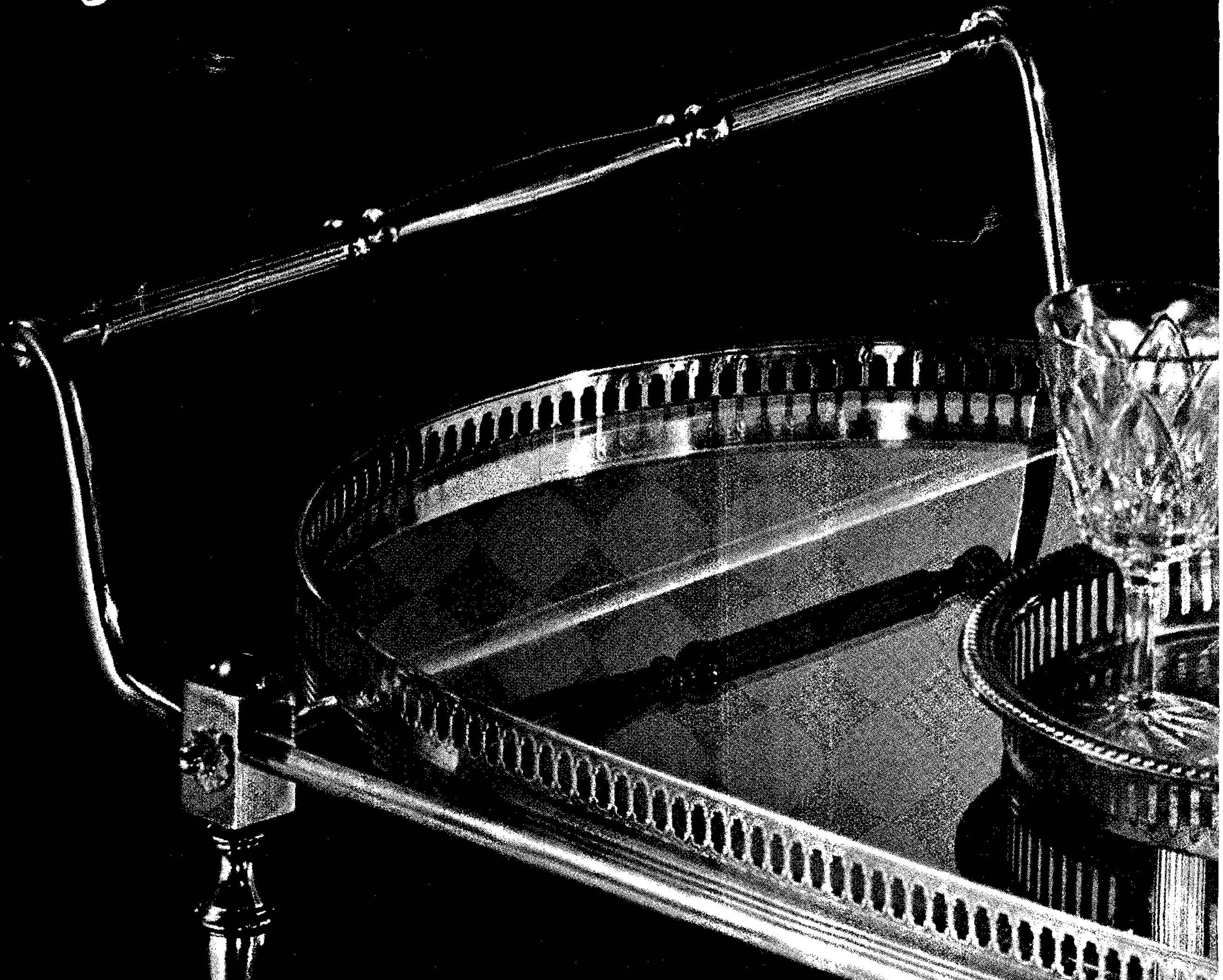

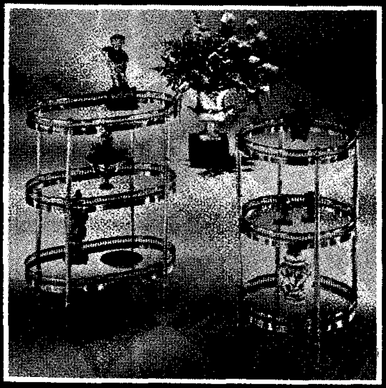

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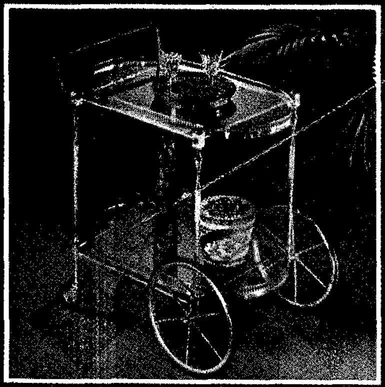

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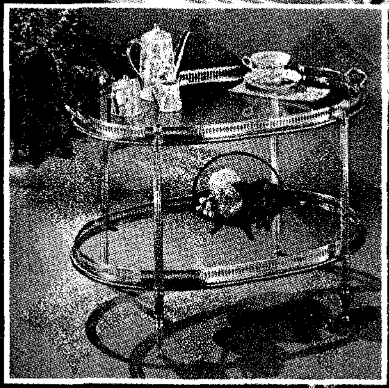

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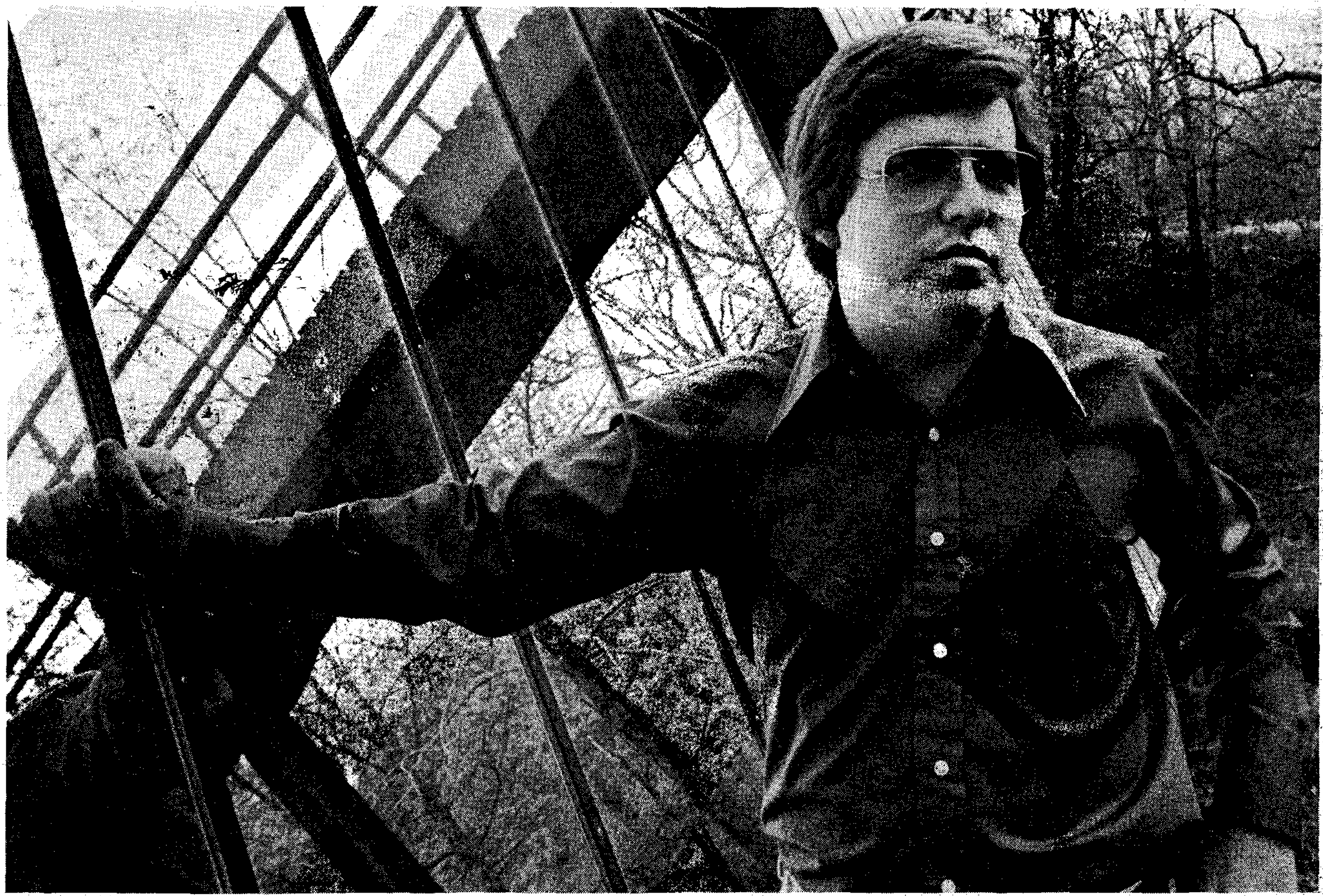

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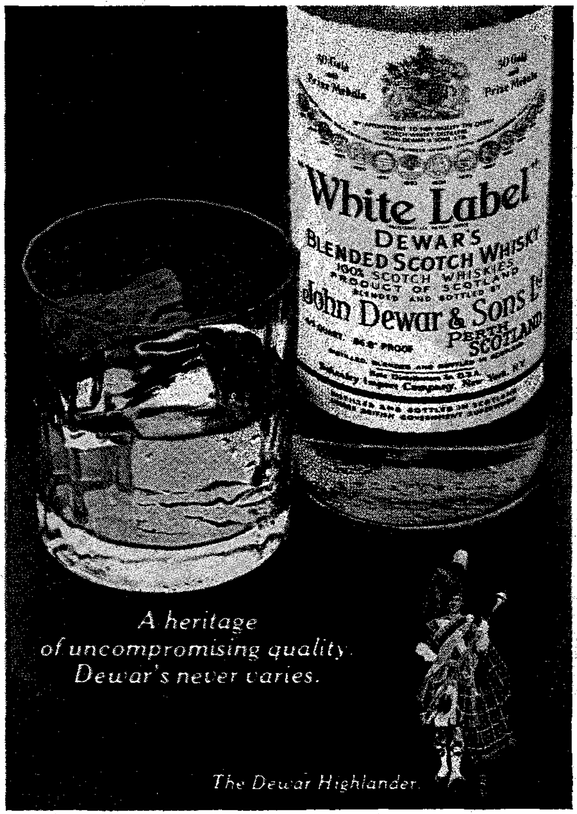

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